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THE GUARDIAN:

The Guardian
Vol. 10.
Guardian Sample

DEVOTED TO
THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

VOLUME X.

LANCASTER, PA.:
PEARSOL & GEIST, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.
1859.

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. X. JANUARY, 1859. No. 1.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have sometimes found beautiful flowers in what seemed to be rocky, barren and uninviting regions. We have drawn valuable instruction from the dry columns of statistical tables. A very shallow and bony discourse has often proved very suggestive, causing the many things that were *not* said only to rise more richly and clearly to view. Let it not be regarded strange, therefore, that we have just reviewed the old Subscription List of the Guardian, with a view of edifying ourselves from its pages. Indeed we have found the practical suggestion which it silently makes of sufficient value to be presented to our readers, as appropriate thoughts with which to begin the New Year. Some are very pleasant—some are sad—some are painful—but all profitable to be called up and made the subject of reflection.

It is pleasant to find many names that were entered when the Guardian first made its appearance in January, 1850. The thought that we have succeeded during so long a time in interesting, and we hope profiting, these faithful and persevering friends, affords us vast encouragement. It is pleasant in this view to look back over the labors and cares of the years which have intervened; and to regard these standing witnesses as an endorsement of the spirit of our Magazine. We hope they are not a whit poorer for the dollar which, from year to year, stands credited opposite their names.

We find some names that have been frequently changed from one post office address to another, thus indicating that though their pleasure and calling required them to move about in the land, they did not wish to lose sight of the Guardian. This we take as an incidental and delicate compliment to our Magazine. Indeed we have many letters from such, which prove that they regarded their old friend as a very agreeable companion among strangers in their new homes.

We find some pencil notes of the clerk on the books, which are less pleasant. Here and there, and not seldom, we find entries of this kind: The abbreviation "Dis," which means discontinued, written before the name, and after it words like these: "J— H— paid $1, owes $2; postmaster says, he has left the place w thout giving notice, and that the

money cannot be collected." This is painful; not altogether on account of the pecuniary loss, but on account of the moral character which it exhibits as belonging to the delinquent. We are not so much injured by the fraud as he is himself. It is easier for us to lose the $2, than it is for him to bear the recollection of the graceless deed through life. The effect on our pocket is not so deep as the wound in his conscience. His moral nature has suffered by the act. He may forget it, as the wound given to a tender tree may be overgrown, but the mark is there. If his spiritual nature is ever renewed by the grace and spirit of God, it will be apt to come up before him and give him trouble; and if he remains hardened, it will be found more difficult to settle even a small bill of $2 at the day of judgment, than it would be by remitting the amount to those who have earned it by patient labor. On this account, records like this pain us. We review them not in anger, but in pity, and sincerely pray that such "may have repentance and better minds." For we greatly fear that any one who can pass over his conscience the dishonesty involved in the withholding of so small a sum, has not sufficient moral principle ever to become useful and successful in an honorable calling. Where will he end who thus begins? and who will ever commit an important trust to one who proves so unreliable in that which is least!

There is one class of records on our books, which always awakens many reflections. The clerk has been directed to change the name of Miss A— C— to Mrs. A— H—! What does that mean? Is the direction changed to another person? So an inexperienced reader would suppose; but we know better. It is the same person, only some change of name has taken place which is to be corrected. The A— remains the same, but C— having been changed into H—, requires the prefix Miss to be changed into Mrs.! In one word our lady subscriber has been married. We hope the change of state, which has required the change of name, may prove a happy one. Indeed we are rather favorably impressed with the spirit of the husband; for he is not willing to deprive her of her old friend the Guardian. He has himself written and requested the change, at the same time enclosing the cash for another year. There—that is something like what might be expected from a good husband. Indeed we had no reason to fear anything else; for our lady friend has profited by reading the many sound suggestions on the subject of marriage in our Magazine, so that she has been judicious in making her choice. She has not united herself with one of those miserly and unliterary spirits, who thinks that if only he has his cigars to smoke, she may do without her Guardian. If he must have his cigars, let him have them; and if she wants her Magazine, let her have it. Besides it will not injure him in the least to read it from month to month, and profit by its lessons. Sometimes he also has been a subscriber. This is a loss to us; but it is a benefit to her, for then we are sure that she has married a sensible young man. Many happy New Years to the happy couple.

Not so frequently, but still not seldom, do we find entered after the name, the short but solemn word "died!" The subscriber began the year with us, but did not live to see it end. The silver cord has been loosed, the golden bowl is broken! The dust has returned to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it. The place is desolate—hearts have been bereaved—and the mourners go about the streets.

Such is life! As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

We wish our readers a happy New Year, and ask their kind aid anew in favor of the circulation of the Guardian. The general financial depression of the country has of course also affected our subscription list. On this account the more earnestly would we ask all who desire the continued prosperity of our Magazine to cheer us, by procuring and sending in new lists of subscribers. Young men—young ladies, may we have the pleasure of hearing from you?

The new number will show, we hope, that no pains are spared by either Editor or Publisher. We therefore confidently entrust our Guardian—which it has been our joy to nurse and nourish for nearly ten years—to the kindness of its well-tried friends, whose sympathy, aid and good wishes it has thus far so constantly enjoyed.

WELCOME TO MY REDEEMER.

(ADVENT HYMN.)—BY X. Y. Z.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Be thou mine, and mine for ever,
And my soul for ever thine—
Thine, O Saviour,
Thine for ever,
Be this ransomed heart of mine!

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Be my life, my light and glory,
Let thy light within me shine—
Light of heaven,
Kindly given,
Shine within my bosom, shine!

Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Take, O take me, Lord for ever,
Thine I am and only thine—
None shall ever,
'Tween us sever,
I am thine, and thou art mine!

LEARNING TO WALK.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is our opinion that much may be learned from little children. Indeed, we have high authority for this belief; for we read that our Saviour taught his disciples a very important lesson by means of a little child. "Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest." And Jesus perceiving the thought of their heart, took a child, and set him by him, and said unto them, "Whosoever shall receive this child in my name, receiveth me; and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth him that sent me; for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great." On another occasion he told His disciples that, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein."

Desirous of profiting by this kind of instruction, we have long since fallen into the habit of closely observing the ways of little children. Often when the day's work has been finished, have we sat in pleasant silence to notice "the fun and frolic" of these miniature people, carrying forward the play and business of a world on a small scale in the room before us. Though we have never been at a theatre—"*O sanatas simplicitas*"—Oh, holy simplicity!—yet we are well content, even though it be in our ignorance, to believe that such a scene is more instructive than a play at the theatre. We have before us the grave and the gay, a truly natural—not a feigned—mixture of comedy and tragedy; comedy when one tumbles unhurt over the other so that all laugh; tragedy when in such tumble one receives a bump against a chair that brings tears to the unfortunate, and calls forth the sad sympathy of the spectators. The scene when the little wounded one runs and buries his tear-suffused face in his mother's lap, is to us equally touching, and certainly far more natural, than anything in Shakspeare. If any differ with us, let them differ, for this is a free country!

Little Henry Lange, who is just learning to walk, has furnished us with many a lesson. He is certainly very anxious to develop this important talent, so as to be able to do as the others do. His uneasy dancing around the chair, adherence to which he still finds necessary, his keen glance at the agility of his little brothers and sisters, with an occasional shake of his whole body, in which his spirit longing for more freedom is confined, accompanied by a whole volley of gibberish, which means, "I would if I could"—all indicates that his whole soul longs most ardently for the acquirement of walking and running. The little chap evidently feels that, as the poet says, he is possessed of

"A faculty which he has never used;"

that there is an undeveloped talent slumbering in him, and he longs to be all that he may be.

This thing to observe in the little fellow, has vastly pleased us; and we have hoped, yea silently prayed, that the same spirit may be in him

always. For there are yet many other latent and repressed abilities in him besides that of walking; and it will give us great joy, in later life, even if there should then be gray-hairs upon us, to find that he has succeeded in developing all his mental and moral powers to their full extent, so that all the possibilities that are in him shall have become actualities.

Nor have we failed, when observing these ardent aspirations in the boy, to preach to ourselves on this subject from the text of his example. Deeply do we feel, with one whose measure and stature we can never hope to reach, that we have not yet attained or are already perfect. We know not yet as we might know, and do not as we might do. Our nature is adapted for something far higher than we have yet reached; and what makes our case worse, the means for attaining a far higher mark are abundantly furnished us, and yet have we not used them as we should have done. This is a sad confession, but it is a true one. True we often resolve on something better, and at the beginning of this New Year we solemnly renew our purposes; but such is the weakness of human nature, and such the natural backwardness in using the means and helps of grace, that we still fear, though we make some progress, we shall nevertheless be found far behind the true mark at the close of the year—if, indeed, death shall not end our opportunities before its close!

Though we ever desire to deal with ourselves more severely than with others, yet we cannot but fear that others are in the same case of shortcoming. We daily see young people, who we fear are not as wise and as good as they might be. We see old people who have had a long life in which to develop their spiritual being, who, though they can walk naturally, have hardly learned to "walk with God." They would no doubt themselves confess, were they brought to the test, that they might be much more than they are. Indeed there are few persons who have developed their latent abilities as it was their privilege to do. If our present reader does not fall under this condemnation, he may cast the first stone at us for applying to him this lesson—or, in our absence, at the first little child, which in its strong efforts to walk furnishes the occasion for such reproof.

See! the little fellow is so eager to move about that he is actually pushing the chair before him, and is highly delighted with the success that attends his efforts. We do not dislike this device of his; on the contrary, we are highly pleased with it. Is it not a part of wisdom to use means to accomplish what without them we cannot attain? Most certainly. We have often found that the help of means has enabled us to do what otherwise would have been fairly beyond our power; and the only thing we regret is that we have so often neglected to employ their aid when they were at hand. By this folly we have left many things undone which were fairly within our reach.

See! he has made his way across the entire room by means of the chair! And the hearty laugh by which he celebrates his feat, shows what satisfaction the thought of it affords him. Indeed his childish joy makes us think of the way in which "apostles and martyrs" wave back their palms of victory, when, through much toil and tribulation, they have safely reached the shores of joy fulfilled. Yes, and they did it all,

not in their native strength, but by the means furnished them, and which in the ardor of their hope they failed not to use.

He seems to manifest a little pride in what he has done; but it is a good pride, for he still holds fast to the chair while he is ringing out his merry laugh, as though he would say, "By means of this chair, I have done it" Indeed, he has shown his humility by using the chair. He was not ashamed to lean on it. He did not hope to do it alone. It is pride, when we come to think on it aright, which discards means. It is haughty presumption that ventures alone beyond its capacity; and this pride, as we have often seen, goes before destruction, and this haughty spirit before a fall. We have ourselves sometimes foolishly refused to lean on the advice of others, when it would have been much better for us to have profited by their wisdom. We have seen the same folly in others. Indeed it is a mistake which particularly young persons are liable to make. Thus we have seen persons even in the matter of beginning business or life proudly, trying to walk alone when they should have leaned a little on the good judgment of others; and we have seen them tremble in consequence.

The little fellow is not satisfied to hang always to his chair. We do not blame him. He wishes to go forward in the way of self-poising and locomotion. It is right. But we admire his caution. He does not feel free to plunge forward into an untried territory without deliberation. See! he has wheeled around, and is measuring his latitude and departure with the scheming calmness of a ship captain. Still he rests one hand on his old friend, the chair! He reminds us of the man who was about to build a tower, but who first counted the cost, and whom our Saviour praised for so doing. It is better as the Poet says—with the change of a word or two, for which we ask his pardon—

> To hold fast to the chair he has,
> Then let it go to tumble on the floor!

We have known persons who when beginning life, lived in humble but very comfortable dwellings, with plain but sufficient furniture; yet this did not suit or satisfy them. They longed for something better—and longed too ardently. They parted with the humble dwelling and the plain furniture, and aimed at a more spacious house and more costly style of living. But it afterwards appeared that they had made their move too soon; and the consequence was—a tumble! We have seen children of larger growth who let go their father and mother, and home, to steer out into the wide, wide world, before either they or others were able to take better care of them than their parents had done We therefore admire the little fellow for keeping one hand on the chair, while he measures his strength, and surveys the ground on which he is about to venture.

Off he goes at last! Well, after his precaution, we cannot blame him. He cannot stand by his chair forever. There is something in him which tells him that were foolish. There he goes! His knees break a little; he throws his feet awkwardly; he does not exactly know what to do with his hands—yes he does, for he has just now thrown out his arms to get his balance; there is no use, that we can see, for opening wide his mouth; but no doubt he has his reasons for it. Let him have his own way. There he goes!—right into his mother's lap! Well done, my boy!

Whether other attempts will succeed as well, we may doubt. He wil no doubt experience many a tumble before he learns the whole art of walking; but this belongs to all human efforts. Even St. Peter, and since his time many a one whose name was not Peter, has often fallen before he learned to walk firmly and steadily. If he only gets up again for a new trial; and this, from the wit that he has used in the first attempt, we have no doubt he will always do.

That he steered toward his mother, even past ourself, does not displease us. On the contrary, we are pleased with it. We hope he may do so still as he grows older. Yea, we hope he may never learn to make such wide excursions into the world, that he will get beyond the power of that sacred attraction It looks well in children of larger growth, there to lay their honors down, seeking safety and the approving smile from her, whose patience and love has blessed the period of helpless infancy.

It is said that our own great Washington, when the victory of Yorktown had been achieved, did not wait to receive the public congratulations of a devoted nation, but unconscious of his honors, hastened to his mother's! It is a touching fact. But shall we tell you of a greater still? It is written that He who achieved for the world a liberty infinitely greater than that secured for us by the father of his country, when sorrow and suffering had driven Him to the utmost, and He was suspended on the cross in agony beyond what angels can compute, "for us men, and for our salvation," turned with longing look toward her who bore Him, and who on her own bosom had—

"Nursed Him with a lulling motion,"

asking with all the affection of a child for that sympathy which he had well learned by his experience in a cold world, could only be found in a mother's heart. "He saith unto His mother, woman, behold thy son!"

Learn from these, my noble boy! Let the direction, which you instinctively took in your first effort to walk, always incline you. As you grow older and more self-reliant, still lean toward your mother. When you need no more come to her for aid, come with your offerings of gratitude and love. As a school-boy, should you find a pebble in the sand more beautiful than others, bring it to your mother. When in the years of your manhood, for deeds of noble doing grateful men shall put a crown of honor on your head, carry it with child-l ke joy to your mother, and when that sacred form, which to you is ever the dearest and truest representative of all tenderness and love, has passed from your view into the land of the pure and the blessed, and you have tears, either of joy or sorrow to shed, let them fall upon her grave, and make greener the hallowed sod which covers the most sacred and precious of your earthly treasures.

It is man's mission to guard woman against his own folly and her weakness. No man is worthy of a woman's love who disregards that great duty, the knowledge of which Nature herself has implanted in his breast.

APPLES OF GOLD.—No. II.

BY ELECTICUS.

Ira furor brevis est.*—Hor.

Spencer thus depictures anger:

And him beside rides fierce revenging wrath
Upon a lion loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurl forth sparkles fiery red
And stared stern on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hue and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him swell'd.

To extinguish anger utterly is but a boast of the stoics. We have better oracles: "Be ye angry and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Anger must be limited and confined both in its course and duration. A man is by nothing so much himself, as by his temper and the character of his passions and affections. If he loses what is manly and worthy in these, he is as much lost to himself as when he loses his memory and understanding. The passions act as wind to propel our vessel, our reason is the pilot that steers her; without the wind she would not move, without the pilot she would be lost.

We will first inquire how the natural inclination and habit of anger may be attempered and calmed; secondly, how the particular excitements of anger may be repressed, or at least restrained from doing mischief; thirdly, how to raise anger or appease it in another.

For the first, there is no better way than to consider and ruminate well upon the effects of anger, how it sours the temper, disturbs the ease, and troubles a man's life. The continuance and frequent fits of anger produce an evil propensity and habit in the soul of wrathfulness, which often ends in choler and moroseness, when the mind becomes ulcerated, peevish and querulous, and like a thin, weak plate of iron, is dented and fractured by the least impression. And the best time for this review is when the fit is thoroughly over. Had I a careful and pleasant companion says Plutarch, that should show me my angry face in a glass, I would not take it ill; for to behold a man's self so unnaturally disguised and disordered, would conduce to impeach the folly of anger. Seneca says well, "That anger is like rain, which breaks itself upon what it falls." The scripture exhorts us to possess our souls in patience. Whoever is out of patience, has lost his self-possession. This, too, is folly; men must not turn bees; *animasque in vulnere ponunt.* Angry and choleric men are as disagreeable and unsociable as thunder and lightning, being in themselves all storm and tempests; but quiet and easy natures are like fair weather, welcome and acceptable to all; they gather together what the others disperse, and reconcile all whom the others incense. As they

* Anger is a brief madness.

have the good will and good wishes of all other men, so they have the full possession of themselves, have their minds at peace, and enjoy quiet and ease in their fortune, however strait it may be.

> The nightingale that sings, with the deep thorn,
> Which fable places in her breast of wail.
> Is lighter far of heart and voice, than those
> Whose head-long passions form their proper woes

Surely, anger is a sort of baseness, as well appears in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns—children, woman, the old and the sick. "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools." Men must especially beware that they carry their anger, rather with scorn than with fear, so that they may appear rather to be above the injury that provokes than beneath it, which they may easily do, if they will impose a law upon themselves. The passion may be humored till it becomes our master, as a horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider. Early discipline will prevent mutiny and keep the helm in the hands of reason.

For the second point, the causes of anger are chiefly three: first, too much sensibility to injury; for no man is angry that feels not hurt, and therefore tender and delicate persons must necessarily often be angry, they have so many things to trouble them, which more robust natures have little sense of: the next is—an idea of the injury offered being in its circumstances grossly contemptuous; for contempt gives an edge to anger, even more than the injury itself. And therefore when men are ingenious in finding out circumstances of contempt, they kindle their anger greatly: lastly, the supposition that a man's reputation is affected, augments and sharpens anger, wherein the remedy is, to have as Gonsalvo was wont to say, "*telam honoris crassiorem.*" But to refrain from anger, and in all efforts of repression, the best remedy is to win time, to persuade one's self the opportunity of retribution is not yet come, that the time for it is foreseen; and so meanwhile to tranquilize one's spirit.

To restrain anger from doing mischief after it shall have seized a man, there are two things whereof he should especially be cautions—the one, extreme bitterness of words, particularly if they be keen and appropriate, of which the truth contains the sting, for *communia maladicta* are not of so much consequence; and, again, that no secrets be revealed, for that makes a man unfit for his place in society: the o her, that you do not peremptorily break off any business in anger; but whatever bitterness you show, do no act which is irrevocable.

For exciting or appeasing anger in another: the first may be done most effectually by choosing times when men are most froward and worst disposed, to incense them—

> "Must I give way and room to your *rash choler*?
> Must I be frightened, *when* a madman stares?"

Again, by collecting all that you can to aggravate the contempt—

> "You shall digest the venom of your spleen
> Though it do split you: for from this day forth,
> I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter."

To appease anger in another, the remedies are by the contraries, first, by taking favorable occasions, *mollia tempora,* to relate to him an angry

business, for the first impression is important; the other is, to separate as much as may be, the fact of an injury from any idea of contempt, imputing it to misunderstanding, fear, passion, or what you will.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

They come to us but once in life,
The holidays of Yule;
When, wild as captives from the cage,
We bounded home from school,
Unshackled by the dreary task—
All lessons put away;
The world a bright revolving mask
Of pantomime and play.

What welcome shall we ever have
Till this long journey ends,
Like that which marked the merry time
From sisters and from friends?
When presents given and received
Brought heart to heart in view,
And every day was golden leaved
With wonders rich and new!

The Christmas sights, the Christmas lights,
The Christmas nights, how grand
To us who walked the glittering lanes
Of boyhood's fairy land!
Remote among its spangled bowers
Old memories parade,
And watch the gorgeous bubbling hours
All rise, and burst, and fade.

We will not sigh to see them pass—
To know them was enough;
Nay, Father, let us joy that we
Were made of sterner stuff.
Who then enjoyed the Yule log's blaze
Its retrospect enjoys;
So, welcome to your holidays,
My merry girls and boys!

Be blissful in the time of bliss,
Unloosed from toil and school;
They come to you but once in life,
These holidays of Yule:
For us, among the world's dark ways,
Our eyes are on the star,
Beyond which shine our holidays,
Though dim, and distant far.

THY KINGDOM COME.

BY THE EDITOR.

[A venerable and reverend friend, whose request we have it not in our heart to deny, has desired us to publish the following discourse in the Guardian. Otherwise it would not have here appeared.]—Ed.

In this petition of our Lord's prayer, as in the one which precedes it, we look upward. "Thy kingdom come." The first three petitions all hang on the address: "Our Father who art in Heaven." With our hearts full of the great Father, and of the glory which surrounds Him in Heaven, we begin to pray—that is, by devout longings to draw down to us what there we behold.

In the first petition we desire that His name may be set apart, and seen as holy on the earth. In the second, we desire the power and glory of His kingdom to appear on earth. In the third we desire that His will may be acknowledged and observed as the universal law on earth.

The words, "on earth as it is in Heaven," evidently belong to the three petitions. His name is to be hallowed, His kingdom to come, His will to be done—*all* these "on earth, as in Heaven."

The second petition asks that what is in heaven may come down, and be here as it is there. "Thy kingdom come" to earth—break through the heavens, take in the earth, restore this revolted province, bring all wandering children into the one heavenly Father's family.

This brings before us the first and deepest conception of this kingdom —its unity, or even identity, with that which is in Heaven. It comes down not by transition, but extension—by reaching down. It is not removed from heaven, but extended to earth. By its coming, earth is included in the heavens. There is the king, there the centre and basis of the kingdom, there the power to come, there the glory to be revealed.

Hence the first three petitions begin above and end above—in their course taking in the earth. "Our Father which art in Heaven: Hallowed be Thy name: Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven." So, in like manner does the second table of petitions run through the earth—Give us, &c.,—terminating again on high, gathering all up: "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

Thus the kingdom to come is the kingdom of Heaven—and it remains such while it comes, and when it has come, exerting all its power in the earth as the kingdom of Heaven—the divine in the human; the heavenly in the earthly; the supernatural in the natural; the unfallen laying hold of the fallen; the holy and sanctifying transforming the sinful; the sons and daughters of Adam becoming the sons and daughters of God; and on earth, by a higher birth than that of flesh and blood, children are born into the heavenly family; and in this nursery on earth, which is one room in the Father's house, they are prepared for a transfer into that part of the palace which is higher and nearer the Father-king!

Sin separates God and men, heaven and earth. Grace unites again. The kingdom that comes makes one, what was sundered before. It brings the kingdom, the power and the glory together; and continually cries "as in heaven, so also on earth."

We can easily make this important view of the nature of the kingdom to come plain and impressive to us by illustrating, as our Saviour did in His parables, the spiritual by the natural.

We have already shown (in previous discourses on this prayer,) how, through the earthly father we come rightly to understand the heavenly Father: how the fraternal relations of earth illustrate, as they typify the higher brotherhood of saints in the heavenly family. We have also shown how the natural physical universe aids us in expanding the true idea of God, raising us to sublimer conceptions of His heavenly majesty and glory.

Now, in like manner does the natural physical creation, and especially the physical relation of heaven and earth, illustrate to us the oneness of the kingdom of grace as in heaven and on earth. For we may well take the material universe in its connections, relations and dependencies, as a foreshadowing of the mutuality of that social economy for the being and activities of which it forms the material basis. As the heavens and the earth are connected naturally, so are the social orders in them connected spiritually. As we cannot cut the earth loose from the heavens astronomically, so neither can we do it theologically. In both cases they are one.

Thus, for instance, it is well known that the earth depends upon the sun, and is one with the solar system; it is equally certain that the sun, with its system, depends upon still higher systems, whose laws he obeys, and with which he is one, and so on of still higher systems. There is here the same order as in a tree, where the bud depends on the twig, the twig on the branch, the branch on the tree; all is in the end one.

The laws by which the earth and the natural heavens are thus held together as one great system are not visible. The ignorant may disbelieve all existence of such relations, yet so it is nevertheless. In like manner, such as are stupid for want of faith, may see no way by which the kingdom of heaven makes itself one with the earth, coming in answer to prayer, and hanging fast the praying spirit to itself as an earth to a sun; but this does not set aside the glorious fact for others. A blind man may deny the existence of light, of which he knows nothing; but this does not take the light from those who see

In the same way does the natural relation of heaven and earth illustrate to us the manner in which the grace of the heavenly kingdom enters, and is reproduced in the hearts of men in the earth.

The light of the natural sun that fills the heavenly space, also streams in the earth. It lies on every hill and plain—it shines from every bright surface—it enters every open nook and room; yea, it enters the eye and daguerreotypes every visible object upon the retina; and the same sun which shines into the eye shines out from it again.

Shall this be done by the light of the natural heavens, and shall not the spiritual heavens have the same power to shine into the soul the light of truth, holiness, peace and joy. Shall the spiritual heavens not be to the eye of the soul as much as the natural heavens are to the eye

of the body? What the natural eye does when it opens toward the heavens for light, that the spirit does when it turns upward in prayer, saying: "Thy kingdom come!"

As it is with light so it is with *warmth*. It also comes from afar where its source is; but it comes and makes itself one with the earth. It spreads over the earth like oil over a wound. It quivers over the field, as a fowl fondly shakes its nursing wings over its brood. It penetrates the soil in field and garden, It steals silently, like an angel with blessings, down to the smallest roots of the plant. It enters the innermost foldings of the embryo germ and incipient bud, prying apart and dressing the infant leaves, and baptizing the young life into a covenant of promise and hope. Under the chrysalid, and in the tiny egg of the smallest insect, life trembles with a new thrill of bliss because it has been visited by the coming power. All life comes forth to bask and bathe in the genial warmth. The torpid earth puts on bloom and beauty. A thousand flowers offer fragrant incense. A thousand insects quiver in their own full bliss. A thousand birds pour their anthems on the air. It is the reign of the sun which has come; and "there is nothing hid from the heart thereof"—nothing that fails to own his power.

Are the powers of the natural heavens thus present and potent on the earth, and shall not spiritual powers of the heavenly kingdom descend, and reproduce themselves in human hearts? Shall there be no warmth of love, mercy, peace and joy; no renewing and reviving grace to call into life and cheer all the faculties of the mind, and all the emotions and affections of the heart? Yea, verily there is. Our Saviour, using the same kind of illustration in a beautiful parable, says: "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Mark 4: 26, 29.

In these last words we have exhibited to us the manner in which the kingdom of heaven is made truly at home in the earth. "The earth bringeth forth fruit of herself." That is, the heavenly energies are so lodged in the earth, and reproduced from it, that although the light and heat which cause growth are originally at home above, yet are they now also so at home in the earth, that as from itself it hath power to bring forth fruit.

In like manner the kingdom of heaven so locates itself in the earth, that it has as from itself on earth the powers of salvation. *This is the Church*—the kingdom of heaven come to earth, and unfolding its heavenly powers in it.

This idea of the kingdom of heaven in the earth is, in many ways, set forth in the sacred scriptures. Thus it is said to be like leaven put into the meal. When in the meal it now works there—a part of it. It is like a mustard seed put in the soil, and now unfolding its powers from it. It is like a vineyard, a field, a garden; in all of which lies the power to produce as from itself what to put into it.

So is the kingdom of God on earth. It becomes a constitution and a power at home here; and whatever is planted in it grows as with a

heavenly life. We grow in it. Our children grow in it. Faith, hope, love grow in it. All the virtues, all the graces grow in it.

But mark the condition: We must be planted in it. Not all the wide earth is soil of the kingdom which has come and comes. There are barren mountains, bleak and bare. There are burnt, dry, sandy plains where there can be no growth. There are waysides, thoroughfares of the world, where every endeavor of rising life is crushed out. Only the gardens and fields are as the church. Into this soil must we be planted. Here alone the heavenly kingdom comes.

Would we know how we are to be planted in the soil of the church, the apostles shall inform us. "As many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ"—as the seed puts on the soil, whereby it is to grow. Gal. 3: 27. "Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection." Rom. 6: 4, 5.

We cannot sincerely desire, even in an earthly sense, that a kingdom shall come to us unless we are willing to enter it, and thus come under its power that we may share its privileges. By nature we are all foreigners. The kingdom comes to us from hea en, is established around us, and offers to us all its good. But we must enter it

How does an earthly kingdom regard one who will not be naturalized, and take the oath of allegiance? As no citizen.

Suppose two persons, one a citizen the other not, should fall under the oppression of some foreign power. How would the nation regard the two? The whole army and navy of the nation, if need be, would be called to service for the rights of the citizen! For the other, not a finger would be moved! What sublimity in the thought! To be a citizen, and thus truly in the nation, is every thing.

The same difference exists in regard to such as are in the church and such as are not. To the one in the church is pledged all the power and all the grace of Him whose kingdom the church is. To the other nothing.

To be in the church is thus to be as in another world. It is to be in the kingdom of heaven. It is to be "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God."

Hence it is represented in the scriptures as a being born anew. As the child, by birth enters the world, so by the birth "of water and of the spirit" do we enter the new world, and the new life of grace in the kingdom which is from heaven. Without this he is an alien forever. For it is most solemnly said by our blessed Saviour Himself: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water, and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." John 3: 5.

As in any earthly nation all depends upon having citizenship, so it does here. Entering the church is the heavenly naturalization. The kingdom cannot come to us without it; we cannot come to it without it.

It will not do to say that the form of entering is nothing. Is the form of naturalization nothing? Is the government satisfied when one says I *feel* like a citizen, I am well disposed toward the nation and its laws? No. Nothing but an actual naturalization is accepted.

To receive privileges always implies corresponding obligations. He

that would see must open his eyes that the light may enter. He that would have the growth of a seed must put it in the soil. He that would be in the kingdom of heaven must enter it.

Here lies the momentous mistake of thousands, and generally of sincere and well-disposed persons. They would like to have an interest in the kingdom of grace; and yet they do not enter it in the only way that God has ordained.

Such resemble a man who should go about throwing up his hands in perplexity, exclaiming: "O that I were a citizen of the nation, that I might enjoy its rights and privileges." Some one would say to him, "you may be; only go and be naturalized." But he answers, "Why this form!" The answer is, you can never be a citizen without it! As soon as you are a citizen, all is yours to enjoy; and until then, nothing.

It is just so with the church, the kingdom of heaven. It has real ordinances of admission. He that will enjoy its grace must enter it.

Whereunto shall we liken a man that would be saved while he hesitates and wanders outside of the kingdom? He is like one, who travelling through the wilderness of this world comes up in front of a magnificent temple. Its towers are lost in the heavens, a supernatural light and glory stream down over it; its gates are wide open. Within it he hears, as it were, the songs of angelic choirs; and he is told that within is communion with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and with saints and angels; that there is food to still the soul's hunger, and waters of life to quench immortal thirst. He says, "O that it were all mine." "Enter!" cries the friendly sentinel at the door. He answers, "If it were all mine I would enter." The sentinel says, "It is not to be had outside—enter! enter!" He says, I am not fit. The sentinel says, "All the fitness he require this to feel your need of him—enter—it is the hungry, the thirsting, the longing souls that are invited—enter." He continues to hesitate: "I am too filthy!" The sentinel says, "The first thing you meet on enteriug is, a laver of washing, for the remission of sin. "I am too weak and wavering," he continues. The sentinel says, "The next thing you meet is a confirmation!" He says, "I am hungry, and empty, and weak!" The sentinel says, "The next thing you meet is a table spread, which is meat indeed, and a cup will be given you which is drink indeed." He says, "I am ignorant." The sentinel answers, "You will only see when you have entered. 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.'"

When all this had been said, he turns away from the temple, begins anew his lonely wanderings through the world's unconverted wilds and wastes, with the old song of sadness: "O that I knew where I might find Him!"

He will not enter. He wanders in ceaseless unrest, and will so wander till the night overtakes him, and his feet stumble on the dark mountains; and while he looks for light, lo! all is turned before him into the shadow of death. Is this the sad experience of him who reads, we beseech him to cease his roving outside, and take up the song of the homeward way:

People of the living God!
I have sought the world around;

Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
  Peace and comfort no where found;
Now to you m iri turns—
  Turns, a fugitive unblest:
Brethren, where your altar burns,
  Oh, receive me into rest.

Lonely I no longer roam,
  Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
  Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore—
  Your redeemer shall be mine;
E rth can fill my soul no more,
  Every idol I resign.

FRANK'S DREAM.

"We haven't said our prayers, mother."

"Never mind, dear, I'll hear them in the morning."

"Please to hear me say mine, mamma!"

The earnest pleading tones in which these words were uttered, made the mother hesitate for a minute before she replied, "You know mamma's in a hurry, dear. There is company in the parlor; but she'll hear it in the morning." And with a kiss, and a look of unutterable fondness bestowed upon each of her little boys, the young, beautiful, and loving, but careless, thoughtless mother, descended to the parlor, leaving the door ajar, so that if the little ones should call for anything, they could be more distinctly heard. The wind blew in this crevice, making the light of the candle flicker, until at last it was extinguished. There was silence in the room for some ten minutes, then a sweet silvery voice asked—"Are you asleep, brother?"

"No!" was the reply.

"I wish nursie was home to-night."

"Why?"

"Because she would listen to my prayer"

"Another silence followed. Then again was heard the same sweet voice, "Let us get up, and say our prayers, brother?"

"Why, it is all dark, Willie."

"Never mind! we will take hold of each other's hands, and then we won't mind the dark, and you know God can see us in the dark, just as plain as if it were light."

"But it's so cold!"

"We won't stay in the cold long; and we will soon get warm again, when we get back to bed. Will you come, brother?"

"Mother said it was no matter; she said she would hear them in the morning"

"May be God will not take care of us until morning, if we do not ask him to, brother. Will you come?"

"Mother knows best, and she said, never mind."

After another silence, there was a slight rustling in the room.

"Where are you, Willie?"

"By the bed-side, brother. I will pray for you, too."

Some ten minutes elapsed, when again a slight movement was heard, which showed that the little fellow was creeping back into bed. "Oh, how cold you are, Willie!" was the exclamation, as his feet touched his brother's.

"I do not mind it, brother, I am so happy. I wish you had prayed too, but I asked God to take care of you too, to-night, and I think he will. Brother, if I should die to-night, I would not be afraid. I don't think it's hard to die."

"I do. I never want to die, and leave pa and ma."

"I would be willing to leave pa and ma, to live with God in heaven, and be always happy, and always good. Wouldn't you?"

"No, I think it is a great deal pleasanter here. I don't believe that they have any kites or tops in heaven."

"But you know nursie says that the little angels have crowns of gold on their heads, and harps in their hands, and that they play such beautiful music on them, and sing such pretty hymns. Oh, I'd like to be in heaven with them."

"I would rather spin my top, than play tunes on a harp."

"But it isn't like playing common tunes; it is praising God. Oh, brother! if you would only pray, you would love to praise Him! I do not mean to say your prayers after mother or nursie, although it is very pleasant to have them teach us pretty ones. But I mean to ask God for whatever you want, just as you do to ma and pa, and coax Him to make you good. Oh, how I wish mamma, papa, and you would learn to pray so!" * * * *

"Where is nursie, mother? she has not been in our room this morning."

"Then she did not get home last night; she said that if her sister was worse, she would stay all night with her. But where is Willie?"

"He is asleep yet; I spoke to him, but he did not wake"

"Then I will keep some breakfast warm for him, and we will let him sleep as long as he will. I do not think that Willie is well; did you notice, dear," continued the mother, turning to her husband, "how heavy his eyes looked yesterday? But when I asked him if he was sick, he answered in his usual gentle way, 'Only a headache, mamma, don't be worried.'"

"I did not observe that he looked ill," was the reply. "But if he does not appear well to-day, you had better send for the physician"

"Oh, I had such a funny dream last night about Willie and me!" exclaimed little Frank.

"What was it, my boy?" asked his father, willing to be amused with the prattle of his child.

"Well, after mamma left us last night the light was blown out; and Willie wanted me to get up in the cold and dark with him to say our prayers, and I wouldn't because mamma said that we needn't say them till morning, and I thought she knew best. But Willie got up and said his, and when he came to bed again he was so cold that it made me shiver all over to touch him. But he said he didn't mind it, he was so happy, and he talked a great deal about dying, and about the angels in heaven, until I fell asleep, and it was that which made me dream, I suppose, for I thought Willie and I went to bed just as we had done, and that he said his prayers, and that I wouldn't say mine. But I thought that the window was raised, and that the shutters were wide open, so that I lay on the bed looking up in the sky, and thinking how beauti-

ful the moon and stars looked, when I saw away up in the heavens, further up than the stars are, two shadows moving that looked like two white clouds; but they kept floating down until they reached the lowest star, and then I saw that they were angels; but they looked so small at such a distance that I thought them baby-angels, but as they came nearer and nearer, they grew larger, and when they floated to the window into our room, they looked like two very lovely ladies, with crowns on their brows, like Willie told of. But one seemed rather younger than the other, and she appeared to look up to the other angel as if to be guided by her. But oh, such beautiful voices as they had! When they spoke it sounded even sweeter than the church-organ when it is played very soft and low.

"When they came towards our bed, Willie smiled, and stretched out his arms to go to them; but I was frightened, and covered my face with the bed-clothes. I was afraid that they would take me away with them, and I remembered that I had refused to pray, so I did not want to be taken where God was. Then I heard one of these beautiful voices ask —'Are we to take both?' Oh, such music that was made when they talked! All around our room it floated sweeter than the soft, low carol of a bird; and I heard the answer—No! only the one that prayed. We are to leave the other a little while longer upon the earth, in hopes that he too may learn to pray, before we carry him before the 'Great Hearer of Prayer.' Then they came close to me, and I trembled dreadfully, and my heart beat so that I could scarcely breathe; and they uncovered my face, and looked at me, but I did not dare to open my eyes to look at them; by and by I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. Oh, mamma, how grieved I was then to think that I had made the angels weep; for I now thought that I would so much rather have crowns, like they wore, and be as good and as lovely as they, and have God love me, than have all the kites, and tops, and marbles that are in the whole world! But they passed away from me, and they went to the other side of the bed, and then I opened my eyes to watch them, and they both smiled on Willie; and when they smiled their whole face grew bright, until they shone like the sun; then they stooped down and kissed Willie, and he smiled, too; and I saw that his face was shining like theirs; and he stretched out his little arms again, and the taller angel lifted him from the bed, and laid him in the bosom of the younger one who hugged him close to her as though she loved him so much. Then the other angel twined her arms around both, and they all three floated through the air, until they sailed past all the stars, and became like pale, white clouds, that grew smaller and smaller, until they were nothing but little specks, and I saw them no more! For a long time I lay very still, looking up into the bright sky, hoping to see them come again, and bring Willie back. But when I found that they came no more—oh, I was so lonesome! I cried so hard, and when I looked at Willie's place in bed, and thought he would never lie there again, and that I must always sleep alone, and have no little brother to play with, or to talk to, I thought my heart would break. But when this morning came, and I awoke and found little Willie in bed with me, I was so glad and happy! His eyes were only half closed, that made me think at first that he was awake; and his lips were parted with the same sweet smile that he wore last night when the angels looked at

him, which made him seem so much like one of them that it made me feel so strangely again, so that I could not speak loud, but whispered softly, 'Willie! Willie!' but it did not awake him; then I laid my hand upon him very gently, but he was so cold that it made me start so; when I found that he did not get warm all night, I put the bed-clothes tight around him, and did not try to wake him again."

A strange chill crept through the mother's heart as she listened, and rising from the breakfast-table she hastened to the children's room. She found her little Willie lying on the bed-side, pale, cold, but very beautiful, in that sleep which knows no waking.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

BY THE EDITOR.

TWELVE! Twelve! Twelve! 'tis twelve o'clock;
Shrill, shrill, crows the watchful cock;
Tick! Tick! Tick! goes the mantle clock!
Slow, slow, solemnly,
Swings the pendulum,
And the moments come—
Come, come, silently,
Go, go, steadily,
At each swinging to, to—fro, fro—
Of the pendulum.

Come, come, come, seek a genial berth,
Close, close up to the blazing hearth;
Whilst round, round rolls the wintry earth,
And the stars, stars, brightly,
With the moon, moon nightly,
In their courses move;
All keeping, telling time,
With a kind of mystic rhyme;

For the universe of shining, rolling spheres,
Is a vast wonderous clock, as it appears,
Grand, broad, deep and high,
Made to measure ages by;
And upon its dial face
God, and men, and angels trace,
Times and seasons as they go, go—come, come—
As they go and come.

List! List! List! Softly creep the years along,
Grey, grey, grey hairs grow my hair among.
Shadows lengthen, and life's evening time
Comes, like the autumn sear,
Comes nearer every year;
Soon shall I hear its vesper chime.
Every swinging to, to—fro, fro—
Of the pendulum:
Every change of times and seasons as they run—
As they go and come,
Nearer brings the moment ever,
When for me all years forever,
Shall have come and gone.

OLD TIMES.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

To bewail the lamentable changes that have taken place in the world, and to speak in praise of old times, is a kind of charter which has long been enjoyed by old people. If we have kept a diary, and compared the entries made last year with those made thirty or fifty years ago, we can hardly persuade ourselves that the two were made by the same hand, or even by an inhabitant of the same world. "Surely," we say, "the former times were better than these!" Finding that we cannot figure away as we once used to do, we fondly turn to times and seasons when we showed ourselves off to better advantage. This was done by those who went before us and will, no doubt, be done by those who shall follow.

This inclination on the part of age to run back half a century, or perhaps three-score years, is not confined to any particular class of people. It may be observed in rich and poor, whether they live in town or country. "Times are not as they have been!" "Things are very different now from what they once were!" and "Matters are come to a pretty pass now a-days!" are expressions that most aged people have occasionally in their mouths. True it is that they get laughed at for them, and that they do not always make converts to their opinion; but, for all this, their opinion is most tenaciously entertained.

To own the truth, there is a kind of "caste" among aged people which never will, or can be given up. It is dear to us, and we cling to it till the day of our death. We say to ourselves, "Young people are stronger than we are, and we acknowledge it; but we are wiser than young people are, and they ought to acknowledge this in their turn." Whether, therefore, we express it or not, it is a settled thing that our "caste" is a grade higher than theirs. A young fox-hunter, who has a few thousands a year, may give himself what airs he pleases, and pass by his aged neighbor with disdain; but the old man, if a kind-hearted one, will be sure to mutter to himself, "Poor fellow! he has not cut his wise teeth yet; he will know better by and by." And if he be not kind-hearted, his language will be somewhat stronger.

You have heard old people, no doubt, indulge themselves in praising the days gone by, and in dispraising more modern times. When past times and present time are put in the scales by them, past times are sure to be full of tale and weight, and present times are equally sure to kick the beam.

"Fine doings, now-a-days!" cries the village dame, sitting in her old arm-chair, with a stick in her hand, and a pair of spectacles on her nose. "Fine doings! I have seen times that I shall never see again. More's the pity—farmers had hard hands then, and dressed like farmers. Their sons held the plough, and knew nothing of the boarding-school; their daughters milked the cows, and tended the dairy, and never saw a piano in their lives. Farmers wives were not then fine ladies, but took their

own produce to market. Eggs were then three dozen for a quarter of a dollar, and fresh butter sixpence a pound!"

"Those were the times," observes the gray-haired hair-dresser, whose shaking fingers can hardly handle his scissors. "There has never been much good among us since people left off hair-powder. I have had as many as a dozen wigs on my blocks at once in a morning, all wanted in a hurry, and as many gentlemen and ladies to attend at their own houses. Men looked like men in those days, not like the scare-crows they do now."

"Ah," exclaims the old citizen, who wears his few remaining hairs powdered and tied in a small tail, and who continues to attend his warehouse from ten to four, though he is worth half a million: "business is not what it used to be. Things are sadly changed of late for the worse. Profits are less, and risks are greater. More money was to be made in a month when I first began business, than can be made in a year now."

"It had not used to be so!" cries out the white-headed grandfather, in reproving his graceless grandson for his pert behavior to his parents. "When I was a boy, I durst as well have eat my own fingers as answered my father and mother in that manner; but lads are men now, before they have half a dozen hairs on their chins. No respect! no duty! no filial affection! the times are clean altered. Old men know nothing now-a-days, and youngsters know every thing!"

In this way it is, that we gray-beards give vent to our emotions, confirming one another in opinions which the older we grow the closer we hold. I am not aware that much mischief can arise from our high estimation of days gone by; but I do wish that youth and age thought more favorably than they do of each other.

The prepossession in favor of age, on the part of old men, is pretty much reversed in the opinion of young men. Now, my opinion is, that old men should give way a little, and not take it for granted that judgment and wisdom cannot enter a head whose brows are not graven with age. We should not write the matter down as a Median or Persian law, that old things are better than new. Remember the words of Holy Writ, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? (nor, Why are the present better than the former?) for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." Eccl. 7: 10.

The question should not be, Are the times better? but, Are we better? Not, Are we making fortunes? but, Are we making progress on our way to heaven? What can it matter to us, who have so few sands remaining in the glass of life, whether we are great or little, figures or ciphers, some-bodies or no-bodies, in the estimation of others? We have had our day, and ought to be thankful; and we ought, also, to be willing that others should have their day too.

But while I thus speak, it appears reasonable that young men should give way a little too, and not be over-hasty in concluding that a man has no further business in the world, merely because he speaks slowly, walks softly, and thinks more deeply than he used to do. With a little bearing and forbearing, youth and age, young men and old men, may go on very well together; but without this forbearance, we rudely jostle one another, or tread on each other's toes.

He who would receive respect, be he young or old, should be willing to pay it, while a knowledge of our own infirmities should render us very

compassionate towards all around. Oh that we could at all times, in the midst of our prepossessions and prejudices, "abhor that which is evil," and "cleave to that which is good!" "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love;" and in honor prefer one another. Rom. 12: 9, 10.

APPLES OF GOLD.—No. III.

BY ELECTICUS.

OF DELAY AND DESPATCH OF BUSINESS.

> That we should do,
> We should do when we would, for this world changes
> And hath abatements and delays as many
> As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents.

FORTUNE is like the market, where often if you can wait a little, the price will fall. Again, it is sometimes like the Sybil's offer—first in full, then, after a part consumed; again, after another part, the same price being still demanded for the rest, as originally for the whole. For occasion (as it is commonly said) first presents her locks in front, and then, no hold being taken, turns a bald noddle; or, at first, offers the handle of the bottle, and, on your neglecting to seize that, next the belly which can hardly be clasped.

There is surely no greater wisdom, than well to time the beginning of things. Dangers are no longer trivial, if they once seem light; and they have more frequently overtaken men by deceiving them, than affected them by force. Nay it were better to meet some dangers halfway—though they come not near—than to keep too long a watch upon their approach; because, if a man watch too long, he is likely to fall asleep. On the other hand, to be deceived with shadows (as some have been when the moon was low and shone on their enemies' backs) and so fire off before the time, or to teach dangers to come on by over-early bustling towards them, is another extreme.

The ripeness of the occasion, must ever be well weighed, and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the end to Briareus with his hundred hands; first to watch well, and then to speed. The helmet of Pluto which makes the politic man invisible, is secresy in council and celerity in execution; for when the affair has once come to the point of performance, no caution is comparable to celerity; like a bullet which cuts the air so swiftly, that it escapes the sight.

But affected despatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be, resembling what the physicians call pre-digestion, or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secrete the seeds of disease. Therefore measure not despatch by the number or continuance of sittings, but by the advancement of business. As in the

race, it is not the large stride or high lift that makes the speed; so in business, the keeping close to the matter, and not undertaking too much at once, produces despatch. It is the care of some only to proceed rapidly for the time, or to contrive some false periods of work, in order that they may seem to be men of business; but it is one thing to shorten by contracting; another, by cutting off; and business, so handled at several meetings, goes commonly backward and forward in an unsteady manner. I knew a wise man who had a proverb, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion—"Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner"

On the other hand, real despatch is a rich thing; for time is the measure of business, as money is of goods, and business is a costly article, where there is little despatch. The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of little expedition: "Let my death come from Spain," is a saying—"for then it will be sure to be long in coming" Hear patiently those who give the first information in business, and direct them rather in the beginning than interrupt them in the course of their speeches; for he that is put out of his own arrangement, will be sure to wander and be more tedious than if he had been allowed to go on in his own course. Sometimes it is seen that the moderator is more troublesome than the speaker. Iterations are commonly loss of time. But there is no gain of time equal to that effected by often repeating the state of the question, for it chases away many a frivolous speech as it is coming forth. Long and curious speeches are as fit for despatch as a robe with a long train is for a race. Prefaces, passages, excuses, and other matters personal to the speaker, are great consumers of time, and though they seem to proceed from modesty, are often mere ostentation and for display. Yet beware of being too practical, when there is any impediment or obstruction in man's wills; for pre-occupation of mind always requires preface of speech, like a fomentation applied to the surface to make the unguent enter. Above all things, order and distribution and singling out of parts, is the life of despatch, provided the distribution be not too subtle: for he that does not divide, will never enter well into business, and he that divides too much will never come out of it clearly. To select your time is to save time, and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air.

There are three parts of business: the preparation, the examination and the completion; whereof, if you wish despatch, let the middle only, (the examination) be the consideration and work of many, the first and last, of a few. Proceeding upon something written, for the most part, facilitates despatch; for though it be wholly rejected, yet that negation is more pregnant of direction than an indefinite proposition, as ashes are more productive than dust.

Business, by a certain sort of men, is thought a mark of capacity and honor; their souls seek repose in motion as children do by being rocked in a cradle. They intrude themselves indifferently wherever there is any thing to be done; and are without life, when not in the bustle of affairs. *In negotus sunt negotu causa:* they only seek business for business sake. Whatever they take in hand they do it with the utmost power and vehemence. This sharpness and violence more hinder than advance the execution of what we undertake, fill us with impatience against slow or contrary events and with heat and suspicion against those with whom

we have to do. We never carry on that thing well by which we are prepossessed and lead,

> Male cuncta ministrat
> Impetus.

Fire is a bad master, and overheat an ill minister in all things. He who therein employs only his judgment and address, proceeds more cheerfully; he conceals his alarm, he gives way, he defers all things at his ease, according to the necessities of the occasion, he fails in his attempts without trouble and affliction; he always rides bridle in hand. But in him who is drunk with violent and tyrannic intention, we see, of necessity, much imprudence and injustice. The impetuosity of his desire carries him away; these are rash motions, and if fortune does not much resist, of very little fruit. This fire consumes his force; as in precipitation, *festinatio tarda est*, haste fetters itself. So, for example, in avarice, which has no greater impediment than its own eagerness; the more vigorous it is, the less it rakes together, and commonly sooner grows rich, when disguised in a visor of liberality. "There be who scattereth, yet increaseth."

I would not that a man should refuse, in the employments he assumes, his attention, pains, eloquence, and his sweat and blood in time of need:

> Non ipse pro caris amicis
> Aut patria, timidus perire.

> And for his friend or country's good
> Would never fear to spill his blood'

But it is only as a loan, and incidentally; his mind being always in repose and in health, not without action, but without vexation, without passion. To be simply doing, costs him so little, that he acts even sleeping; but he must proceed with discretion; for the body receives the offices imposed upon it, just according to what they are, whereas the mind often extends and makes them heavier at its own expense, giving them what measure it pleases.

The following curious lines were written some years since by an old gentleman, upon parting with a friend:

> I often wished I had a friend,
> Dem ich mich anvertrauen kont,
> A friend in whom I could confide,
> Der mit mir theilte Freud and Leid;
> Had I the riches of Girard—
> Ich theilte mit ihm Haus und Heerd;
> For what is gold? 'tis but a passing metal,
> Der Henker hol fur mich den gazen Bettle.
> Cou'd I purchase the world to live in it alone,
> Ich gab dafur, nicht eine hohle Bohn;
> I thought one time in you I'd find that friend,
> Und glaubte shon mein sehnen hatt ein End;
> Alas! your friendship lasted but in sight,
> Doch meine grenzet an die Ewigkeit.
> Dein ehemaliger lieber alter. C. G. B.

Geschrieben fur.
L. F. O.

THE BRIDE.

(See Engraving.)

BY THE EDITOR.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their being blend.

We are much pleased with the taste of the artist in our picture. He represents the Bride preparing for the marriage. Her look is modest and sedate, her decorations pretty, but not foolishly extravagant. Gravity, seriousness, contentment mingled with affectionate anxiety characterize the countenances of the groups around her. The presence and the attitude of the pet dog on the cushion calls up many pleasant associations of the happy family circle which he is about to leave. Her portrait on the parlor wall, in which the more youthful countenances and loosely flowing ringlets show the maiden of earlier life, will remain in its place as a pleasant memorial of a daughter and sister absent but still loved and unforgotten.

It is an important step the fair bride is about to take. We hope she has considered it well; and our prayer is that she may find in him who has won her affections all that a husband ought to be. We cannot better improve for our young friends the opportunity afforded by our embellishment than by giving some beautiful and truthful extracts from sensible writers relating to the marriage scene before us.

THE FORMATION OF THE MARRIAGE UNION.

It must be evident to all, that marriage is a step of incalculable importance, and ought never to be taken without the greatest consideration and the utmost caution. If the duties of this state are so numerous and so weighty, and if the right discharge of these obligations, as well as the happiness of our whole life, and even our safety for eternity, depend, as they necessarily must do, in no small measure upon the choice we make of a husband or wife, then let reason determine with what deliberation we should advance to such a connexion. It is obvious, that no decision of our whole earthly existence requires more of the exercise of a calm judgment than this; and yet observation proves how rarely the judgment is allowed to give counsel, and how generally the imagination and the passions settle the business.

A very great portion of the misery and of the crime with which society is depraved and afflicted, is the result of ill-formed marriages. To use the beautiful language of another, "those who enter the marriage state cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, which her own folly hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath warrant of prerog-

ative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though THE MAN can run from many hours of sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbors, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply."

PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE.

It cannot be sufficiently deplored, that all suitable preparation for the marriage state is usually put aside for the busy activities of vanity, which, in fact, are but as dust in the balance of conjugal destiny. Every thought, and anticipation, and anxiety, is so often absorbed in the selection of a house and furniture, and in matters still more insignificant and frivolous. How common is it for a female to spend those hours, day after day, and week after week, in communion with her milliner, debating and discussing the subject of the color, and form, and material, in which she is to shine forth in nuptial splendor, which ought to be employed in meditating the eventful step, which is to fix for life her destiny, and that of her intended husband; as if the great object were to *appear* a gay and fashionable bride, rather than to *be* a good and happy wife! But—

"Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand,
Filled with life's dewy flowerets, girdeth on
That harness, which the ministry of Death
Alone unlooseth, but whose fearful power
May stamp the sentence of Eternity.

"Study," said an old author, "the duties of marriage before you enter into it. There are crosses to be borne, there are snares to be avoided, and manifold obligations to be discharged, as well as great felicity to be enjoyed. And should no *provision* be made? For want of this, result the frequent disappointments of that honorable estate. Hence that repentance which is at once *too soon* and *too late*. The husband knows not how to rule; and the wife knows not how to obey."

"Women are not for rule designed,
Nor yet for blind submission. Happy they
Who, while they feel it pleasure to obey,
Have yet a kind companion at their side,
Who in the journey will his power divide,
Or yield the reins, and bid the lady guide;
Then points the wonders of the way, and makes
The duty pleasant that she undertakes;
He shows the objects as they pass along,
And gently rules the movements that are wrong;
He tells her all the skilful driver's art,
And smiles to see how well she acts her part;
Nor praise denies to courage or to skill,
In using power, that he resumes at will."

INEQUALITY IN AGE.

Prudence forbids all *unequal* marriages. There should be an equality as near as may be in AGE. How unnatural, how odious is it to see a young man fastened to a piece of antiquity, so as to perplex strangers to determine whether he is living with a wife or a mother! No one will give the woman in the one case, or the man in the other, the credit of marrying for love; and the world will be ill-natured enough, and one can hardly help joining in the censoriousness, to say that such matches

are mere pecuniary speculations; for, generally speaking, the old party in the union is a rich one; and as generally they carry a scourge for the other in their purse. A fortune has often thus been a misfortune for both.

ONLY IN THE LORD.

Marriage should always be formed with a due regard to the dictates of religion. A pious person should not marry any one who is not also pious. It is not desirable to be united to an individual even of a different denomination, and who, as a point of conscience, attends her own place of worship. It is not pleasant on a Sabbath morning to separate, and go one to one place of worship, and the other to another. The most delightful walk that a holy couple can take, is to the house of God in company, and where, in reference to the high themes of redemption and the invisible realities of eternity, they take sweet counsel together. No one would willingly lose this. But, oh, to walk separately in a still more important and dreadful sense! to part at the point where the two roads to eternity branch off, the one to heaven, the other to hell; and for the believer "to travel on to glory, with the awful consciousness, that the other party is journeying to perdition!" This is indeed dreadful, and must of itself occasion no small diminution of conjugal felicity.

If, however, the *comfort* of the parties only were concerned, it would be a matter of less consequence; but it is a matter of *conscience*, and an affair in which we have no option. "She is at liberty to marry whom she will," says the apostle, speaking to the case of a widow, "but only in the Lord." Now, though this was said in reference to a female, all the reasons of the law belong with equal force to the other sex. This appears to me to be not only advice, but *law*, and is as binding upon the conscience as any other law that we find in the word of God; and the incidental manner in which this injunction occurs is, as has been very properly remarked, to the intelligent reader of Scripture, the strongest confirmation of the rule in all cases where marriage is in prospect, and where there has been no engagement previous to conversion.

As to the other passage, where the apostle commands us not to be unequally yoked together with unbelievers, it does not apply to marriage, except by inference, but to church fellowship, or rather to association and conduct in general, in reference to which, professing Christians are not to symbolize with unbelievers. But if this be improper in regard to other matters, how much more so in that connexion which has so powerful an influence over our character, as well as our happiness! For a Christian, then, to marry an individual who is not decidedly and evidently a pious person, is a direct opposition to the word of God.

And as Scripture is against it, so also is reason; for "how can two walk together, except they be agreed?" A difference of taste in *minor matters* is an impediment in the way of domestic comfort; but to be opposed to each other on the all-important subject of religion, is a risk, even as it respects our comfort, which no considerate person should be induced, on any consideration, to incur. How can the higher ends of the domestic constitution be answered, where one of the parents has not the spiritual qualifications necessary for accomplishing them? How can the work of religious education be conducted, and the children be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

And as it respects individual and personal assistance iu religious matters, do we not all want helps instead of hindrances? A Christian should make everything bend to religion, but allow religion to bend to nothing. This is the one thing needful, to which everything should be subordinate; and, surely, to place out of consideration the affairs of his eternal salvation, in so important an affair as marriage, shows either that the religion of a person who acts thus is but profession, or likely soon to become so.

No one should contemplate the prospect of such a connexion as marriage without the greatest and most serious deliberation, nor without the most earnest prayer to God for direction. Prayer, however, to be acceptable to the Almighty, should be sincere, and should be presented with a real desire to know and do his will. Many, I believe, act towards the Deity as they do towards their friends; they make up their minds, and then ask to be directed. They have some doubts, and very often strong ones, of the propriety of the step they are about to take, which are gradually dissipated by their supplications, till they have prayed themselves into a conviction that they are quite right in the decision, which they have, in fact, already made.

To pray for direction in an affair which we know to be in opposition to God's word, and on which we are already resolved to act, is adding hypocrisy to rebellion. If there be reason to believe that the individual, who solicits a Christian to unite herself with him in marriage, is not truly pious, what need has she of praying to be directed? This seems like asking the Almighty to be permitted to do that which he has forbidden to be done.

To these truthful sentiments we must add the following beautiful poem of Mr. Poe. In it we see the bride glorified. Where among the poets can anything be found so simple, touching and tender as

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In the kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
  Of those who were older than we--
  Of many far wiser than we--
And neither the angels in heaven above,
  Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of my beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
  Of my beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And in all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
  In the sepulchre there by the sea,
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE New Year brings us many new things. We enter upon a new period of time: and we must have a new almanac, a new diary, and must write a new date. It is not without an effort that we adjust ourselves to the new state of things. How strange at first it seems to us, instead of 1858 to write 1859. Hence, many mistakes are made; and not a few letters do we receive at the beginning of the year in which the 8 is stricken out and the 9 put in its place This fact has often awakened in our minds a warm sympathy with those ladies who at a cer ain period of their lives are necessitated one day to write their names the old way and the next the new way! We do not know, however, whether in this case mistakes are often made; though we can easily imagine that the long habits of writing one way, and a very tender affection for the old name, which it is a beautiful virtue to cherish, must make great care necessary. The change of habit is perhaps promoted by a salutary fear lest the husband should be unpleasantly impressed by the discovery of a mistake, and if not largely gifted with charity, might refer the mere slips of the pen to an evil source.

The force of habit is very great; and the tenacity with which we unconsciously hang to the old date, may well teach us a lesson. As the Ethiopian hardly changes his skin or the leopard his spots—and as he who so long has written one date finds it difficult to write another, so he that is firmly set to bad habits finds it a hard matter to begin the cultivation of better ones. Let the young write that down in the brain, and let every mistake they make in the date at the beginning of the New Year, read them a lesson on the terrible evil of bad habits.

The New year has begun. Let us firmly set our minds and accustom our hands to write 1859. It is necessary—it is right—it is good—it must be so. Foolish will the people call us if we do not at once make the change. But let us remember that there are also other habits which need to be changed. New Year is a solemn time, and therefore a good time to begin. Let the swearer cease from swearing, the drunkard cease

his drunkenness, the debauchee his vileness, and the worthless idler his laziness; or if there be any other evil habit, let him at once make war upon it and put it away. A virtue will grow in the same place now occupied by the vice, and bring forth a far more desirable fruit in time and eternity. You are perhaps disposed to smile at your friend for writing the wrong date; but you are not ashamed to transfer foul and filthy habits of sin from the old year into the new. For once suffer yourself to be shamed into better ways; and, seeking the grace of Christ our Saviour, begin with the date of the New Year to make also the record of a better life.

What is this we write? What is this new date, A. D., 1859—Anno Domini—*in the year of our Lord.* So then we date our time from the birth of Jesus Christ. That is the point at which for us time begins—the great central, all comprehending event in the world's history. Greater than to create the world was it to redeem it; hence we write not Anno Mundi—*in the year of the world,* but Anno Domini, *in the year of our Lord.* The first world fell, and was lost; and all time and history before Christ, were but a preparation for His coming, while all history since His advent has been moulded and determined by the power of His vitalizing grace. We write all our dates in the year of our Lord.

Remarkable is the fact that this is done by general consent. All in christian lands acquiesce in it, all unconsciously adopt it, all so write. The infidel who rejects Christ, the careless worldling who neglects him, all write, "in the year of our Lord." This reminds us of that evil spirit of old who was compelled to cry out: "I know thee who thou art, the Holy one of God!" So even the unbelieving and disobedient, every time thy shall date a letter or enter an account during this year, will bear a kind of dumb testimony that Jesus Christ was born 1859 years ago—and that he is over them, as their Lord. They thus unconsciously condemn their own unbelief, and themselves write sentence against their own careless and sinful lives.

It is a moving thought, that in the providence of God all men, in this way are daily compelled to acknowledge Jesus Christ. The daily confession of Him is thus carried even into secular business. The merchant, the mechanic, the daily laborer—the king and his council, the Judge and the Legislator—all, at the head of every page of accounts, at the beginning of every official state document, and in all their private accounts and communications, must record, "in the year of our Lord;" and thus write down the confession, that Jesus Christ our Lord so long ago came into world as the Saviour of men. This is a touching thought. Yes, Jesus is the Lord—and either consciously or unconsciously all men confess Him—and every day, the highest and the lowest, the best and the vilest, speak and write the fact.

We may, if we choose—yea, we ought to do so—make the writing of dates a pious act. We are challenged every time we record a date, to think of, as we virtually confess, the birth of Jesus Christ. May we not ask the reader to demand of himself, when he changes the date to 1859, to answer why he does so. May we not invite him, if he has not done so before, by a dedication of himself in soul and body, to own that Lord, whom he unconsciously acknowledges and confesses at the head of his book of daily accounts, and in every letter he addresses to a friend.

THE BETTER LAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

On a rough island in the great ocean, once lived a father and mother with their two children. They had gotten to that lonely place through shipwreck. Roots and herbs served them as food, a spring of water furnished them drink, and a cave in the rocks was their house and their home.

The children could no more remember how they had come to this island. They had also forgotten all about their home on the firm wide land; and bread, milk, fruits, were things unknown to them.

One day four Moors, or negroes, in a small boat landed on the island. This filled the parents with great joy; and they now hoped to be delivered from their sufferings and loneliness. But the little boat was too small to carry the whole family at once to the continent. The father, therefore, determined to venture first on the voyage.

The mother and children wept as he entered the frail bark, and they beheld how the four black men were pushing away from the shore. But the father said: "Weep not—on the other shore it is better to dwell, and you all will soon follow me."

When in due time the little ship came again, and took away the mother, the children wept still more. But she also said: "Weep not —in that better land whither we go, we shall see one another again."

At length the little ship came also for the children. They were greatly afraid of the black men, and trembled as they looked into the fearful sea over which they had to cross. Amid fear and trembling they neared the land.

But how glad were their hearts when their parents, standing on the shore, received them with open arms, led them into the shade of high palm trees, and refreshed them with milk and honey upon the flowery green! "Oh, how foolish was our fear," said the children; "we should not have feared but rejoiced when the black men came to bring us over into this better land."

"My dear children," said the father, "our voyage from that desolate and dreary island into this beautiful country, has yet a higher meaning. There awaits us all a still greater voyage, into a still more distant, but a far more beautiful land. The whole earth on which we dwell is like an island in the ocean of space. This pleasant country in which we now dwell is a type, though a very imperfect one, of the heavenly land. The passage thither, across the stormy sea, is death. The little ship reminds us of the bier, on which four men in black will one day carry us away to the grave. But when once the time comes that shall call me, your mother, or yourselves away, do not tremble or fear. Death is, for the pious, nothing but a passage into the better land.

The bright happy shores will greet us at last,
And the storms and the seas be forever over-past.

BOOK NOTICES.

History of the Christian Church. By Philip Schaff, D. D., (Author of The History of the Apostolic church.) From the birth of Christ to the reign of Constantine, A. D., 1—311. New York: Charles Scribner, 124 Grand Street. 1859, pp. 535.

Dr. Schaff is favorably known as a church historian by his history of the Apostolic Church published a few years ago. He has promised to furnish a history of the church down to the present time, if life and health are spared. The volume previously published treats in a very extensive way of the Apostolic church. This volume, though independent in itself as a history of the Anti-Nicene age, is the first volume of a general history of the church, which we hope the author may live to finish. This volume furnishes proof that church history can be presented in a way which shall not only instruct, but interest and edify. The arrangement of the matter is not mechanical, but organic. In the hands of Dr. Schaff, the tree of history grows up before us like a natural tree, with bark on the wood, and sap in the bark, and life in the sap; nor is there an absence of the leaves and flowers which give ornament and fragrance. The reader is drawn along from section to section, and from chapter to chapter by the natural and necessary succession of subjects, and charmed on every page by the clear, concise and vigorous style. If any excellence belonging to it impressed us above another, it is its admirable adaptation as a text book in church history. We shall be greatly mistaken if it does not, as such, take its place permanently and extensively in the Seminaries of our land. Mr. Scribner has gotten up the work in excellent style, and we have no doubt it will have an extensive sale, to which its merits fairly entitle it.

The New American Cyclopedia: *A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.* Edited by George Ripley and Charles Dana. Vol. IV. Brownson —Chartres. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway. 1858, pp. 766.

We announce with pleasure the appearance of the fourth volume of this extensive work. It is gotten up in the same finished style as the former volumes; and the work continues to give evidence of the same completeness, which we have before noticed as characterizing it. This volume, covering from Brownson to Chartres, includes the treatment of over two thousand one hundred words. It includes also names of prominent living men, the first article in this volume, giving a very full and satisfactory account of the well-known Orestes A. Brownson. This fact indicates that this Cyclopedia will come down fully to the present time, furnishing important information in regard to the latest matters which is not to be found in other works of reference. The publication of such a work is an honor to our country; and its learned authors deserve much credit for having thus far executed so well this arduous and responsible undertaking. Not less would we praise the enterprise of Appleton and Company, in furnishing to the American public a work so valuable, and which involves at the same time so heavy a pecuniary responsibility. With pride and pleasure do we see one volume after another take its place in our library.

THE GUARDIAN.

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THE HOLY GHOST.

BY THE EDITOR.

"CANST thou by searching find out God?" No—not by *searching*—not by thought the deepest, not by reason the most earnest, not by deductions based upon created mind or created matter, or from any and all their laws.

This has been tried by the most earnest and most highly cultivated minds in heathenism. It has been tried by philosophy in christian lands, independent of revelation. Heathen investigations have run into polytheism—many Gods; and mere rational inquiries in christian lands, into pantheism—that all things are God; or into atheism—that there is no personal God!

Not by searching do we find out God, but by revelation. We come not to Him until He comes to us. God is first an object of faith and only then an object of knowledge. "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." 1 Cor. 1: 20, 21.

God has revealed Himself as One in Three and Three in One. "Such as the Father is, such is the Son, and such is the Holy Ghost" Three persons in one God.

The first thing, then, to which our attention must be directed in speaking of the Holy Ghost, is His nature. So the subject is presented to us in the Heidelberg catechism. "What dost thou then believe concerning the Holy Ghost? Answer: First, that He is true and co-eternal God with the Father and the Son."

1. The Holy Ghost is a *person*. He is not a mere energy of God, or a mere influence proceeding from Him. Energy is the mere attribute of a being; and influence is the mere act or effect produced by a being; but the Holy Ghost is a being Himself, capable of energy and influence in and from Himself. That is, He has personal being as the centre and source of His own acts and influence.

When we call attention to the personality of the Holy Ghost we do not present a merely curious point of inquiry, or a matter of indifference,

but a point vital to the christian faith—one that belongs to the very foundation of a scriptural knowledge of God, and to the central mysteries of the christian system.

It is a point, moreover, in regard to which it has been easy and common to fall into error. There have been, and still are, large communities of professed Christians in which the Holy Ghost is regarded as a mere energy or influence of God, or of His word, and where personal being is denied Him. Such were the Arians of old, and the Socinians in and after the reformation.

It is a question, also, that may at least be asked, whether with many who professedly stand under a better faith, He is not practically regarded as a mere influence, as a result of the preached word, or as a potence coming from God or Christ in answer to prayer—not as a divine being to be worshipped as God, and with God; but only to be received from God as His own direct influence. This false feeling is sometimes unconsciously betrayed even in prayer when the word "it" is applied to the Holy Ghost, as though He were a thing, an influence, and not a personal being.

Persons are no doubt thoughtlessly led into this false feeling by carelessly deriving it from the word Spirit as applied to the Holy Ghost. As spirit is intangible to the senses, and a word allied in its very meaning with the idea of wind or breath, and in scripture often applied to mere influences, the mind—if not firmly held to the high mysteries of faith, but suffered to run carelessly over the surface of divine revelation—may easily glide into the habit of regarding the Holy Spirit as on the same level. Thus it is easier to think of Spirit as mere influence than it is to think of it as personality; and a careless, thoughtless person may fall into the habit of thinking that personality belongs merely to an embodied being, and belongs not to Spirit. But how false does a moment's reflection on the consequences of such an idea show it to be. For if we deny personality to spirit we must deny it to God who is a Spirit; to Angels who are personal spiritual beings; and to ourselves when separated from the body at death.

This false feeling may come also from the fact that influence is so prominently attributed to the Holy Ghost in the scriptures Thus His influences are thought of whilst His personality is overlooked; and thus, because His person is lost to our thoughts behind His influences, we easily fall into the habit of regarding these influences themselves as the mere general energies and influences of God. But how we forget in this careless habit of thinking that the very fact of influences being ascribed to the Holy Ghost, points us to His person whence these influences proceed.

In the answer to the question, "What believest thou concerning the Holy Ghost, the personal pronoun "*He*" is throughout applied to Him. This is designedly done, that thereby he may be set before our faith as a person and not as a thing—an energy or influence, to which "it" would be properly applied. It is thus that the holy scriptures uniformly speak of Him. "He shall teach you all things." John 14: 16 "I will send Him unto you And when *He* is come *He* will reprove the world of sin. Howbeit, when *He*, the Spirit of truth is come, *He* will guide you into all truth; for He shall not speak of *Himself;* but whatsoever *He* shall hear, that shall *He* speak; and *He* will show you things to

come." John 16 : 7, 15. So in many other places. Thus in the very mode of speaking of Him is His personality pre-supposed and taken for granted.

Personal attributes are ascribed to the Holy Ghost in the scripture, such as belong only to a personal being and not to an energy or influence. Thus: thought, intelligence, knowledge, wisdom. "The Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God." "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in Him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." 1 Cor. 2 : 10, 11.

A personal *will* is ascribed to Him. "All these things worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to each man severally as He will." 1 Cor. 12 : 11. Will belongs not to an influence, but to a personal being.

The properties, acts and feelings of a person are ascribed to Him. "Thus it is said, that He teaches, comforts and guides us into all truth; that He calls and sends apostles, and speaks in them. Luke 12 : 2. Acts 13 : 2. 16 : 7. So it is said that He declares things to come; that He foretold the death of Simon, the destruction of Judas the traitor, the journey of Peter to Cornelius, the chains and afflictions by which Paul was detained at Jerusalem, the apostacy of the last times, the signification of the entering of the High Priest into the most holy place, the new covenant, the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow; that He makes intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered; that he causes us to cry, Abba, Father; that he is tempted by those who lie unto Him; that He bears witness in heaven with the Father and the Son;" that He is grieved by the resistance of sinners, and that blasphemy may be uttered against Him. "All these belong to a person existing, living, willing and acting with design." All this becomes meaningless, and even worse, the moment we seek to apply it to an influence.

2. The Holy Ghost is a divine person. "True and co-eternal God with the Father and the Son."

The divinity of the Holy Ghost has its best argument in the general manner in which He is spoken of in the scripture—in the habit of scripture of pre-supposing and taking for granted His divinity—in the fact that the doctrine of His divinity underlies, and is interwoven with the whole structure of revelation and salvation. It is involved in the divinity of the Son, and is required by it. Every argument that establishes the divinity of the Son, also requires the divinity of the Spirit.

Hence we find the two always stand or fall together. Those who deny the divinity of the one deny that of the other. So also it stands together with the structure of salvation. When the divinity of the Son and Spirit are denied, every doctrine and fact of salvation is affected. Not one can be held without it in the same way, and in the same sense, as it is held with it. It becomes radically, and in all its parts a different scheme of salvation. This is at once seen from an examination of the theological schemes of those communities in which the duty of the Son and Spirit is not allowed to hold a place.

In such schemes there is no real union of God with man through the incarnation of the divine Son, and the indwelling of the divine Spirit, so that to be pious is to be "partaker of the divine nature." But Christ is a mere prophet and teacher, revealing the truth; and the Spirit is merely the influence of that truth upon the heart and mind of man, ac

companied, perhaps, by a vague divine energy which is ascribed to God as a Spirit. Conversion is regarded as affected by moral suasion, by which man's views are changed; and, through his views, his feelings, habits and actions.

The natural depravity of man, by which his will is enfeebled, his understanding darkened, his affections perverted, so that he is unwilling and unable of himself to receive the truth, is denied. It is taught in such schemes that he will and can be persuaded to piety by arguments and motives from the truth without the Holy Spirit. Hence, being not wholly depraved and dead in sin, he needs not regeneration by water and the Spirit, but only reformation by the moral suasion of the truth and the help of God in the way of general divine influence, which is bestowed in answer to prayer.

Then, too, in such a system, sacraments hold a secondary place, and lose their true and full significance. They become mere symbols of truth, a kind of figurative preaching, or a mere mode of testifying love to the commandments of Christ. They are no more the real media of a union and communion with God through Christ and the Spirit.

Then the Church is no more the body of Christ and the home of the Spirit, and the mother of saints, but a collection of believers, who without it have been persuaded and changed by the truth—not a mother and nursery of saints, but a mere receptacle or meeting place for them.

In short, the whole system of supernatural mysteries which bring to us, through Christ, the Spirit, the Sacraments, and the word and worship, the powers of salvation, uniting man with God in a life above all that is merely natural and earthly, is changed into a scheme of merely moral and natural forces—in which God indeed speaks to man, but is not truly and divinely united with Him by the Son's taking our nature, so entering it, and by the Spirit's indwelling sanctifying our souls and bodies by His divine life, and making us His temples of habitation forever.

Thus we see how denying the divinity of the Holy Ghost affects the whole system of revealed truth; and how deeply it underlies the whole scheme of salvation. In this fundamental truth we ought to be well and firmly established, holding without wavering this mystery of faith, that the Holy Ghost "is true and co-eternal God with the Father and the Son."

TRODDEN FLOWERS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,
  Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers,
Spirits that suffer and do not repine—
  Patient and sweet as lowly-trodden flowers
That from the passer's heel arise,
And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

LORD ROCHESTER.

THE POWER OF SIN AND OF GRACE.

JOHN WILMOT, afterwards earl of Rochester, was born in 1647, at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire. After his education was completed, he travelled into France and Italy; and, at his return, devoted himself to the court, and was in great favor with Charles the Second. He had very early an inclination to intemperance, which he seemed to have totally subdued in his travels; but afterwards falling into dissolute and vicious company, he gave way to his former propensity, and became corrupt in his principles, and depraved in his manners. He lost all sense of religious restraint; and, finding it not convenient to admit the authority of laws which he was resolved not to obey, sheltered his wickedness behind infidelity.

As he excelled in that noisy and licentious merriment which wine excites, his companions eagerly encouraged him in excess, and he willingly indulged it; till, as he confessed to Dr. Burnet, he was for five years together so much inflamed by frequent inebriety, as in no interval to be master of himself.

Thus, in a course of drunken gaiety, and gross sensuality, with seasons of study perhaps yet more criminal, with an avowed contempt of all decency and order, a total disregard to every moral law, and a resolute denial of every religious obligation, he lived worthless and useless, and blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness; till, at the age of one-and-thirty, he had nearly exhausted the fund of life, and had reduced himself to a state of weakness and decay.

At this time he was led to an acquaintance with Dr. Burnet, to whom he laid open with great freedom the tenor of his opinions, and the course of his life; and from whom he received such conviction of the reasonableness of moral duty, and the truth of Christianity, as, by the Divine blessing, produced a total change both of his manners and opinions. Some philosophers of the present age will probably suppose that his condition and conviction were purely the effects of weakness and low spirits, which scarcely suffer a man to continue in his senses, and certainly not to be master of himself; but Dr. Burnet affirms, that he was "under no such decay as either darkened or weakened his understanding; nor troubled with the spleen or vapors, or under the power of melancholy." In proof of this assertion, the following letter is produced, in which nothing is omitted but some personal compliments to the Doctor:

"Woodstock-Park, Oxfordshire, June 25, 1680.

"MY MOST HONORED DR. BURNET—

"My spirits and body decay equally together: but weak as I am in person, I shall write you a letter. If God be yet pleased to spare me longer in this world, I hope, by your conversation, to be exalted to such a degree of piety, that the world may see how much I abhor what I so long loved, and how much I glory in repentance, and in God's service. Bestow your prayers upon me, that God would spare me, if it be his good will, to show a true repentance and amendment of life for the time to come; or else, if the Lord please soon to put an end to my worldly being, that he would mercifully accept of my death-bed repentance; and perform that promise he has been pleased

to make, that at what time soever a sinner doth repent, he would receive him. Put up these prayers, most dear doctor, to Almighty God, for your most obedient, languishing servant, "ROCHESTER."

Soon after the receipt of this letter, Dr. Burnet visited him. Lord Rochester expressed to him in strong terms, the sense he had of his past life; his sad apprehension for having so offended his Maker and dishonored his Redeemer; the horrors he had gone through; the sincerity of his repentance; and the earnestness with which his mind was turned to call on God, and on his crucified Saviour, to have mercy upon him.

Discoursing one day of the manner of his life from his youth, and bitterly upbraiding himself for his manifold transgressions, he exclaimed, "O blessed God! can such a horrid creature as I am, who have denied thy being, and contemned thy power, be accepted by thee?—Can there be mercy and pardon for me? Will God own such a wretch as I am?" About the middle of his sickness, he said: "Shall the unspeakable joys of heaven be conferred on me? O mighty Saviour! never, but through thy infinite love and satisfaction! O never, but by the purchase of thy blood!"

From the first of his yielding assent to the truths of the Christian religion, his faith seemed sincere and fervent. He highly reprobated "that foolish and absurd philosophy, propagated by the late Hobbes and others, which the world so much admired, and which had undone him, and many persons of the best parts in the nation." His hope of salvation rested solely on the free grace of God, through Jesus Christ. He often prayed that his faith might be strengthened, and cried out: "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

He expressed great esteem for the Holy Scriptures, and resolved that if God should spare him, he would frequently read them and meditate upon them: "for, having spoken to his heart, he acknowledged that all the seeming absurdities and contradictions, which men of corrupt and reprobate judgment supposed to be in them, were vanished: and now that he loved and received the truth, their beauty and excellence appeared."

He frequently implored God's Holy Spirit, to comfort and support him, to preserve him from wicked thoughts and suggestions, and from every thing prejudicial to that religious temper of mind with which he was now so happily endued. One night having been much disturbed by evil imaginations, "I thank God," said he, "I abhor them all. By the power of his grace, which I am sure is sufficient for me, I have overcome them. It is the malice of the devil, because I am rescued from him, that thus troubles me; but the goodness of God frees me from all my spiritual enemies."

He often called for his children, and spoke to them with a warmth of feeling that can scarcely be described. "See," said he to Dr. Burnet, "how good God has been to me, in giving me so many blessings! and yet I have been a most ungracious and unthankful creature!" He expressed much concern for the pious education of his children: and "wished his son might never be a wit; one of those wretched creatures," as he explained it, "who pride themselves in denying the being or the providence of God, and in ridiculing religion; but that he might become an honest and a pious man, by which means only he could be the support and blessing of his family."

He gave a strict charge to the persons in whose custody his papers were, to burn all his obscene and filthy pictures, which were so notoriously scandalous; and all his profane and lewd writings, by which he had so highly offended, and shamed, and blasphemed, that holy religion into which he had been baptized.

He was ready to make restitution, to the utmost of his power, to all persons whom he had injured; and heartily forgave all the wrongs which he had sustained, hoping that he should meet with the like free forgiveness from God.

He expressed a tender concern for his servants, and those who attended him; and earnestly exhorted them to love and fear God. To a gentleman of some character, who came to see him on his death-bed, he said: "O remember that you contemn God no more. He is an avenging God, and will visit you for your sins; and will, I hope, in mercy, touch your conscience, sooner or later, as he has done mine You and I have been friends and sinners together a great while, and therefore I am the more free with you. We have been all mistaken in our conceits and opinions; our persuasions have been false and groundless; therefore God grant you repentance." And seeing the same gentleman the next day, he said: "Perhaps you were disobliged by my plainness with you yesterday. I spoke the words of truth and soberness;" and striking his hand upon his breast, he added, "I hope God will touch your heart."

He was very desirous to testify to the world his repentance for his past misconduct; and to make every reparation in his power for the mischiefs, which, by his example and writings, he had occasioned. He sent messages, which well became a dying penitent, to some of his former friends. He strictly enjoined the pious persons who attended him during his last sickness, to publish any thing concerning him that might be a means to reclaim others; praying to God, that, as his life had done much hurt, so his death might do some good. He caused the following solemn declaration to be drawn up, which he signed with his own hand:

"For the benefit of all those whom I may have drawn into sin, by my example and encouragement, I leave to the world this my last declaration, which I deliver in the presence of the GREAT GOD, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and before whom I am preparing to be judged; that, from the bottom of my soul, I detest and abhor the whole course of my former wicked life; that I think I can never sufficiently admire the goodness of God, who has given me a true sense of my pernicious opinions, and vile practices; by which I have hitherto lived, without hope, and without God in the world; have been an open enemy to Jesus Christ, doing the utmost despite to the holy Spirit of Grace; and that the greatest testimony of my charity to such is, to warn them in the name of God, and as they regard the welfare of their immortal souls, no more to deny his being or his providence, or despise his goodness; no more to make a mock of sin, or contemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever-blessed Redeemer, through whose merits alone, I, one of the greatest of sinners, do yet hope for mercy and forgiveness. Amen. "J. ROCHESTER.

"Declared and signed in the presence of

"ANN ROCHESTER,
"ROBERT PARSONS."

His sufferings were, at times, very great; but he did not repine under them. In one of his sharpest fits of pain, looking up to heaven, he said: "God's holy will be done. I bless him for all he does to me."

He expressed his willingness to live, or to die, as it should please Divine Providence. "If," said he, "God should spare me yet a little longer time here, I hope to bring glory to his name, proportionable to the dishonor I have done him, in my whole life past: and particularly, by endeavors to convince others of the danger of their condition, if they continue impenitent; and by telling them how graciously God has dealt with me."

Near the close of life, he was often heard to pray fervently. He rejoiced in the comfortable persuasion of acceptance with God. A few days before his decease, he said: "I shall now die. But O, what unspeakable glories do I see! What joys, beyond thought or expression, am I sensible of! I am assured of God's mercy to me, through Jesus Christ. O! how I long to die, and to be with my Saviour!"

Thus died, in the thirty-third year of his age, the celebrated earl of Rochester; a memorable instance of the goodness and mercy of God, and of the power of his grace, to purify and redeem the most corrupt and obdurate offender. From this case, and from many other instances, the truly penitent sinner, though his sins have been as scarlet or as crimson, may derive hope that God will, even in his greatest extremity, hear his prayers, and accept his repentance: but none should presume on the Divine Mercy, by deferring their amendment till they are brought to the bed of sickness and death. They may suddenly be taken away; they may not have their understanding in the time of illness; they may be deceived with false hopes of recovery; their pains of body may not admit of that state of mind which is proper for the great work of repentance; or, they may have become so hardened by the habits of sin, that they may die, as many have died, without a proper sense of their condition. May the goodness and forbearance of God lead to repentance and amendment of life, in the time of health! We shall then, at the approach of death, have no guilty tumults of mind; no dismal forebodings of the future. We shall bear our affliction with patience and resignation; and, with joyful hope, commit our spirits into the hands of a faithful and merciful Creator.

For a further account of Lord Rochester, we refer the reader to a small volume published by Dr. Burnet, entitled "Some Passages of the Life and Death of John, Earl of Rochester;" "a book, which," as Dr. Johnson says, "the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

RESIGNATION.

"My Father, if by pain
I have been drawn more closely unto Thee,
I bless Thee for the trial, and the loss,
I bless Thee for the suffering and the cross;
All, all is naught to this eternal gain.'

BLACK MARIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT do we mean by Black Maria? That is a proper question, and it shall be answered. It is not a colored woman, as the reader perhaps hastily supposed, that is to form the subject of our present article.

Not to prolong suspense we will at once proceed to define. Black Maria is the name given to a certain strangely constructed vehicle, used in some of our larger towns and cities to convey prisoners from the prison to the court house and back again. Having had—we will not say the pleasure—of frequently seeing this concern, we are fortunately able to describe it. It has four wheels like a common carriage, surmounted by an ill-proportioned body, perhaps three feet wide, four feet long and five feet high, with most prison looking sides, made of solid plank, bound with iron, and painted black. The prisoner is put in at a side door which is closed on him by a substantial lock. Then away goes the pony with its humiliating load, over "the stony street," and the boys cry out, "There goes Black Maria!" It is scarcely necessary to say that the prisoner does not look out as he is hurried along, inasmuch as he has no place at which to look out.

But why is this concern called Black Maria? That is what we ourselves would like to know. We have put the question to men of age, and to men learned in curious matters, but have failed to obtain a satisfactory answer. Should we attempt to answer the question ourselves, it would be a mere opinion; and yet we have such an irrepressible desire to know the reason of things that we find ourselves always guessing where we cannot know. Thus we have thought it might be so named because it is painted black. Then we have thought it might be because it is a black business which makes this thing necessary. When we have tried to be more learned in our inquiries, we have traced it to Mara', Mary, Maria, which, in Hebrew, mean bitterness—seeing it is a bitter thing to fall into the commission of crime, and then to be compelled to take a shameful and disgraceful ride in the "Black Maria." If the reader can give a better interpretation we shall be as glad to be instructed as we are anxious to instruct him. We only ask credit for our good wishes in making an attempt to explain the origin of the name.

Though we know not the origin of the name, we know the use of the thing; and must confess that it attracts our attention whenever we see it, and is sure to call forth many thoughts, reflections and feelings. What a pity, we say to ourselves that any mortal being should ever come to such disgrace. We know that he who rides in it was made in the image of God, and designed for a better end. We call to mind that he was once an interesting and comparatively innocent child, a blooming boy, the pride, and joy, and hope of his parents. A fond mother doated on him, and a fond father regarded him with pride and pleasure. He was happy among his fellow boys at school. But in time, idleness, evil company, and perhaps the cup of the drunkard allured him into evil ways,

and led him into the snares of sin. Had he taken care of himself, and walked in better ways, he might perhaps have occupied the position of the judge who tries him, or the lawyer who is handling his case, or the virtuous and respectable juror who is forced by the evidence of his crime to find him guilty. All this he might have been; and if not this, he might at least be a worthy, quiet citizen, following an humble but useful calling, respected by his fellow men. But he has chosen the ways of crime; and now he is a culprit, riding in disgrace through the streets in the Black Maria! What a pity—what a shame—what a sin, that men will pursue a course of life which leads to such bitter results.

We hope the boy, or the young man who reads this article, will be careful of the seductive beginnings which lead to this sad end. Industry and piety are the only safeguards. He that early devotes himself to some honorable and useful calling, and with it fears God and regards his holy word and ways, will never be disgraced by a ride in the "Black Maria."

DARE AND DO.

BY WILLIAM C. CAMERON.

UPWARD—onward! fellow-workmen,
Ours the battle-field of life;
Ne'er a foot to foemen yielding,
Pressing closer 'midst the strife!
Forward in the strength of manhood,
Forward in the fire of youth;
Aim at something—ne'er surrender,
Arm thee in the mail of truth.

Though thy ways be strewn with dangers,
Summer rain-drops lay the dust;
FAITH and HOPE are two-edged weapons,
Which will ne'er belie thy trust!
Shrink not, though a host surround thee,
Onward—duty's path pursue;
All who gild the page of story
Knew these brave words—Dare and Do.

Miller was a rough-stone mason,
Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Keats and Hood,
Franklin, Jerrold, Burns and Gifford,
Had to toil as we for food.
Yes, these men, with minds majestic,
Sprung from ranks the rich call poor,
Cast a halo round brown labor—
Had to wrestle—fight—endure.

Forward, then, bright eyes are beaming;
Fight, nor lose the Conqueror's crown;
Stretch thy right hand—seize thy birthright,
Take it—wear it—'tis thine own!
Slay the giants which beset thee—
Rise to manhood—glory—fame;
Take thy pen, and in the volume
Of the gifted write thy name.

"AN AXE TO GRIND."

ORIGIN OF THE TERM.

"WHEN I was a little boy," says Dr. Franklin, "I remember one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder." "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with the compliment of the "fine little fellow." "O yes," I answered, "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my little fellow," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" Could I refuse; I ran and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest little fellows that I ever saw—will you just turn a few minutes for me." Tickled at the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now you little rascal, you've played truant; scud for school, or you'll rue it." Alas! thought I, it is hard enough to turn the grindstone this cold day, but to be called a little rascal was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I that man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great profession of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning a grindstone. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him respectable or useful, alas! deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a party.

A PERFECT WIFE.

A COURAGE to endure and to obey—
A hate of gossip, parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, through all her placid life,
The Queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

TENNYSON.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plan'd,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light. WORDSWORTH.

A PERFECT HUSBAND.

Faithful as a dog, the lonely shepherd's pride;
True as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;
Firm as the shaft that props the towering dome:
Sweet as to the shipwreck'd seaman life and home.

EURIPEDES.

TIME.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Time and tide wait for no man."

THE ticking of a clock has always been a solemn sound to us, and yet we have ever had a kind of fondness for it. Far back in childhood, as we still well remember, we did not tire sitting before the tall clock in the corner, watching the apparently careless balancing motion of the second-hand, and counting the ticks up to sixty. Even now we retain our old love in this regard, and not unfrequently find ourself meditative before the clock; our eyes noting the swing of the pendulum through the transparent glass, and our ears feeding on the familiar ticks by which seconds, minutes, hours—and at length lives are measured—and then many earnest thoughts glide through our mind.

In this mood we have sometimes been allured into a philosophizing on time—*how* it is, and *what* it is. But in this we have never been able to make much progress; for the more we thought the less we seemed to ourselves to know. In fact, others seem to be in the same case; and we have never been able to meet with either man or book that could much instruct us in regard to the *how* and the *what* of t me.

The only conclusion to which we ever could come is, that time is a great mystery! We know not what it is—we cannot define its nature. To us it is the flow of being, the current of existence, "the stuff that life is made of."

This we know: Time is solemn. The music of the clock has something of the dirge in it. Time is the vast ocean without shore, on which float planets, stars and suns, till the storms which rise on its bosom sink them all forever. It is before all things created, underlies all created things, and bears all created things away. It will make the heavens old —it will at last lay them aside as a worn-out garment. It is a stream which bears us and all things on to God; or breaks them and us upon its surface.

On earth it is the all-subduing victor. It bears away generations and buries them strata upon strata. It dissolves empires, and changes all their glory into a mere dream of the past. The proudest monuments of nations disappear on the surface of its silent, solemn flow, like snow flakes on the bosom of a stream. Our poor transient mortal life is but as a bubble that has scarce time to reflect a sunbeam before it breaks and flees away in the irresistible current. All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man—the highest bloom which he is able to reach—as the flower of grass.

Time is precious, and has a value untold. Though it sends adrift all that is mortal and earthly—though fragments dash against fragments on its surface and sink in its depths, it has a golden flow. Its years, months, weeks, days, minutes and moments are diamonds as to their value, and may be exchanges for imperishable riches—and the wise will so use this priceless coin.

Time is precious to us because we have so little of it. Our portion of it on earth is as a floating vapor—as a passing shadow—as a tale that is told—as a dream when one waketh. A good part of what was so little at first, is already gone. Spent in infancy and childhood when we knew not its value. Spent in sleep, to refresh and sustain our mortal life. Spent, alas! often in sin, and thus used in a way that is worse than waste.

A small portion remains—how little none can know! One-third of that will again be spent in sleep—one-third in necessary earthly business, and in cares of this life. The fragment that remains will be devoted—to what? Some will apply it unto wisdom—oh, how few! Others will so apply a very small portion of it. Still others will divide it between slumbers in the night and worldliness by day. Much will go in idleness—much in mere amusement—much in vanity—and in many cases all in sin! Thus will the process of waste go on till the lamp of life flickers in the socket—till the sand has fallen to its finish—till the sun goes down—till the dial's gnomon point to the twelfth hour—and all is over!

Prepared or not—wise or foolish—it is the end. The solemn experiment of life has been made. The time of probation is ended. The harvest is past! and the angel announces,

> Time gone, the righteous saved, the wicked damned,
> And God's eternal government approved!

We cannot too highly value time. The young should take care of it with more jealousy than that with which the miser watches over his gold. Nothing is of more value, and yet how freely and vainly do we often spend it. We lavish the priceless coin where it wins us nothing but future sorrow.

> . . . . . We take no note of time
> But from its loss; to give it then a tongue
> Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
> I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
> It is the knell of my departed hours.
> Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
> It is the signal that demands despatch:
> How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
> Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
> Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
> A dread eternity! how surely mine!
> And can eternity belong to me,
> Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

PIOUS FRIENDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The stars that nightly shine above our head
  Illume our path when brighter day is gone;
But not in them exists the lovely light they shed,
  They only shine as they are shone upon;
And so the loves that greet us here below,
  Are lights in life's dark home to cheer and bless,
When warm and bright themselves with holy glow
  From Jesus Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

WASHINGTON IN TEARS.

At the close of the Revolution it is well known that Congress was unable to meet its obligations to the army. Division of counsel existed as to the best method of raising the necessary funds to pay off the army before it was disbanded. While thus the hopes of the unpaid army were alternately elevated and depressed, some traitorous person scattered an anonymous circular among them, fomenting the dissatisfaction already existing, and leading to open rebellion. The individual who was suspected to have been the author of this paper was General Armstrong. Washington summoned all the officers into his presence to hear an appeal which he had prepared, and a copy of which is found in Marshall's Life. Neither wild lands, however rich, nor continental paper, however legal, would purchase bread or clothing. The minds of the army had become embittered by poverty and disappointment, and their principles corrupted by the infidel French literature which flooded our land, and poisoned all the fountains of society. On a certain day the loyal and disloyal gathered around the camp of the "Father of our country." General Gates, against whom charges made had been withdrawn, presided. General Washington arose with his manuscript in hand, to read a rebuke to treason; but tears suffusing his eyes, prevented him. What a scene for some American Vernet! He grasped the scroll, dashing away the tears, and essayed again to read. But all was silent. His noble frame heaved with emotion. In order to suffer his agitated feelings to subside, he began hunting for his spectacles. "Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "I have grown gray and blind in the service of my country!" What a rebuke were these words to the concealed promoters of treason! Many who before might have faltered, were now melted by those tears. They gathered closer and closer around the noble form, and when he closed, they resolved to stand to the death by their devoted leader. Those tears, under Providence, may have saved our country.

The Sabbath: Sydney Smith pronounces the following sonnet one of the most beautiful in the English language:

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
  Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still.
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
  A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers from the hill,
  And softer sings the linnet from the thorn,
The Skylark warbles in a toneless shrill,
  Hail! light serene; hail! sacred Sabbath morn.
The rooks float silent by in airy droves:
  The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;
The gates that lately sighed along the groves
  Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose.
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;
  So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

HUMBUG.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our readers are familiar with this title. As the shameful work continues the exposures must continue. We hold it to be the solemn duty of journals devoted to the true interests of their readers to speak out without weariness on this subject. Their name is legion and they go forth over the land in filthy abundance, like the lice of Egypt; and though we have no hope that any amount of protest and exposure will effectually stay the tide so long as there are such a host of silly persons to patronize them, yet there are many innocent persons who by a constant spread of light on the subject, may be guarded against their impositions.

An esteemed young friend has taken the pains to write to a number of these humbugs, for the purpose of getting at the secret of their schemes, and has kindly placed their answers to his letters in our hands. So plainly does the imposition lie on the surface of these letters that we are surprised the bait is not as once discovered; and yet so cunningly is the affair often managed, that it succeeds with thousands.

In examining these letters of our young friend, we find that No. 1 is from a pretended Reverend gentleman, who kindly proposes to cure Nervous Debility—the very class of persons who in that state are easily entrapped in any scheme that promises relief. He expresses great anxiety that the patient may not be imposed upon; should he entrust the preparation of the Pills to druggists, they might put into them instead of the proper ingredients, (which are costly) some cheaper drugs. Hence "he encloses a pill of the genuine kind, made by himself." He thinks it better that the patient send direct to him, enclosing the amount, which may be sent at his risk! Who does not see that the object is to sell his pills made of—what?

No. 2 is from Gracy de Lormes for fits and dyspepsia. All the ingredients can be had at any drug store, except one, the *Blue Vervain.* This is the bait. To get it the patient must send to the Humbug and "enclose!" If the reader will inquire after the Blue Vervain, he will find that it is a European plant growing by the way-side, possessing no medical virtues whatever, and for this reason "it is not found in the drug stores."

No. 3 is from Prof. James T. Horne, informing the applicant that after years of patient labor and chemical analysis he has discovered how he can "shorten nature's process," and "make honey precisely as the bees make it!" This is, if not a decidedly rich, still a positively *sweet* discovery. He will send a small pot of the honey as a specimen for 37½ cents; and the cost of the receipt is only $5! He firmly adds, "as for taking less than $5, I cannot do it." His mode of making honey, however, differs from that of bees in this, that he uses "slippery elm," whereas the bees rely mostly on flowers. Perhaps this is done in order not to infringe on the ancient patent right of the bees. But for this the bees

will care little, since they work "all for love, and nothing for reward," whilst he makes honey to make money.

No. 4 is from Mrs. Mary Dewitt, for the cure of Nervous Debility. The principal ingredient in the pills is "St. Ignatius' Bean." She tells the patient how to make the pills—part of the process is, "with a gentle heat, evaporate to the proper consistency for forming pills.." That is enough of itself to frighten even a Philadelphia lawyer from an attempt to understand the process. On the head of all this, the patient is assured that "the preparation of the extract is a very troublesome process." This is poor comfort; but then there mercifully follows, if it is preferred, "on receipt of $1, I will forward by mail the pills ready made." Of course this will be preferred by the ignorant dupe.

No. 5 is from P. O. Boyd, who will cure Dropsy in forty-eight hours. All the ingredients for the cure can be obtained in the drug stores—*except one*—the Chian Turpentine. This is collected in the island Chio or Scio (where is the spirit of Homer!) The annual production is very small, therefore very little or none reaches this country. Nevertheless he has it always on hand for his own customers! Be cautious, "persons who have not been in the habit of mixing the ingredients, are apt to neglect some point. One of the articles being very dear, leaves an opening for spurious combination, and your whole anxiety and trouble may be a failure; so you must be very particular, in order to insure success." Bette obtain it from him—"$5 must be enclosed."

In this style the thing goes on through eight of these letters. They are all on the same key. This will suffice to show in what way the bait is always sugared over so as to catch the unwary. The reader may be sure that in the case of any of these quack doses, in whatever shape their pretensions may be presented, and whatever guards may be set around the imposition, there is a catch in them somewhere, by which he will be drawn into the hands of the Humbug and defrauded out of any money he may send.

WINTER.

BY J. H. D.

I HAIL thee winter! Let the croaker sing
Of summer skies and richly scented flowers;
Or wail for Autumn's fruits and rural bowers
Decked by the hand of rosy-fingered Spring;
My muse shall upward soar on snowy-wing
To mountain summits, where, on spotless snow,
Old Winter sits enthroned as Nature's king,
And where his robes with icy jewels glow.
I love thine icy crown, thine hoary hair
That waves beneath, so stately and so grand;
I love the friendly basket in thy hand,
Full of October's fruits so soft and bland;
I love thy noble brow, for tender care
Has made her mark and pressed her signet there.

THE DOOR!

BY SELDOM.

THEREBY hangs many a tale. Could doors speak, what a wonderful chapter might we not have! Fresher and more readable in living realities, than any amount of sentimentalism in the shape of fiction Indeed one of the most effectual ways for curing the morbid desire of the multitude from its mad longings for the trashy productions of our times, were perhaps to bring out the matter of fact truths, that make up a part of every one's real life. For, after all, we seek ourselves only in the reproduced images of the mind. Whether these be genuine or counterfeit, depends on the spirit that presents them; and counterfeit or not genuine, they are and will be desired.

Romance has for its object something real There must always be a certain amount of solid contents, on which the imagination hangs its beautified visions. Where bees swarm they want a place to lodge; so when the fancy begets its most pleasing products, it requires a real point at least from which to start these into existence. For such a formative point many use the door.

The door is the starting point from home into the world. In the earliest periods of life, the sacred precincts of home contain the germinal forces that afterwards enlarge the sphere of ac ivities, until the mystic circle of the family is transcended It is in some cases the spontaneous necessity of nature; in others, it is over-strained and unnatural. Hot-house plants differ from the healthy garden plant's natural growth.

From the nursery, the child first passes the door to the open play-ground in the yard, or upon the lawn. Where these are not present, the public street, with all its sad exposures to evil example, to corrupting influence, to vicious practices, receives the daily pilgrim from the threshold of home. For these the door had better never been passed through. It had then been a bar to such coarse contact.

Next, the door is passed, when the *child is sent to school.* It were pleasant to stop before we go into this new chapter of life, to see what in most cases has been left behind. Inside the door, there stands the angel of innocence. She has been left within. Not often does she go along to the modern school-room and play-ground. The sweet simplicity of her nature would, to many eyes, look *homely* in more than one sense. Hence the vulgar and worse grown soul leaves innocence always within the door. The garments of purity, too, are often left inside the door, hung up. Passing out to the godless school, children first "stain the plumage of their sinless years."

Once the school was not the same as now. Our fathers tell us how they left the home door for the school house, built significantly beside the church, where God was not systematically forgotten in the teaching, in the books and in the practice of master and child. The New Testament at least and the catechism were not excluded from the course of instructions. Virtue and religion were thought worthy of being taught, as well

as the rules of arithmetic and grammar. Piety was then thought to be as essential as knowledge. All this is changed now. The child going forth from the door of home to the public school, leaves all these safeguards behind the door of his mother's chamber—or is laughed at and jeered if these old fashioned th ngs are brought outside the door. This has grown to be the fashion of the world, and old fashioned things are stowed away behind the door, whether good morals or good manners as something out of date

At the door *the youth* is last seen. Going forth from thence into the stern, cold world, the tender sympathies of youthful hearts are lost, and when the time comes for return, the home feeling has been replaced by the maxims and thoughts of business and heartless selfishness. Home sickness once cursed by the strong doses of worldly wisdom, the mother-consciousness is only a remembered dream. No wonder, then, the mother instinctively, as if it were for the last time, clasps her boy in her fond arms, while her heart of love overflows and the dimming tears hide her darling boy's future from her sight, as he takes leave of her at the door, "outward bound" on the way of life. The door separates him from her maternal care and counsel—and too often, alas! also, from all that she early taught him.

It is a solemn thing to pass through the door on the outward way into life's settled calling. In the Lord, it ought to be done, with a view to His glory and the soul's eternal good. But with very many no such purpose is intended; the worldly advantages only condition the choosing of the course and the tenor of the way. At the door, therefore, let the most fervent and solemn prayer be offered up for divine guidance and strength. Some poor wanderers leave their chart and compass at the door of home, and ever more are they tossed to and fro by the sweeping storm blasts that ruffle up the spirit with big waves of turbulent, sinful passion.

Most ardent vows of affection and love have been made at the door. There be times when the "sudden partings press the life out of young hearts," and at the door the bliss or agony becomes complete. Deep drawn sighs are breathed out there on the passing breezes, which long years thereafter may echo them back through the leafless branches of the bare family tree. The lovely buds of promise there planted, may untimely wither, and no fruit crown the opening flowers of expectation.

Departures and farewells concentrate all their feelings at the door, where those who go are formally severed from those who remain. Never are words so tenderly full of feeling and so true to nature, as when the reality of separation at the door compels the mutual, good-bye! It is enough in itself. No altar suits this prayer so well as the door. Sweet words may have before been spoken; but the tenderest tone, the deepest pathos, the warmest embrace, the most loving kiss, and the heartiest desire is reserved for the last, lingering, good-bye!

What memories cluster around the door! The child experience around the door-sill—the school-days' hurried leaving under the smiles of a mother's winning and cheering love—the youthful outgoing from the home-life to mingle with the untried temptations of the world—the man's farewell when the tear is repressed for fear of being thought unmanly—the bride's departure to the door of another home—all these are twining asso-

ciations that cling to the old door posts as vines on the lattice work above.

Doors draped with mourning tell a sadder tale. Some have the black crape relieved with a white satin ribbon. Through the door, for the last time, will be borne the little nursling to the narrow home, whose door will remain for a long time closed. There the child, and brother, sister, father, mother—all will be shut up till the grave's door shall be opened. Then will "the everlasting doors" be lifted up and the King of Glory shall come in.

He is the door. By Him may every homeless wanderer enter into the haven of rest. Through Him may all come into the mansions of our Heavenly Father's house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Let it also be remembered that there comes a time when that door will be shut.

Seek my soul the narrow gate,
Enter e'er it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.
God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And forever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, I know you not.

The return joys of the door are great, in proportion as the farewells thence taken were sad. Welcome to the returning prodigal, the absent friend, the expected lover, sanctifies the door's associations. Yet one stands at the door and knocks for admittance.

Admit Him or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

CHRISTIAN MUSINGS.

This Hymn was found in a chest in an English cottage. The author's name is unknown:

In the still silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

For O, in spite of past and present care,
Or any thing beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than any thing, my spirit lies
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee?

THE BEARD.

BY MATHIAS.

In attempting to give a brief history of the beard, I shall endeavor to observe a strict neutrality—say nothing for or against this important appendage—and let others draw their own conclusions.

The wearing of a beard is certainly an old—a very old fashion; a fashion, too, which has maintained its position from time immemorial to the present, and still sways the sceptre of dominion over high and low, finding devotees in cottage and palace, in every land and nation of the world. Nay, even this very thing was the subject of a divine command, which challenged the regard, and secured the obedience of God's chosen people, previous to the coming of Christ.

Webster defines the beard to be "the hair that grows on the chin, lips, and other parts of the face." We find it mentioned in very remote times. The earliest mention of it is, undoubtedly in the sacred scriptures. Among the Israelites the beard was considered a great ornament; and a learned writer says, this is still the case among the oriental nations; we are eye-witnesses to the same fact among the occidental nations. The word *beard* is sometimes used for the face. Hence the expression, to "do a thing to a man's beard," is to do it in defiance of him—to his face. We might almost say that a man's personality seems to centre in his beard, so sensitive is he to the treatment which it receives at the hands of others. Anciently it was held sacred. It might be touched only for the purpose of kissing it. In greeting, it was very common for persons to kiss one another's beard. "And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him." From time immemorial, the beard was regarded as a mark of dignity; and we read that the Israelites were forbidden to shave it off —"neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." Lev. 19: 27. They never shaved save for the purpose of expressing great grief and mourning; and this must be done by the person himself. Slaves were shaved—masters never. "To cut the beard" was an expression used to denote great misfortune. In this sense Isaiah uses the word when he prophesies the laying waste of Moab: "Every *beard* shall be cut off." Is. 15: 2. And in a previous chapter (7: 20) he says: "The Lord shall shave with a razor the head . . . . . and it shall also consume the *beard*"—beard being here perhaps tropically used for the distinguished men of the nation. See also Jer. 48: 38.

If by any means persons were deprived of their beards, they regarded it as a great calamity. If enemies deprived them of it, they felt that they had suffered deep disgrace, and received the greatest insult. Of this fact we have pointed evidence in 2 Sam. 10: 1, 6. King David on the occasion of Nahash's death, sent messengers to Hanun (his son and successor) to comfort him. But Hanun, through the instigation of the princes of his court, regarded the messengers as spies. "Wherefore Hanun took David's servants and shaved off the one-half of their beards."

Having suffered such disgrace, "the men were greatly ashamed." King David, who himself wore a beard, therefore sent them word: "Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown, and then return." As a result of this ill-treatment of David's messengers, there arose a war, in which David slew many thousands of the enemy—all because the suspicious Hanun had insulted David's representatives, by shaving off the one-half of their beards. In olden times the beard was a "touch-me-not."

With the idea of the beard we always connect that of age—at least of an age above youth. The beard is the mark of manhood; it distinguishes the man from the youth. In the Hebrew language, the same word used to denote beard, has in the form of a verb, the signification *to be* or *become old, to grow old, to be aged.* So in the English: a *gray beard, long beard* and *reverend beard*, are terms for old age. We cannot think of the probable personal appearance of Moses and the prophets, without thinking at the same time of a huge beard, which undoubtedly adorned their reverend faces, and added dignity and majesty to their figure Aaron, the High Priest, certainly wore this useful ornamen , as we learn from Psalms 133, which a christian poet has beautifully paraphrased thus:

> "True love is like that precious oil,
> Which, poured on Aaron's head,
> Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
> Its costly moisture shed."

The long gray beard of the High Priest must surely have added much to his personal appearance. The tunic, the girdle, the mitre, the golden ephold, and the jeweled breast-plate contributed greatly to his dignified appearance; but all these articles of dress would not have given dignity to a boy or beardless youth. To correspond with a solemn and earnest dress, the priest wore an equally earnest and solemn beard, which, with the gray hair, well set in order and anointed, could not fail to make a deep impression upon the worshippers in the temple.

Having now seen what importance the Israelites attached to the beard, let us briefly turn our attention to other nations. The ancient Assyrians were scarcely behind the Israelities in their regard far a strong bushy beard. In Layard's excavations of Nineveh (Nimroud) many bas-reliefs were brought to light, which, besides giving us an insight into the private and public life of that famous people, also exhibit to us the prevalent fashions of that distant age. "They carefully and elaborately plaited their hair and beards. The beard was allowed to grow to its full length; and descending low on the breast was divided into two or three rows of curls. The moustache also was carefully trimmed and curled at the ends. The hair as well as the beard appears to have been dyed, as is still the custom in Persia." The sculptures sketched by Layard prove this. Here on the slabs we see the kings, warriors, and officers of state, all alike sporting a moustache and a respectable beard. So fond were the Egyptians of this kind of facial ornament, that if nature failed to furnish it they wore artificial beards. The fondness of the Grecians for the display of flowing hair has passed into a proverb, and "long-haired Grecian" is familiar to every scholar. Long hair was considered essential to personal beauty and dignity, and great pains was taken to cultivate its growth. The same attention was

paid to the beard. The same is true of the Romans. They allowed the beard to grow freely, and seldom cut it. Ancient coins abound in heads and busts adorned with beards The statues of the gods are seldom without them. I see now before me a sketch of the statue of old Oceanus. There sits the old man on the waves of the sea, with long flowing locks and gently curling beard. Then there is Neptune, with Amphitrite by his side, taking a ride on the sea in a sea-shell drawn by marine horses. He sports a beard that would be considered the height of fashion in Chestnut street or Broadway. So, too, the priests of the Greek and Roman religions are generally represented with long, full-grown beards. This was the rule. Persons destitute of it were out of fashion or behind the age. To be beardless was regarded as a great misfortune. The *color* most esteemed was yellowish or light brown. In this respect their taste offers quite a contrast with that of our own age. We would hardly bestow our preference on the yellow, red or light brown; rather is the dark or black preferred; so much so, indeed, that our newspapers abound in advertisements of the best hair-dye, capable of converting the light or red head or beard into any desirable color.

The testimony now adduced of remote antiquity—o say of the three thousand years previous to the coming of Christ—undoubtedly establishes the fact that beards were worn, whether for ornament or utility, or both, we cannot stop to inquire. The testimony of modern times tends in the same direction—the fashion during the first centuries of the present era, harmonizing most beautifully with that of the most remote ages. Though sacred history is silent as to the personal appearance of our Saviour, we may nevertheless suppose that in this respect He conformed to the custom of the times, and allowed his beard to grow. So, too, He almost invariably appears in the many and various representations, which pretend to give us some idea of His personal appearance. Neither are we permitted even for a moment to suppose that the apostles cut their beards. It is not at all probable that razors, razor-strops, shaving-soap, &c, constituted any part of their plain, unassuming toilet. To divest them of the beard, would, methinks, detract from the dignified, majestic appearance we are so fond of ascribing to them. The Church Fathers did of course not try to improve on nature, and thankfully wore what the Creator had intended them to wear. I can very easily conceive that St. Augustine, for instance, looked very much as he is portrayed in Dr. Schaff's "Life and Labors of St. Augustine" That he could be destitute of that graceful beard, is difficult to believe. Through the middle ages, the same dignified custom was observed. Near the table on which I write hangs a portrait of John Huss, with hair short, beard long To my right, a portrait of Jerome of Prague, with hair curling over his shoulders, and beard descending low on the breast. Then we come to the Reformers. There is Luther, smoothly shaven. This may have been his general appearance, but he also saw the day when he wrote to a friend that he was—"*comam et barbam nutriens*"—cultivating his hair and beard. Zuingli also cut his beard, because he, like Luther, did not so closely adhere to the customs of former ages. But there is John Calvin; he seems to have known what beards were for, and to have enoyed the full benefit of one. How long and well-arranged his beard

looks! Melanchthon, the mild, amiable Melanchthon, is not as closely shaven as Luther and Zuingli, nor has he the long beard of Calvin. He mediates between them.* If these lithographs are true portraits—f they give us the truth of history, and these venerable reformers be allowed to vote *for* or *against* the beard, taking their practice as an express on of their sentiments on this subject, we would have four in favor of, and two against the beard.

Here we must leave this subject. Let no one suppose, however, that we attach as much importance to the beard as the ancients did. We do not. On the contrary, we, *in our day*, like to see a man's face unveiled and free; for through his face his soul doth often shine.

* This he did also in other and loftier matters, namely: between the two diverging tendencies of the Reformation; so that it is even now difficult to decide to which side of those movements he most belonged. He was evidently Lutheran by position, but Reformed in faith and spirit. He was in the Reformation what Henry Clay was in the politics of our country. Our author truly and forcibly intimates that he represents this conservatism even in the character of his beard It is a question, however, whether a little more decision would not have given much more force to the life and labors of Melanchthon: and it is a question in like manner, whether a full beard, or none at all, would not have improved his personal appearance Our taste is decidedly in favor of a full beard or a clean shave. We mean, of course, a full grown beard below the mouth, on the chin, to which a beard properly belongeth: as to the hirsute appendage on the upper lip, we are not so favorably inclined thereto, seeing that nature itself teacheth the inconvenience thereof—physically, in eating, intellectually in speaking, and musically in singing.—EDITOR

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS, BY LONGFELLOW.

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O Thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

APPLES OF GOLD.—No. IV.

BY ECLECTICUS.

ON TRUTH.

THE study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth; as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning from a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society. Whether in or out of fashion, it is the measure of knowledge and the business of the understanding. Whatsoever is beside that—though authorized by consent, is nothing but ignorance or something worse.

What is truth? said jeering Pilate, and did not wait for an answer. Some there are who delight in levity, and think it slavery to fix their belief, affecting free will in thinking as well as acting; and though the ancient sects of philosophers, who were free-thinkers are gone, yet their remain certain wits who show in their discourses the same vein, but with less blood. It is not only the difficulty and labor in finding truth, nor yet that when found it tyrannizes over the mind, that bring lies into favor; but it is a natural though corrupt love of falsehood itself One of the later school of Greece is perplexed in examining this matter, to think why men should love lies, which neither give pleasure, as the fictions of the poets, nor profit as the false statements of tradesmen, but should love them apparently for their own sake. It is hard to tell—this same truth is a plain thing; it is an open day-light, which shows not the processions and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily, as candle-lights do. Truth may perhaps be rated as a pearl which appears best by day, but it will not rise in general esteem to the value of a diamond, which shows best in varied lights. It is to be lamented that truth itself will attract little attention and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some party, persuasion or sect. Unmixed and unadulterated, it too often proves as unfit for currency as pure gold for circulation. The mixture of a lie would seem to add pleasure to the draught. Though the temple of truth is built of stones of crystal, yet, inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. Does any man doubt that if vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, baseless imaginings and similar fantasies were removed, it would leave the minds of most men poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy, indisposition and dissatisfaction.

Truth, says Milton, came into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, (as the story goes of the Egyptian Typhon, with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris) took the virgin truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds.

One of the fathers called Poesy, with great severity, *vinum dæmonum*, because it fills the imagination, and yet it is only with the shadow of a

lie. But it is a mistake to suppose the poet does not know truth by sight, quite as well as the philosopher. He must; for he is ever beholding her in the mirrors of nature. The difference is, that the poet is satisfied with worshipping her reflected image, while the philosopher traces her out and follows her to her remote abode, between cause and consequence. The one loves and makes love to truth; the other esteems and weds her.

Truth, which only judges itself, teaches that investigation which is the wooing of truth, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it in all its beauty; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creation of God, in the beginning, was the light of sense, the last, was the light of reason; and his Sabbath-work ever since, is the illumination of his spirit which is the light of the soul. First: He breathed light upon the face of matter or chaos; then He breathed light into the face of man; and still he breathes and inspires light into the hearts of his chosen

Truth, by whomsoever spoken, comes from God. It is in short a divine essence. The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility. The poet Lucretius, who adorned his sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, says excellently well: "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and view ships tossing upon the heaving sea—to stand in the window of a castle and see a battle waged below; but no pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage ground of truth (a height uncommanded, where the air is always clear and serene) and beholding the errors, the wanderings, the mists and tempests in the vale far beneath;" and so, indeed, it is, if the prospect be viewed with pity and not with pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have the mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

The most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music.

> Oh how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
> By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
> The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
> For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged even by those who practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that the mixture of falsehood, is like alloy in gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but adulterates it nevertheless. For these winding and crooked courses are the progress of the serpent, which goes basely upon the belly and not bravely upon the feet. There is no vice that so covers a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montague says finely, when giving the reason why *the lie* should be such a disgrace and the charge of it so odious: "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lies, is as much as to say, he is brave towards God, and a coward to men; for a lie faces God and shrinks from man." Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot be more forcibly expressed than in the declaration, that it shall be the last peal

to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold that when Christ shall come, he will not find "faith upon the earth."

HIDDEN TOIL.

BY THE EDITOR.

Once a great author wrote a learned work,
The printer printed it; and then he took
The sheets and with them to the binder went;
The binder bound it, and put on his name.
But see! he had in his employ a boy
Who made the paste!—but not the justice had
To let the world know what the boy had done.
Thus naught was known of him without whose help
The Author's book could never, never, have been made.

'Tis an ungrateful world in which we live;
And there is many a little service done
For which no thanks are paid. There's many a stroke—
Yes, many a weary little stroke, in secret made,
And made in earnest too, and made with tears,
That is not kindly counted e'en by those
Upon whose hearth of joy it casts its little chip!
A thousand little services make up
The vasty sum of good which those enjoy
Whom better fortune hath not doomed to toil!
These come not in the count of gratitude,
Because they are so small; e'en as the drop
Of dew, that makes the blade of grass more green,
Doth not arrest the separate view of him,
Who careless o'er the summer landscape looks.
But there's an Eye that sees the pebble small,
E'en as the mighty world; and He rewards
The widow's mite e'en as the gift which builds
A cathedral—rewards the little and the great.
Oh, think of this, ye served! Oh, think of this,
Ye servers, and be glad. Look up in hope!
The day of recompensé will surely come.

Forgive the muse—'tis but a little thought
Crept into song; I gave it as it came.
To some, if well applied, it brings reproof;
To others consolation rich and sweet.

THE PEACOCK.

I, glorying in my tail's extended pride,
  See my foul legs, and then I shrink out-right:
So shrinks a human soul, that has descried
  Its baseness mid vainglorious self-delight.

WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

A MINISTERIAL friend in a letter lately makes the following remark: "One of our young men has come to the conviction that the Lord has called him to the work of the ministry. He accordingly commenced his studies under my direction, reciting in the evenings, after his day's work is done—rising early next morning to prepare his lessons for the next recitation. In this way he made commendable progress; and this week he has gone to an academy to pursue his studies regularly, with a view of preparing for college by next fall."

This extract at once called to our mind the old proverb which we have placed as our caption. This is only one case of a thousand. There are many young men who have the talents and the desire, and who also feel the pressure of a call to the holy ministry, who are at the same time hedged about with difficulties. Then comes the tug of war. Have they the perseverance necessary to fight their way through the many giants of Despair which threaten them at every step? Is there at hand "the patience that shall never faint; and the courage that shall be always ready?" If so, the end will be attained. In every good way God helps those who help themselves. In every right undertaking there is a way wherever there is a will.

Thus it is that many of the leading men in church and state have worked their way through the most discouraging difficulties, from unfriendly obscurity up to positions of usefulness and honor. In the example of the young man mentioned in the extract, we clearly see a prophecy which will no doubt be fulfilled in a like success. Let him but go forward in the same spirit in which he has commenced, and victory is certain.

He found a friend in his pastor, who entered with warm sympathy into his case, and cheerfully rendered him the needed counsel and help. The same assistance can always be commanded. We cannot conceive of an instance in which an earnest and worthy young man would fail to find a friend to help him along in so noble a purpose. Only he must show himself to be true and in earnest. There are in every community generous men who have open hearts and willing hands, to sympathize with and aid ingenuous young men, who seek to prepare themselves for usefulness in the church and in the world. Let them but prove by their perseverance, industry and self-denial, that they are really worthy and in earnest, and God will provide for them generous friends.

There is not the least doubt, that many who turn back and fail in their endeavors are themselves at fault. Either they have not the necessary perseverance or fail by proper humility and industry, to inspire and retain the confidence of such as would otherwise be ready to assist them. Who has not known mournful instances of young men who could not bear their own prosperity, suffering themselves to be caught in the snare of pride and self-sufficiency, so as to render themselves fairly un-

worthy of the generosity of those who were instrumental in pla ing their feet in the path which, but for their own folly, might have led them to a position of usefulness and honor. Such is the deceitfulness and perversion of the human heart! If the disciples were led on one occasion to dispute among themselves as to who among them should be greatest, it is not to be wondered at that there should always be such as starting out with humble hearts and pure motives, should become giddy as they rise, and at length entirely lose their balance. Against this most formidable of foes, all aspiring young men should prayerfully guard. Keeping this enemy beneath their feet, all others will assail them in vain.

Should this, our present writing, fall under the eye of some young man who is struggling with difficulties in lonely obscurity, we bid him take heart and not yield to discouragements. "Where there is a will there is a way." In this case, too, the word holds good, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." As when one goes through a long bridge, the opening at he far end may seem so small as seemingly to make egress impossible, yet it is but an optical illusion, and the way will widen as fast as we proceed; so difficulties, however formidable they may seem before us, will all vanish as we pass on, and what seemed giants before us, will soon lie as vanquished foes behind us. Only let us keep ever in mind, that as the largest oaks grow in the deepest valleys, so usefulness and true honor, are fruits that only grow to true perfection in the vale of humility.

FAINT NOT.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.—Prov 24: 10.

FAINT not beneath thy burthen, though it seem
Too heavy for thee, and thy strength is small;
Though the fierce raging of the noon-tide beam
On thy defenceless head untempered fall.

Though sad and heart-sick, with the weight of woe
That to the earth would crush thee—journey on:
What though it be with faltering steps and slow,
Thou wilt forget the toil when rest is won.

Nay! murmur not, because no kindred heart
May share thy burthen with thee—but alone
Still struggle bravely on, though all depart;
Is it not said that "each must bear his own!"

All have not equally the power to bless;
And of the many, few could cheer our lot,
For "the heart knoweth its own bitterness,
And with its joy a st anger meddleth not."

Then be not faithless, though thy soul be dark;
Is not thy Master's seal upon thy brow?
Oft has its presence saved thy sinking bark.
And thinkest thou "He will forsake thee now?"

"Has He not bid thee cast on Him thy care,
Saying He careth for thee?" Then arise!
And on thy path, if trod in faith and prayer,
The thorns shall turn to flowers in Paradise.

CRADLE SONG.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things no doubt.
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows and nods and winks
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pains, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know,
Where the summers go;—
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gosamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind and wailing, and all alone,
Into the light of day!—
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
To sing in pitiful agony—
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cure of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep when the heart throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she never can tell,
Though she murmur the words
Of all the birds—
Words she had learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep?
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in self eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips!
Softly sinking down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!
See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

THE ANCIENT CHURCH AND PAGAN AMUSEMENTS.

FROM DR. SCHAFF'S CHURCH HISTORY.

CHRISTIANITY is anything but sanctimonious gloominess and misanthropic austerity. It is the fountain of all true joy, and of that peace which "passeth all understanding." But this joy swells up from the consciousness of pardon and of fellowship with God, is inseparable from holy earnestness, and has no concord with worldly frivolity and sensual amusement, which carry the sting of a bad conscience, and beget only disgust and bitter remorse. "What is more blessed," asks Tertullian, "than reconciliation with God our Father and Lord; than the revelation of the truth, the knowledge of error; than the forgiveness of so great past misdeeds? Is there a greater joy than the disgust with earthly pleasure, than contempt for the whole world, than true freedom, than an unstained conscience, than contentment in life and fearlessness in death?"

Against the intoxicating and immoral amusements of the heathen, therefore, the Christian life of the early church took the character of an inexorable Puritanic rigor. Members of the church were forbidden, on pain of excommunication, to attend the popular gladiatorial shows and fights of beasts, where murder was practised as an art to please the eyes and gratify a cruel curiosity. Tatianus calls them, without exaggeration, terrible feasts, in which the soul feeds on human flesh and blood. The other apologists speak of them with equal abhorrence, and cannot conceive how any person of culture and humane feelings could frequent and admire them. What a contrast this to the opinion of even such a noble heathen as Cicero, who, far from condemning the bloody conflicts of the circus, commended them as excellent schools of courage and contempt of death. To what a height this cruel passion had risen among the Romans, we may judge from the fact, that on the single day of the inauguration of the Flavian amphitheatre five, or according to other accounts, even nine thousand wild beasts were slain; and that the emperor Commodus himself appeared before the applauding public seven hundred and thirty-five times in the character of Hercules, with club and lion's skin, and from a secure position killed innumerable beasts and men Even a Constantine, as late as 313, committed a great multitude of defeated barbarians to the wild beasts of the circus for the amusement of the people, and was highly applauded for this generous act by an unknown heathen orator. The Christians were the more averse to these barbarous and revolting sports, since not only criminals, but often their own brethren and other innocent persons, slaves and captives of war, were there thrown to lions and tigers.

But the prevailing sentiment of the church went further; and rejected all kind of public spectacles, tragedies, comedies, dances, mimic plays, and races; the more decidedly because these amusements were at that time so closely connected with the idolatries and immoralities of the heathens, that such a thing as reclaiming and elevating them was out of the question. After the days of Augustus the Roman theatre became

more and more a nursery of vice, and deserved to be abhorred by all men of decent feeling and refined taste. Here, too, the church defended the interests of virtue and true culture The theatrical shows of those days were justly regarded as belonging to the "pomp of the devil," which the Christian in baptism renounced. It sometimes happened that converts, who were overpowered by their old habits and visited the theatre, either relapsed into heathenism, or fell for a long time into a demoniacal state and deep dejection of spirit. Tertullian, even before he became a Montanist, wrote a special treatise De spectaculis, in which he endeavors to set forth the incompatibility of Christian sentiment with the frequenting of the theatre and circus. Such exhibitions, says he, excite all sorts of wild and impure passions, anger, fury and lust; while the spirit of Christianity is a spirit of meekness, peace and purity. What a man should not say, thinks Tertullian, he should not hear. He flatly rejects the grounds on which loose Christians would plead for those fascinating amusements; their appeals to the silence of the Scriptures, or even to the dancing of David before the ark, and to Paul's comparison of the Christian life with the Grecian games. He inclined strongly to the extreme view, that all art is a species of fiction and falsehood, and inconsistent with Christian truthfulness. But to all the worldly pleasures of those times the Lord's words could be truly applied: "It is better to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire." Tertullian likewise, in two other treatises, De habitu muliebri, and De cultu feminarum, specially warned the Christian women against all display of dress, in which the heathen women shone in temples, theatres and public places. Visit not such places, says he to them, and appear in public only for earnest reasons The handmaids of God must distinguish themselves even outwardly from the handmaids of Satan, and set the latter a good example of simplicity, decorum and chastity.

GRANDMOTHER LOIS.

How little is revealed in the Scriptures concerning grandmothers! Much is related of mothers, whose names are familiar to every reader of the Bible. There was Eve, Sarah, Rebekah, Leah, Rachel, Naomi, Hannah, Abigail, Elizabeth, Mary, and many others, whose maternal influence we can trace through the faithful record that is given of their lives. But little is said of grandmothers as such. Only one besides Lois is spoken of definitely as sustaining this important relation. Probably it is not because this class have no mission to perform; nor because no endearing tie unites them to the family; for what more charming portrait than that of a wrinkled, bowed, cap-crowned old lady, whom the little folks delight to call grandma'm," especially if she be one of the pious women of Israel? There is interest in all her movements; even her infirm, tottering step, so like that of a little child beginning to walk, makes an appeal to the heart. Her smile is a ray of the old familiar sun—her voice the music of an old, but pleasant instrument. When she speaks of her blessed Lord and her hope of heaven, it is in no modern way; and it reminds us of the patriarchs and "times of old." She is waiting for

the Master's summons; but she does not wait like the pious ones of later generations. If it were announced to her on some bright morning, that the angels and Christ were at the door waiting, she would smile a beautiful farewell as she rode away to glory.

But we intended to say a grandmother is an indispensable part of the household. The discipline of children is aided by her genial presence; for it is a happy culture for them to wait upon her feeble steps, to run to her aid when necessity demands, to bring her the needed chair, to pick up her cane or crutch, and to perform those other little acts incidental to her happiness. Then, too, how felicitously her occasional moral counsels fall upon youthful ears! So unstudied and simple, it really seems as if God spared her on purpose to talk to the grandchildren! Her, example, also, falls as light upon their young hearts. They do not perceive that it is molding their lives, and bringing forth rich fruit in noble, generous acts, that otherwise might not appear. But it is so. Many a sainted grandmother has perpetuated her influence to children's children, so that she will be called blessed at the day of judgment. Paul reminded Timothy of his indebtedness to his grandmother Lois, and affirmed that the "unfeigned faith" that was in him dwelt long before in her. He, indeed, ascribes much to his excellent mother, Eunice, but implies that she received the pith of her pious life, through grace, from her mother Lois. It would not be strange if the latter, mainly, saved young Timothy from the corruptions of the heathen city in which they lived. It is certain that all good lessons which he received in youth were imparted by her and his devoted mother. We would add another to the beatitudes in the fifth chapter of Matthew, namely: Blessed be good grandmothers.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

A DEWDROP, falling on the wild sea-wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"—
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew:
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die;
Until again, "I perish quite!" it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean-bed:
Oh, unbelieving!—so it came to gleam,
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

The seed must die, before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
Low have those ears before the sickle lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed, before the bread is made:
And the bread broke, ere life to man conveyed.
Oh! be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,
If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an-hungered.

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EXAMPLES OF DYING INFIDELS.

"The wicked is driven away in his own wickedness."—Prov. 14: 32.
"Horrible is the end of the unrighteous generation."—Wis. 3: 19.

Mr. Hobbes was a celebrated infidel in the last age, who, in bravado, would sometimes speak very unbecoming things of God and his Word. Yet, when alone, he was haunted with the most tormenting reflections, and would awake in great terror, if his candle happened only to be out in the night. He could never bear any discourse of death, and seemed to cast off all thoughts of it. He lived to be upwards of ninety. His last sensible words were, when he found he could live no longer, "I shall be glad then to find a hole to creep out of the world at." And, notwithstanding, all his high pretensions to learning and philosophy, his uneasiness constrained him to confess, when he drew near to the grave, that "he was about to take a leap in the dark." The writings of this old sinner ruined the Earl of Rochester, and many other gentlemen of the first parts in this nation, as that Nobleman himself declared, after his conversion.

The honorable Francis Newport, who died in the year 1692, was favored both with a liberal and religious education. After spending five years in the University, he was entered in one of the Inns of Court. Here he fell into the hands of Infidels, lost all his religious impressions, commenced Infidel himself, and became a most abandoned character, uniting himself to a club of wretches who met together constantly to encourage each other in being critically wicked. In this manner he conducted himself for several years, till at length his intemperate courses brought on an illness, which revived all his former religious impressions, accompanied with an inexpressible horror of mind. The violence of his torments was such, that he sweat in the most prodigious manner that ever was seen. In nine days he was reduced from a robust state of health to perfect weakness; during all which time his language was the most dreadful that imagination can conceive. At one time, looking towards the fire, he said, "Oh! that I was to lie and broil upon that fire for a hundred thousand years, to purchase the favor of God, and be reconciled to him again! But it is a fruitless, vain wish: millions of millions of years will bring me no nearer to the end of my tortures, than one poor hour. O eternity! eternity! who can properly paraphrase upon the words—for ever and ever!"

In this kind of strain he went on, till his strength was exhausted, and his dissolution approached; when, recovering a little breath, with a groan so dreadful and loud, as if it had not been human, he cried out, "Oh! the insufferable pangs of hell and damnation!" and so died, death settling the visage of his face in such a form, as if the body, though dead, was sensible of the extremity of torments.

Mr. William Emmerson was, at the same time, an Infidel, and one of the first mathematicians of the age. Though, in some respects, he might be considered as a worthy man, his conduct through life was rude, vulgar, and frequently immoral. He paid no attention to religious duties, and both intoxication and profane language were familiar to him. Towards the close of his days, being afflicted with the stone, he would crawl about the floor on his hands and knees, sometimes praying, and sometimes swearing, as the humor took him. What a poor creature is man without Religion! Sir Isaac Newton died of the same disorder, which was attended, at times, with such severe paroxysms, as forced out large drops of sweat that ran down his face. In these trying circumstances, hewever, he was never observed to utter any complaint, or to express the least impatience. What a striking contrast between the conduct of the Infidel and the Christian!

Monsieur Voltaire, during a long life, was continually treating the Holy Scriptures with contempt, and endeavoring to spread the poison of Infidelity through the nations. See, however, the end of such a conduct. In his last illness he sent for Dr. Tronchin; who, when he came, found Voltaire in the greatest agonies, exclaiming with the utmost horror—I am abandoned by God and man. He then said, Doctor, I will give you half of what I am worth, if you will give me six months life. The Doctor answered, Sir, you cannot live six weeks. Voltaire replied, Then I shall go to hell, and you will go with me! and soon after expired.

This is the Hero of modern Infidels! Dare any of them say—Let me die the death of Voltaire, and let my last end be like his? Wonderful infatuation! This unhappy gentleman occupies the first niche in the French pantheon! That he was a man of great and various talents, none can deny: but his want of sound learning and moral qualifications, will ever prevent his being ranked with the benefactors of mankind, by the wise and good. Such a hero, indeed, is befitting a nation under judicial infatuation, to answer the wise ends of the Governor of the world.

The last days of David Hume, that celebrated Infidel, were spent in playing at whist, in cracking his jokes about Charon and his boat, and in reading Lucian, and other ludicrous books. This is a *consummatum est* worthy of a clever fellow, whose conscience was seared as with a hot iron! Dr. Johnson observes upon this impenitent death-bed scene—"Hume owned he had never read the New Testament with attention. Here then was a man, who had been at no pains to enquire into the truth of religion, and had continually turned his mind the other way. It was not to be expected that the prospect of death should alter his way of thinking, unless God should send an angel to set him right. He had a vanity in being thought easy." Dives fared sumptuously every day, and saw no danger: but—the next thing we hear of him is—In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.

Rousseau has the honor of the second place in the French Pantheon.

He was born at Geneva; and, at a proper age, was bound an apprentice to an artist. During his apprenticeship he frequently robbed his master as well as other persons. Before his time was expired he decamped, and fled into the dominions of the king of Sardinia, where he changed his religion and became a Catholic. By an unexpected turn of fortune he became a footman, in which capacity he forgot not his old habit of stealing. He is detected with the stolen goods; swears they were given him by a maid-servant of the house. The girl, being confronted with him, denies the fact, and, weeping, presses him to confess the truth; but the young philosopher still persists in the lie, and the poor girl is driven from her place in disgrace. He then leads a life of debauchery, the relation of which would pollute these pages.

We seldom meet with so much villainy as this in a youth. His manhood however was worthy of it. He turned apostate a second time, was driven from within the walls of his native city of Geneva, as an incendiary, and an apostle of anarchy and infidelity; nor did he forget how to thieve. At last the philosopher marries; but, like a philosopher; that is, without going to church. He has a family of children, and like a kind, philosophical father, for fear they should want after his death, he sends them to the poor-house during his life-time! To conclude, the philosopher dies, and leaves the philosopheress, his wife, to the protection of a friend; she marries a footman, and gets turned into the street.

This vile wretch has the impudence to say, in the work written by himself, which contains a confession of these, his crimes, that no man can come to the throne of God and say, I am a better man than Rousseau. This account of this strange man is taken from his own Confessions, Peter Porcupine's Bloody Buoy, and the accounts published of his death.

These examples are such as give but little encouragement to any person, who has a proper concern for his own welfare, to embark, either in the atheistic or deistic schemes. In those cases, where conscience was awake, the unhappy men were filled with anguish and amazement inexpressible. And in those cases where conscience seemed to be asleep, there appears nothing enviable in their situation, even upon their own supposition, that there is no after-reckoning. If to die l ke an ass be a privilege, I give them joy of it! much good may it do them! May I die like a Christian, having a hope blooming with immortal expectations!

WHAT IS HEAVEN.

'Tis a new world of living, breathing forms,
  Radiant with beauty and immortal bloom;
The effulgence of their God each being warms,
  Nor change is known, nor sorrow, nor the tomb!
'Tis a new life, where mind is vast and strong,
  Its thoughts like lightning, its desires like dew;
'Tis one grand atmosphere of love and song,
  Of being pure, with God-head shining through,
'Tis that eternal rest, our Saviour's place,
  Result of every change, yet ever new;
Where God, through Christ, unveils his glorious face,
  And draws his children near, to rest in his embrace.

LONGINGS FOR DREAMLAND.

BY J. H. D.

My soul would dwell in distant realms of morning,
Amid the crystal sheen
Which glows from star-like gems, the brows adorning
Of many a fairy queen.

There golden stars like fairy eyes are twinkling
From bright, unclouded skies,
And Elfin bells are ever sweetly tinkling,
Where crystal fountains rise.

There fadeless flowers their rich perfumes are flinging
O'er lakes where cygnets glide,
And nightingales their sweet complaints are singing
At morn and even-tide.

My soul would rest on banks of full blown roses,
And of their sweetness dream,
When Hesperus the gates of evening closes
To hide the sunset's gleam.

In dreams I'd glide o'er lakes of crystal water,
Edged with the Em'rald's green,
And oft embrace old ocean's fairest daughter,
The flaxen haired Undine.

Or I would ride to Bagdad in an hour
On cloth of Houasseen,
And humble, haughty Eblis, with the power
Of lamp of Alladeen.

Or I would wander 'mid the Harem's bowers,
Where lovely maidens rest,
And pluck the fruits and rickly scented flowers
Of Araby the blest.

Or upwards wafted on the clouds of even
Beyond the shining stars,
I'd rest for aye, before the gates of heaven,
And gaze through crystal bars.

But, as a bird, its new fledged pinions trying,
Falls flutt'ring back to earth,
My hopes are powerless, and weeping, sighing,
They perish at their birth.

Then rest in peace, my soul, till, downward flinging
This cumbrous load of clay,
Thou spread thy pinions bright, in glory winging
To spirit lands away.

A GERMAN HERMIT.*

BY THE EDITOR.

"Die Stillen im Lande."

It is, perhaps, not generally known, that quite a number of German Hermits were scattered through this country in early times. Their lonely places of abode were generally found in the wilderness around the German settlements. They were most commonly of a pious cast, many of them having sought the new world for the very purpose of finding a secure and silent "lodge in the vast wilderness," where they might live retired from the presence of men and the follies of life. The lives of these "quiet ones in the land" would make an interesting chapter in our early history, should some old mortality rescue their memorial from that oblivion into which all records and traditions of them are fast passing. Having in the course of some labors of an antiquarian character, been frequently led across the path of these German Hermits, we shall take occasion to notice some of them in the Guardian, using up at least the material we have collected. For the substance of our present sketch we are indebted to a German paper, published in Lancaster in 1809, in which the account is credited to a Baltimore correspondent.

In the time of the American Revolution, as a company of soldiers were passing through a forest in the interior of Virginia, they came to a plain looking cave which attracted the attention of the party. Around the mouth of the cave there appeared evidences that human taste had been somewhat aiding nature in its rural decorations. It was a small opening at the side of a rocky mountain; a small but charming green spot, ornamented with many kinds of fruit trees lay before it, in the midst of which was a small but well cultivated garden, through which softly murmured a crystal rill from a spring near by. In a lonely corner of this green spot stood a weeping willow, whose long pendant branches floated in the sighing wind. The entrance to the cave was through bending wild roses, the vines of which grew intertwined with the limbs of a thorn bush, so as to make ingress very difficult; but under its low branches there was a small opening, through which one could creep by bowing down to the earth.

The romantic aspects of the spot in the midst of an uninhabited wilderness, induced the soldiers to enter with a view of exploring the cave. The mouth of the cave was closed with stones and sticks, which they removed and so entered into the first grotto, which they found filled with fruits, roots, and some implements of husbandry and gardening. They then followed a dark passage which led them to a kind of door, which opened into a room; this had the appearance of having been cut out of

* Should any of our readers be able to furnish us with any sketches—or material from which they might be formed—of the Hermits of earlier times, we will be thankful for such aid; and in that case we may be able to form an interesting series of articles. There are many hills of a larger kind, or mountains in Pennsylvania, which have in former times been sacred as the abodes of these silent and venerable men.

a white rock, and it received its light through several openings above, which also seemed to have been cut through the rock. In one corner of this room upon a stool sat a venerable man with a book in his hand, which was printed in a strange language. Near him was a kind of table, and a sort of bed made of leaves. His white hair hung over his shoulders, and his long silvery beard covered his breast.

The unexpected appearance of the strangers disturbed him in his deep meditations; he looked up and spoke to them in a language to them unknown. They looked at one another filled with wonder, because they could not comprehend the singularity of the venerable man. At length the Hermit addressed them in broken English:

"Who are you? Why have you disturbed me? What do you desire?"

To this the leader of the party replied: "Venerable father, we have not come to distress you; mere accident revealed to us your dwelling place, and curiosity moved us to penetrate into your solitude; if, however, we have transgressed, we beg to be pardoned, and if our presence is unwelcome to you, we will immediately withdraw. But before we depart, I ask that we may have the pleasure of serving you in any way you may desire."

"I desire nothing," answered the Hermit, in a very murmuring tone. He resumed his seat, and was again immersed in his studies; nor were they able any further to arrest his attention, or move him to speak another word. Convinced, therefore, that their presence was unwelcome, they left him; and after they had departed, he closed again the mouth of his cave.

After they had returned to the camp they made inquiries in regard to this Hermit. They were told that he had dwelt there many years, and that he annually made a pilgrimage to the seaport cities, but that he entirely avoided all intercourse with men; that when any thing is offered him for his sustenence, he seldom accepts it, and if he does, manifest not the least marks of gratitude.

After several years the officer of this party of soldiers again visited this Hermit cave, but found no more the lord of that realm. No doubt he had passed "into that world where earthly infirmities no more afflict the etherialized body, and the spirit is purer than here below." A small band-box with manuscripts was found in the grotto, from which it was ascertained that he was born in Germany, and that on account of some reverses and disappointments in his youth, he had fled to this solitary home in the deep wilderness of the new world.

Busy fancy carries us irresistibly back to the days and scenes of his early life in the far-off fatherland. He seems to have been an educated man, retaining still habits of reading and deep study. We would fain know from what source came that severe storm of adversity, which so shook and wounded his sensitive nature, that he was induced forever to flee from the scenes and associations of his early sorrow, and from the face and fellowship of men. It would be as true to reality as it is to romance, should we suppose that from some fair creature, into whose holiest life the roots of his affections had confidingly grown, were his heart's tendrils rudely severed—and he could trust and love no more! To him, loneliness, the deepest now seemed more friendly than the face of man. He bade adieu to the scenes of his childhood and youth, the

graves of his fathers and the land of his birth; crossed the wide sea, penetrated the primeval wilderness of the new world, and in the loneliness of his cave and the deep solitude of his own wounded spirit, still continued to cherish the lovely image of that sweet reality, which for him had hopelessly vanished. It, and with it, as we trust, his God, he worshipped in meditative silence. He could love nothing else.

His was, perhaps, a morbid sorrow which grew into misanthropy; but as he injured no one, we are willing to regard it at least as an amiable revenge which he took upon his race; and we would rather pity than blame. We would fain hope that like Elijah of old, who fled from the rude wrath of Jezebel to the lonely rocks of Horeb, after the wild storm, earthquake and fire, he was permitted also often to hear the "still small voice" of peace and hope, as he looked out upon the noisy world from the mouth of his cave, whilst the sighing of the soft evening wind that played with his venerable beard, and the mellow beams of the setting sun which fell upon his saddened face, were to him as angel whispers and angel smiles from that world of love for which he looked and longed.

What strange mystery surrounds this man of the cave. We cannot think of him except with a kind of reverence bordering on awe. There he dwells in almost awful silence and loneliness, as the solemn years roll round. Summers and winters pass—the forests around him are clothed and unclothed—night and day, bright and cloudy skies succeed each other—the world drives on in the chase of loss and gain—cities are built, and ships of commerce ride the seas—a mighty revolution and a fierce war for freedom are shaking the land—but none of these things affect the deeply abstracted spirit of the Hermit. His cave is his world, to pick his scanty fare is his earthly business, and his own thoughts are his consolation. With what awful stillness must the night have settled down around him; and how doleful to any one except a Hermit, lost in his own deep reveries, must have been the moan of the autumn winds in the forest, and the roar of the wintry storm at the mouth of his cave. Nearly a century has passed away since he has gone to his rest. Without a friend to close his eyes—without funeral or grave—a stranger in a strange land—a strange and solemn mystery, he passed away! May he have safely reached that land where weary pilgrims rest.

Poetry by Telegraph: B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago *Journal*, furnished a beautiful song for the recent Burns Festival in that city, the following lines of which were telegraphed to the festival at Cincinnati, as a "sentiment:"

Heart of leal! Can this be dying,
  Coming thus sublimely down!
Lo, an hundred winters sighing,
  Leave unstrown thy holly crown!
Not in sorrow dawn thy morrow,
  "Highland Mary" by thy side,
Making life and love keep time:
  Beauty be thy deathless bride,
Weaving all our hearts in rhyme
    Everywhere, everywhere.
  Smiles will break and tears will start,
  Making rainbows round the heart,
    Ploughman, Brother, Bard of Ayr!

DREAMS OF THE BIBLE.

BY R. P. T.

INTRODUCTION.

By dreams generally are meant those vain images that pass through the mind while we are asleep. Consequently they are regarded as something evanescent, shadowy and unsubstantial, mostly arising without any assignable cause, and vanishing without exciting any concern, or leaving any lasting impression. To put any faith in dreams now-a-days is looked upon as superstitious; and the only reasonable disposition to be made of them seems to be that, as they come unbidden, so they shall be suffered to pass unnoticed. But, at the same time, we are not unmindful of the fact, that there are instances in which dreams are significant, and often portend some approaching event. Yet we only see their prophetical character in their fulfilment.

In the Bible history, however, the subject is presented to us in altogether a different aspect. Under the Old Testament dispensation, especially, God often made use of dreams and visions as channels through which divine communications were made to men. Hence, the Jews at that period, as well as the eastern nations generally, suffered them not to pass by unnoticed, but at once sought those who professed to unfold their hidden mysteries. This custom or disposition comes down to us from very remote antiquity, as evinced in the case of Pharaoh, and of his butler and baker, among the Egyptians, and of Nebuchadnezzar among the Chaldeans. And, notwithstanding God had expressly forbidden the Jews to observe dreams, or seek their interpretation from any others than His inspired Prophets, and that only when they were regarded as specially significant, yet so deeply imbued were they with this prevailing desire, that they disregarded the divine injunction, even in the face of the penalty of death.

In the New Testament, also, we have instances of God revealing His will through dreams—when He instructed Joseph respecting the birth of the Messiah, and warned him with regard to the safety of the young child Jesus.

These dreams of the Bible, in their most comprehensive sense, are divided by Cruden into three classes: 1, Natural; 2, Divine; 3, Diabolical. To some of the most important of these, it has been thought, it might prove both interesting and profitable to call the attention of the readers of the "Guardian." They certainly form one feature of the inexhaustible source of wisdom and instruction as contained in the divine oracles; and, if properly studied, cannot but teach us many valuable and impressive lessons.

INJURY OF DEFILEMENT.

Avoid a villain as you would a brand,
Which lighted, burns—extinguished smuts the hand.

AN OLD-TIME ITINERANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

> Perhaps the self-approving, haughty world,
> That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks
> Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she sees,
> Deems him a cypher in the works of God,
> Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
> Of which she little dreams.

SURE we are that the reader, when he has read our title, will at once run after his own fancies. He will imagine that he is to read a sketch of itinerant ministers of the olden times. He will fancy that he sees one of these wandering evangelists, dressed in plain clothes, ensconced in a shad-belly coat, sitting on a good-natured horse, with saddle-bags beneath him, and a hat of more than moderately wide brim over him, going along devoutly on his winding way, making the primeval woods ring with the victorious strains of

> My soul mounted higher
> On a chariot of fire,
> And the moon it was under my feet!

But in this hasty opinion he is presumptuous. It is an humbler theme that engages our attention.

However, we do not harshly blame the reader for his fancy. It is quite natural that he should have thus concluded from our title; for the itinerants of which he supposed we would write belong fairly to the olden time. They exist no more, except as they are fossiled in our memory of the years that are past. That class of itinerants are now "as other men." The peculiarity of coat, hat and saddle-bags, which once belonged to them, has disappeared; and there is no more danger of mistaking them in the distance for a returning drover. There may be the same loftiness of feeling, but it is hardly of that kind which is so rapturously expressed by the line,

> And the moon it is under my feet.

Having thus suitably reproved the reader for his mistake in self-sufficiently running ahead of his guide, we will at once set him on the right track. It is to a peculiar class of secular itinerants that our present writing relateth. It is a reminiscence of our childhood years that we would call to resurrection. It is an interesting picture of country life, as this characterized the quiet vallies of Pennsylvania in the age which is just passing into the dimness of the past, that is imaging itself before our recollection, and from which we would fain brush the dust of forgetfulness, re-varnishing it to brighten it again, and bring out some of its friendly figures and features.

Here, again, it is necessary for us to curb the fancy of our reader by a caution. He will imagine us to be an old man; and straightway expect to hear the tales of his grandfather. But in regard to this hasty opinion he will soon be undeceived; for, let him but ask his uncle, or perhaps

one of his elder brothers or sisters, whether what we call up is not recollected as within reach of their own memory. They will tell him that in their childhood-days there was an itineracy among those who wrought in the various spheres of handicraft. Every settlement had its itinerant shoemaker, who traveled from one farm-house to another in winter time, carrying his tools, even including the bench on his back, earning the means of livelihood by making and mending shoes. The farmer himself provided the leather for the shoes of his family, for which he traded the hides of his beeves and the bark of his trees. That the leather of those days was much better than the soggy stuff that now-a-days goes by that name we need scarcely assert. At present leather is not made for shoes, it is made for money. Glorious age of steam! But we are growing sour and censorious. So *jam satis*, as the learned say, which being interpreted means, enough of that.

As our recollection assures us, it was not a small pleasure which was felt around the farm-house, at beholding through the falling flakes of the first snow, how father came riding home from the tannery with a solid bundle of leather laid across the horse before him. It was a sound of comfort which rolled from its heavy folds when it struck the frozen ground as it was cast over the fence into the yard. Then, too, it was pleasant to know that "the little shoemaker" was just finishing at the neighboring farm house, and would be on to-morrow. This was all well known among "the boys;" for school had commenced, and it was not only told that the shoemaker was near, but the oldest boys from the neighboring farms had actually appeared in school with their new shoes.

The day came, and there was the little man with his bench and tools. These properly arranged before the window of a warm room, all were called in and the measure of each was taken. The good father was there as king of that nation, giving directions to the effect that thick and firm leather should be used for the soles. Paper soles were not in fashion then, at least not in the country; and for this fact we owe a debt of gratitude to our worthy parents. Besides, thereby, our present estimation of their good sense and sturdy virtues, is greatly increased. Those substantial shoes of the olden times, "how sweet their memory still!" In them placed, how well protected was the foot against the cold around and the rough frozen earth beneath. One felt manly to go forth in such shoes —having true lordship over earth and elements.

One important question which was always asked of "the little shoemaker," and the answer of which was not without considerable interest to "the boys" was, whether father had directed nails to be put into the soles. The boys of that day had one, and only one objection to nailed soles—they were a hindrance in the skating operations, not only drawing barbarous lines across the ice and thus wearing it faster, but also interfering with the swift, smooth slide. But this was the very thing that father wished to hinder, being, perhaps, correctly of opinion that the boys had exercise sufficient in other ways, and wishing at the same time to save sole-leather; at the root of which desire lay principles of economy, which if too severely attended to then, are certainly not too much practised now. Skates were not yet introduced in rural regions in those days.

Another interesting point was wont to come up at the annual winter visit of the little itinerant shoemaker. Rather, indeed, two points. One

question was raised as to who should have "fine calf-skin shoes," and another who should have "fine boots." For, be it known, that the fact was traditionally well and firmly established, that a boy must have attained a certain age and stature, before he could be advanced to the advantage of extra "Sunday shoes;" and a still farther degree of advancement was necessary to entitle him to the benefit and behoof of "Sunday boots." To stand in this degree, in fact, it was necessary that there should be presented a decided growth of beard, and something of a manly size and figure. Inasmuch as aspirations toward this degree are strong, especially in a boy of larger growth, it naturally became an earnest question, who had attained thereto.

As "the boys" all had full confidence in father's good judgment, and especially in his authority, the decision of this question, after having been properly presented, was very properly and wisely left to him. This decision, if not always quite agreeable to the unsuccessful candidates, was intended for their good, and beyond doubt also truly conducive to this end. That parents have less authority now, and that the whims of children more prevail, we need not assert; but that the world is better on that account we are slow to believe. We fully agree, and cheerfully confess, that we are just as healthy and happy now as we would have been, had we been regarded as entitled to "Sunday shoes" much earlier. Still we would fain long remember the pleasure which came with that interesting event, when it was by proper authority declared and pronounced that to us should be awarded a cut from the calf-skin!

The "little shoemaker" was a character. He abounded in cheerfulness and good nature; and hence, though he always conscientiously obeyed the orders of father, yet he had a warm side for "the boys," and knew how to sympathize with their little wishes and schemes of early ambition. Thus he often became their friendly advocate, and sought judiciously, by means of that wisdom which was his by virtue of his craft and business, to enlarge and advance father's ideas in relation to the consideration due to boys of some size. This he did, it is true, purely from the goodness of his heart; but he could not have been wiser if he had acted from policy; for it secured to him the unbounded love and confidence of all. Apples and chestnuts were not wanting in the boxes of his work bench; and an abundance of the finest maple for pegs was cheerfully provided for him. Even in mid-summer were his needs anticipated, when a good supply was cut and put to dry "for the little shoemaker." Love begets love—kindness calls forth kindness. This lesson we were hereby well taught, and we would fain remember it till the day of our death.

Let it not be thought that all the good and pleasant results of the little shoemaker's tarrying in the family have yet been told. Did he not furnish the boys with an abundance of wax-ends for "crackers" to whip-lashes? Yea, enough did he furnish to each to last during the whole year. To please the boys, he even left them longer than he would otherwise have done. Moreover, without any injustice to father's calf-skin—at least so, with the full approbation of the boys, he persuaded himself to believe—he would make out to cut, from what would otherwise (perhaps?) have been a remnant, a full length, three-plait whip-lash for each of the boys. This kindness and consideration of his was sure to bring an increased supply of apples and chestnuts to his work bench,

while at every crack of the new whip the heart of every boy was fain to cry out: "Long live the little shoemaker!"

Much yet remains untold. Did he not in the same spirit of benevolence, and from the same remnants of the calf-skin cut covers for our new balls? Indeed, it was sometimes difficult to say which contributed most to fill our little hearts with gratitude, the kindness of mother who gave the stocking feet to unravel for the ball, or the goodness of the little shoemaker who furnished the leather cover—yea, and put it neatly on, after his work for the day had been finished. Rejoice over your gains, ye politicians who have successfully sought for office! Your joy over your commission papers, with all the hope of spoils connected therewith, is neither so great nor so pure as was ours when we were able to sport the new whip and ball. To our ambition the President, with all his power of bestowment, was not so great nor so good as the little shoemaker! Joy is a matter regulated by taste; and some at least of our boyish pleasure lay in that direction, and well did the little man know how to humor it. He shall be remembered for this.

The good little shoemaker has long since gone to his rest. In his wanderings he has dropped at last into some rural grave-yard, where he rests in peace! As he was a christian, as well as a shoemaker, the resurrection power will find him there. He lived humbly and obscurely, but did he live in vain! This we shall see and know, when He who rewards those who are faithful in that which is least, even as those who are faithful in that which is greatest, shall appear to reckon with his stewards. The silent dew refreshes the earth even as the greater shower; and so, in like manner, he who unobtrusively fulfils his little round of duties in the quiet walks of life, as well as he who fills a wider range, will return with joy at the final call, and bring his sheaves with him. Many there are who, with greater talents, and in a higher position, are burying their talents or slumbering under their responsibilities, who would wish "in that day" to exchange positions with the little itinerant shoemaker.

THE DOUBLE PLOT.

Three hungry travelers found a bag of gold:
One ran into the town where bread was sold.

He thought, I will poison the bread I buy,
And seize the treasure when my comrades die.

But they too thought, when back his feet have hied,
We will destroy him, and the gold divide.

They killed him, and, partaking of the bread,
In a few moments all were lying dead.

O World! behold what ill thy goods have done;
Thy gold thus poisoned two, and murdered one!

APPLES OF GOLD.—No. V.

BY ECLECTICUS.

ENVY.

If envy, like anger, did not burn itself in its own flames, and consume and destroy those whom it possesses, before it can ruin others it designs to injure, it would set the whole world on fire, and leave the most excellent persons the most miserable. And since it keeps all sorts of company, and wriggles itself into the liking of the most contrary natures and dispositions, and yet carries so much poison and venom with it, that it alienates the affections from heaven, and raises rebellion against God himself, it is worth our utmost care to watch it in all its disguises and approaches, that we may discover it in its first entrance, and expel it before it procures a shelter or retiring place to lodge and conceal itself.

Of all the passions, love and envy are those only which have been observed to have the power of fascination—both have vehement desires; they encourage imaginary suggestions, and readily give direction and lustre to the eye, especially in the presence of their objects. These points, if any, conduce to fascination. In reference to the last, it may be remarked that envy is called in scripture, *an evil eye*, and that the unfavorable influences of the stars, are termed by astrologers, *evil aspects;* which would seem to imply a recognition in the act of envy, of an irradiation from the eye of malign effect. Some, indeed, have been so curious as to note, that the time when the force of an envious eye most injures, is when it beholds the envied person in glory or triumph; which gives an edge to envy, besides bringing forth the spirits of the party and exposing them as if to meet the blow. But leaving these matters of curiosity, though not unworthy of reflection, we will consider who are apt to envy others; who are most liable to be envied; and the difference between public and private envy.

The truest mark, says La Rochefoucauld, of being born with great qualities, is being born without envy. A man without virtue always envies virtue in others. Men's minds will live upon their own good or the misfortune of others; he who has no hope to emulate another's virtue, will seek to attain his level by depressing his fortune.

A busy and inquisitive man is commonly envious; for such curiosity is not apt to be for any concern about his own estate, so much as for a kind of amusement in prying into the affairs of others. One who minds his own business, is not likely to find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, walks the streets, and remains not at home. *Non est curiosus, quin idem sit malevolus.* Men of noble birth are observed to be envious of new men when they rise; the distance being altered, is like an occular illusion, making it appear that as others advance they themselves recede. Deformed persons, eunuchs, old men and bastards, are envious. He that cannot possibly improve his own condition, will strive to impair others. It is, indeed, an exception when these defects befal a

very brave and heroical nature, resolving to make his deficiency a source of honor, causing it to be said: "Behold what a lame or a blind man has done," as if it were a miracle. Such was the case of Narses the eunuch, and of Agesilaras and Tamerlane, who were lame men.

The same disposition is found in men who rise after calamities and misfortunes; for they are as men who have quarreled with the times, and regard other men's sufferings as a redemption of their own. They who are fond of excelling in too many matters, out of levity and vain glory, are ever envious. Their disappointment is inevitable, it being impossible that many in some of those things should not surpass them. Such was the character of the Emperor Adrian, who mortally envied poets, painters, and artificers in their works in which he desired to excel. Lastly, near relatives, companions in office, and those who have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when elevated; for this upbraids their own fortune, points at them as it were scornfully; comes frequently into their remembrance as well as into the observation and remark of others: and envy ever redoubles from speech and report Cain's envy was the less excusable and more malignant towards his brother Abel, because when the sacrifice of the latter was better accepted, there was nobody to look on.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy: First, persons of pre-eminent merit, when advanced, are less envied, their good fortune being apparently but their due. No man envies the payment of a debt; it is deemed rather a just reward and liberality. Again, envy is always joined with self-comparison; and where there is no comparison there can be no envy. Therefore, kings are only envied by kings. Nevertheless, it is to be observed, that the unworthy are most envied, at first, and afterwards recover from it better; whereas, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their good fortune is of long continuance; for their virtue, though it be the same, has not the same lustre, because new men arise to darken it.

Persons of distinguished ancestry are less envied in their preferments; it seems but right done to their birth: besides, not much appears to be added to their fortune; and envy is like the sun-beams, which beat hotter upon a bank or acclivity than upon a flat. For the same reason those that are advanced by degrees, are less envied than they who rise suddenly and *per saltum*. Those whose honors involve great labors, cares or perils, are less subject to envy, for men think they earn their honors hardly and sometimes pity them; and pity ever heals envy; wherefore, you shall observe, that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons in their greatness, are ever bemoaning what a life they lead, chanting a *quanta patimur*; not that they find it so, but only to abate the edge of envy. But this is to be understood of business that is imposed, not such as is voluntarily assumed; for nothing increases envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business; and nothing sooner extinguishes envy, than for a great person to preserve all subordinate officers in their full rights and privileges of their places; by which he raises so many screens between himself and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy who carry the greatness of their fortune in an insolent and proud manner, being never satisfied but while they are showing their magnificence, either by outward pomp or by

triumphing over all competition. But wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy in suffering themselves to be crossed and defeated in things of little importance. Notwithstanding so much is true, that greatness borne in a plain and open manner, without ostentation and vanity, draws less envy than if it we e carried in a more crafty and cunning fashion; for in this way a man but disavows fortune, and seeming conscious of his own want of worth, teaches others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this topic, as we said in the beginning, that the act of envy has something in it of fascination or witchcraft; so there is no other cure for it than the cure of witchcraft, and that is to remove the *lot*, as they call it, and to lay it on another; for which purpose the wiser sort of great persons always bring forward somebody to attract and receive the envy that would fall upon themselves; sometimes ministers and servants, sometimes colleagues, associates and the like; and for such an emergency there are never wanting persons of violent and forward spirit, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now to speak of public envy: There is even some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none; for public envy is like an ostracism which brings eclipse upon men when they grow too great, and therefore it is also a bridle to great men to keep them within bounds. This sort of envy being in Latin, *invidia*, goes in the modern English by the name of discontent. It is a disease in a state resembling infection, for infection spreads over that which is sound and taints it, so when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduces even the best measures, bringing them into an ill odor; and little is gained by intermingling plausible actions, which argues but weakness and a fear of envy, hurting so much the more as is usual likewise with infections that are more apt to fall upon you if you fear them. This public envy seems to bear chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon princes or rulers. But it is a sure sign, that if the envy of the minister is great, without much cause in him for it, or if the envy be in a manner general, affecting all ministers of state, then the envy, though the cause be hidden, is truly fallen upon the state itself.

We will add this in general touching the affection of envy, that of ali the passions, it is the most importunate and unceasing. Of other affections, occasion is given but now and then, and therefore it was well said, *Invidia festos dies non agit;* for it is ever at work in some direction. And it is also observed that love and envy make a man pine away, but other affections do not, because they are not so continual. It is also the vilest affection and the most depraved; for which reason, it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is represented as "the envious man that soweth tares among the wheat by night;" and it always comes to pass that envy works with subtilty and in the dark, and to the prejudice of whatever is good. Spencer drew a true portrait of the odious monster, in the following lines:

Her hands were foul and dirtie, never wash'd
  In all her life, with long nayles over raught,
In these she held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
  As if that long she had not eaten aught;
That round about her jawes one might descry
The bloudie gore and poyson dropping loathsomely.

And if she hapt of any good to heare
  That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
  Her flesh for fellnesse, which she inward hid:
  But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harm that any had, then would she make
  Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's loss great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gayned a great stake.

THE SPIRIT'S EVENTIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The spirit hath its evening hours,
  When dies away life's restless din;
Then peace sheds down its soothing powers,
As when the night falls round the flowers—
  And shuts their fragrance in.

The bird makes soft its shaded nest
  With down it gathered in the sun;
And thus we come to sweetest rest
When toil is o'er and work is done.
  Serener light, as day declines,
  O'er the hot field of labor shines;
While memory, in this holy hour,
  Asserts its reproducing power;
And to our resting heart appears,
  The fruit of toil without its tears.

Such peace is felt divinely nigh,
  In rudest storms and darkest night;
How sweetly doth the spirit lie
In covert as the rage goes by;
A rainbow in the dismal storm
Stands o'er us like a heavenly form,
  And all beneath is bright.

How peaceful will that evening be,
  When life's last work is bravely done;
And every wo of life shall cease,
Near that great heart of love and peace,
  That beats above the Sun!

METASTASIO.

Dunque si sfoga in pianto.

In tears, the heart opprest with grief
  Gives language to its woes;
In tears, its fulness finds relief,
  When rapture's tide o'erflows!
Who then unclouded bliss would seek
  On this terrestrial sphere;
When e'en the delight can only speak,
  Like sorrow—in a tear?

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

XXX.—SMILING AT DEATH.

An aged pious man was nigh to death, and his children and grandchildren were gathered around his couch. He appeared to lie in a pleasant slumber, and with closed eyes he smiled three times. When he opened his eyes again, one of his sons asked him why he had smiled three times.

The venerable man said: "The first time it seemed as if all the joys of my life passed before me, and I was induced to smile at the thought that men can regard such bubbles as matters of importance.

"The second time, I called to mind all the sorrows of my life, and was glad that to me they have now lost all their thorns, and that the time has come when they will bring me roses.

"The third time I thought of death, and it made me smile to think that this angel of God, who comes to release us from all suffering, and lead us into the habitations of eternal joys, should be feared by men."

XXXI. FRIENDS AFTER DEATH.

A certain father once related to his children this story: "A ruler who governed for a certain king on an island, was once ordered to come into the presence of the king to give an account of his stewardship. Those of his friends in whom he had reposed most confidence, permitted him to depart without showing any concern for him. Others, in whom also he had but a little trusted, accompanied him to the ships. But still others in whom he had but very little confidence, went with him the whole voyage, and came with him up to the throne of the king, where they spoke in his favor, and secured him the good will of his lord."

"Thus," said the father, "man has also three kinds of friends on earth—friends whom he only learns rightly to know, when he is called away from the present life to give an account of his actions before God."

The first of these friends, money and prosperity, remain entirely behind; the second, friends and acquaintances, go with him only to the grave; the third, good works, go with him on his long journey into eternity, speak for him before the throne of God, and are the measure of the grace and mercy which he shall obtain.

How foolish, therefore, is the man who does not concern himself for such faithful friends. For nothing follows us into the better world but the good which we have done in this life.

XXXII. THE INHERITANCE.

A rich merchant gave all his property to his children, and they in turn promised to provide for him till his death.

At first all went well; but by and by the children began to treat him very roughly. They closely counted every piece of bread he ate, and did not even provide him with suitable clothing. Often would the distressed father say: "I have erred in giving all my property into the hands of my children. It were better if they would have to ask me for what they need, than that I should be compelled to ask them for what I need."

It so happened, at a certain time, that the father very unexpectedly received $20,000 from an old friend in business, which he had long before given up as lost. He now bought a strong iron chest, secured by many locks, into which he placed his money.

The children now began again to treat their father with great kindness, hoping to induce him by their flatteries to give them this money, as he had done before. But he gave them not a penny; and now they could do nothing else than comfort themselves with the hope of inheriting it at his death.

After his death they eagerly opened the chest in order to divide the money; but, behold! the father had privately given all the money to the orphan asylum, and filled the chest with tiles. On the tiles lay a note, in which was written these words: "Unto children who act ungrateful toward their parents, all their money shall turn into stones."

EMPIRE OF WOMAN.

SCHILLER.

Her smile is gentleness; she winneth sway
By a soft word, and by a softer look;
Where she, the gentle, loving one, hath failed,
The proud or stern might never yet succeed.

Strength, power, and majesty, belong to man;
They make the glory native to his life,
But sweetness is a woman's attribute;
By that she has reigned, and by that will reign.

There have been some who, with a mightier mind,
Have won dominion; but they never won
The dearer empire of the beautiful;—
Sweet sovereigns of their natural loveliness.

ENVY.

Dying, once more to meet thy dear caress,
I sit and languish in my loneliness.
Return, sweet friend, secure from doubt or blame;
One kiss, which seems even now my lips to bless,
Shall say thy love is matchless as thy fame.

DEATH OF PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.

In the September number of 1857, as the readers of the Guardian will remember, we gave a sketch of the manner in which this great man worked his way on to fame through a series of difficulties which would have discouraged and defeated any man of ordinary courage and perseverance. He has just been suddenly called away by death in the midst of his last unfinished work, "The History of the reign of Philip the Second." But he lived long enough to win a world-wide fame, and now that he has gone to his grave, two continents mourn after him; for he was as well known in Europe as in his own land. He has gone, but his work lives. His noble example of perseverance will inspire young men in pursuit of knowledge in ages to come; and his name will be remembered and cherished by the learned and good, in whose keeping alone true fame can be entrusted, when many Kings and Presidents will have been forgotten. We copy, from the Lancaster Daily Express, a brief notice of his life and labors.

Mr. Prescott was born in Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796. He was the grandson of the brave Colonel William Prescott, of Pepperell, who commanded the American militia at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775. His father was the late Judge Willlam Prescott, who removed from Salem to Boston, in 1808—a man distinguished no less for the sterling probity of his character and the urbanity and kindness of his manners, than for his eminence as a jurist, and his solid attainments in various branches of learning. After preparing for College in Boston, Mr. Prescott entered Harvard University at the age of fifteen, where he graduated in 1814, having already won a brilliant reputation for the elegance of his tastes, and his proficiency in classical literature. It had been his purpose to study for the bar, to which he was naturally destined both by his family connections and his personal inclinations. But this intention was frustrated by an accident, just as he was closing his collegiate course, which instantly deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes. The other eye was soon after so severely attacked by inflammation, that for some time he had lost the sight of that also; and though it was subsequently restored, the organ was permanently debilitated, and twice during his life he was deprived of it, for all purposes of reading and writing, for several years together.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Prescott was compelled to relinquish the professional prospects which had dawned upon him so brightly. But his physical infirmity has proved the condition of his fame. Had he retained the use of his eyes, he would doubtless have become a learned jurist, and, perhaps, an eloquent advocate; but would have remained unknown to the world as the historian, who shares the honors of Robertson and Thierry.

His inclination was to become a historian, and in order to qualify himself thoroughly, he appropriated ten years to the study of the classics and of moral and political philosophy. When this severe course of reading was accomplished, and he felt himself qualified to begin his labors, he selected for a subject, the history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella

Considerable time was spent in collecting materials, especially from the archives of Madrid; and some idea of the disadvantages under which he labored at this period of his life, (1826) may be inferred from the fact, that he had to employ a reader to make him acquainted with the contents of the authorities he had to consult. His first reader was unacquainted with the Spanish language, which added to the difficulty; but he afterwards obtained the services of a more competent assistant, and matters went on more satisfactorily. In writing he had to make use of a writing case constructed for the use of the blind, which does not permit the writer to see what he himself has written, and it is said that Mr. Prescott never read nor corrected his own manuscript. The "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" was finished and published in 1838, simultaneously in London and Boston. It was received both in England and America, with universal favor, and at once established Mr. Prescott's reputation This great work was soon afterward translated into German, French, Spanish and Italian, and its author was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Madrid.

While engaged upon this work, Mr. Prescott contributed several valuable critical essays to the North American Review. These were—1. A review of Rose's translation of Ariosto. This drew upon him a sharp attack from Signor Da Ponte, an Italian teacher, in New York, to which Mr. Prescott replied 2. A review of Cunningham's "Songs of Scotland" 3. A review of Taschereau's Life of Moliere 4. A review of Washington Irving's "Conquest of Granada 5. Remarks on the bill for erecting an asylum for the blind—a subject on which he doubtless felt deeply 6. An essay on Iralian Poetry and Romance 7. A review of Sale's "Life of Cervantes" 8. A review of Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

Mr Prescott's sight had improved during these labors, and his progress in his next great work was more rapid. The "History of the Conquest of Mexico," appeared in 1843, and raised his reputation to its height. He was elected a member of numerous distinguished learned societies in Europe, and a corresponding member in the class of Moral and Pol tical Philosophy of the French Institute. His "History of the Conquest of Peru" was brought out in 1847, and became as universally read and admired as his previous works. He also wrote (in 1834) an elegant memoir of Charles Brockden Brown, the novelist, and he contributed further to the North American Review, a criticism of Chateaubriand's "English Literature," a review of Bancroft's United States, and one of Madame Calderon's "Life in Mexico." His next literary work was a new edition of Robertson's History of the reign of Charles the Fifth, with valuable notes, and a supplement, continuing the history to the death of that monarch. This appeared in 1856.

In 1850 he visited England, where he was welcomed with all the honor and enthusiasm that the distinguished in science and literature could offer him; and the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. He now planned his last and most comprehensive work, "The History of the reign of Philip the Second," and collected a vast amount of materials for it. Of this, he lived to complete and publish three volumes, comprising about fifteen years of Philip's reign, leaving twenty-eight more to be treated; so that the work would, probably,

have extended to several additional volumes, had not death cut short the labors of the indefatigable writer.

To Prescott belongs the merit of having shown to Europe that America could produce historians worthy of being named with the most celebrated. He has raised the reputation of our literature abroad, and popularized it; and has given to the country and the world standard works which are "familiar as household words." His style is easy, graceful, and in the highest degree graphic. His histories interest us like a romance. He was eminently qualified for the peculiar walk of literature he had chosen, for he possessed unwearied patience in searching for materials, entire freedom from prejudice and dogmatism, a perfectly calm temper, great candor and judgment in balancing conflicting authorities, and a most picturesque mode of narrating facts. His death is a national loss; but now that he is gone, America will point to him with just pride as one of her illustrious sons, and posterity will assign him a niche by the side of Irving and Bancroft, in whose footsteps our countrymen, Motley and Palfrey, are now so successfully treading.

PLEASANT WORDS.

We have not been in the habit of making any public acknowledgment of the kind notices taken of our Guardian by various papers. It might be construed as betraying a desire to praise our own magazine. As a general thing, we have left its contents to plead its merits, or exhibit its demerits. We are thankful, however, for the clever notices taken of our first number of the current year. As a specimen, we give the following from "The Missionary," a Lutheran church-paper, ably edited by Rev. Mr. Passavant, of Pittsburg.

"The Guardian. Edited by Rev. H. Harbaugh, Lancaster, Pa. This pleasant monthly begins its tenth volume with more than usual ability. An elegant engraving of "The Bride" is not the least of its attractions. The contributions from the pen of the Editor, so original, varied, and interesting, give to the Guardian a freshness and a charm which we find in few of the many magazines which visit our sanctum.

We are indebted for similar favorable notices to the "German Reformed Messenger," Chambersburg, Pa., the "Lutheran Observer," Baltimore, Md., the "Western Missionary," Dayton, Ohio, the "Moravian," Phila., (now published at Bethlehem, Pa.,) the "Lewisburg Chronicle," the "Saturday Express," Lancaster, and other papers. We shall labor still further to deserve this good opinion of the press, as well as that of our subscribers.

We also return our thanks to those friends who by letter and otherwise have promised to interest themselves for the extension of the Guardian in their localities. A specimen number will be sent at any time to such as require it. For the club rates we respectfully refer the reader to the Prospectus on the cover of the present number.

A LECTURE:

DELIVERED TO THE YOUNG MEN OF MANHEIM, FEBRUARY 11, 1859.

BY THE EDITOR.

We cannot help remarking what a contrast there is between the spectacle before us, and what might be observed, at this hour, in other places. While the walls of this church are witnessing a large number of orderly young men, collected for mutual improvement, happy in the sober and quiet enjoyment of mind and heart, there are many at the corners of our streets, in public places of vain resort, in saloons for sensual indulgence, and at the gaming table, taking their first lessons in rudeness, vulgarity, profanity, rowdyism, and crime—thus gathering for themselves bitter treasures for after life.

The wisest man that has ever lived said—"The glory of young men is their *strength.*" The loveliest and most loving of all the Apostles once said—"I have written unto you, young men, because ye are *strong.*" This induces me to keep in mind, in addressing you this evening, that much good or evil to yourselves and to others depends upon what course you shall take in life. As young men, or as those who are just becoming young men, you are not only strong as possessing vigorous and elastic constitutions, but strong also in the position you occupy in society, and in your influence for weal or for woe in the community in which you live; and especially upon those of like age with yourselves, who with you must form the next generation. No wonder that Paul, that magnanimous moral hero, enjoined it upon Timothy, himself a young man, not to fo get this class of the community: "Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded." It is remarkable that the expression, "young men," occurs about *seventy times* in the holy Scriptures, and generally in reference to their influence for good or for evil upon society.

A moment's consideration will convince a close observer that young men are strong—that they fill a large and prominent space in the general features of society. Young men, in a family, represent that family before the public either to its honor or to its disgrace. If their course of conduct is honorable, the families to which they belong are honored; if their conduct is disgraceful, the families to which they belong will share in that disgrace in the eyes of the public. It is a fact so general that it cannot have escaped the notice of any one, that throughout our land some of the highest and most respectable families have been dishonored by the bad conduct of their sons. On the other hand, how frequently have obscure parents been raised to notice and respect by the honorable and excellent conduct and character of their rising sons; so that an anxious public, and history afterwards, have eagerly asked—"Whose son is he?"

Neighborhoods, villages and cities, receive character abroad, to a great extent, from the conduct of their young men. It is these who are carried away from home by the spirit of enterprise, or by excursions of pleasure,

to neighboring places; and hence they do, of course, represent abroad the spirit and character where they reside; and strangers will judge of their native place according to the specimens which are thus brought to their view. We will venture the assertion that old settlers in this town, who have observed closely, know the general character of every neighborhood and smaller village around, by the representations which are given of it by the conduct of the young men who appear here, from these places, on public occasions. So in our cities, almost every street and corner has a certain character, which it has received from the conduct and general character of its young men. Is it not true, then, that young men make up a prominent feature of the general character of society? What an obligation does this lay upon the young men of a place, to honor it by an honorable and excellent course of conduct and life!—Should all the young men of your age in this town become profane, vulgar, and shameless street rowdies, then indeed might we exclaim, in anguish of heart—"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!"

It must also be remembered that the ranks of manly, middle life, are constantly filling up from the ranks of the young. Experience teaches, also, that very few of those who have had a bad training in youth change their course and character in middle life. It is as easy for an Ethiopian to change his skin, or for a leopard to change his spots, as for those who have been thus ripened in evil to change their course in middle life. Few rivers are turned into a new channel when once they sweep along in the full tide of their strength; and equally few turn to a new course of life when once the strong current of middle life is bearing them on towards their destiny.

To those of your age, upon whom life is just opening in smiles, how very important is care and caution. Look well to your chart, and see that you sail in a safe direction.

Here I must speak a few words as a minister, or I cannot speak as a friend. This world in which you are to live and act your part, is a fallen world, filled with sin and defilements. Eden, with its holy scenes, is nowhere to be found in this outer darkness of moral ruin. The very earth on which we walk is cursed and unclean by traces and tracks of sin.—Though there are some beautiful ties remaining, which bind it together and cover its deformity, yet these are but as flowery vines that stray out over ruins to hide its dreary desolations, and form a better covert for hissing serpents or ominous birds of night. We should be cautious in plucking these flowers, or reposing in the arbors formed from the foliage which only hides danger.

Evil society meets us on all sides with a polluting grasp, and is ready to invite and draw us into its unclean embrace. To all our senses existing evil presents some of its defilements. To our eyes appear the pride and vanity of life—to our ears its profanity, the whispers of unbelief, and the siren seducements of forbidden pleasures. In the strong language of a holy man, "our habitation is in the midst of deceit."

To these outward influences of evil to which you, as young men, are exposed, must be added the inward dispositions to evil which are found by nature in all. Temptations from abroad would be comparatively powerless, were the heart always well fortified with a holy repugnance

to evil. Outward foes are weak, when the camp and the fort are strong. But, alas! in many cases, the heart not only lies defencelessly open to temptation, but has itself a strong love to be carried away by its besiegers. Not only open to evil, but loving it and going after it.

> "See where rebellious passions rage,
> And fierce desires and lusts engage;
> The meanest foe of all that train
> Has thousands and ten thousands slain."

I need not tell you, my young friends, that thousands of young men have failed to stand this trial of virtue! They have yielded to the seducements of vice, in one or other of its hydra forms, and ended their course in ruin and shame. Many an one, upon whom the morning of life dawned as brightly and hopefully as it does upon you, has found his way to the ranks of the rotten sot, into the fellowship of rowdies and rioters—to the board of the night-loving gambler—and at last to the forlorn and forsaken outskirts of society, if not to the dungeon and the gallows!—making fearful shipwreck of health, character, and all that makes life pleasant and eternity desirable. Well may we exclaim, in view of the dangers which threaten:

> "Oh! Pilot, these are fearful seas,
> There's danger on the deep!"

Do you, young friends, this evening expect from me some advice? I will venture it, believing that you will receive it as well intended, and use it for your good. The ground of my advice shall all be contained in three short words. If you will be worthy, in deed and in truth, of your position and privileges, be *Sober*—be *Intelligent*—be *Good.*

Be Sober. To this you are solemnly bound; and this is absolutely necessary to full and final success in any enterprise. A great man, a holy man, an inspired man, a man who was himself an example of moral heroism such as the world never saw, has said—"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things" No fact is better established than that intemperance enfeebles the body, enervates the mind, and weakens the moral purpose. No one became ever truly great who was its slave; or, if even some eminence has been attained by any, it was only like a castle in ruins on a mount, a monument to his own disgrace, and a subject for gloomy reflections to the passer by. The way of the intemperate is the way to sure ruin and shame—their path "takes hold on hell!"

To avoid this path is wisdom. It is much easier not to enter upon it, than, having entered, to retrace our steps. In this respect the old proverb is beautifully applicable—"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The habit is entirely acquired; it is much easier to let it alone than to learn it: for it is repulsive, and evidently against nature, to drink strong drink. When first taken the system recoils at it in sickening disgust; and it is not until ruin, to some extent, has taken place in the system that it can be taken without the most unpleasant sensations.

Hence, then, we see the wisdom of early caution and care on the part of the young, to go safely upon the preventive principle. Seeing, in the example of others, the danger afar off, determine that you yourselves will never enter upon the path that has led others to ruin. Be faithful

to this resolve: you owe it to yourselves, to each other, to your parents, to your sisters, to your friends, to society, and to God. Let not the unclean thing pollute your lips, poison your health, darken your minds, and kill your hearts. In learning to war, conquer first of all your own passions. As long as the fort is strong within, a thousand enemies may dash upon it, but only to be broken. "He that ruleth his own spirit is stronger than he that taketh a city."

Be Intelligent. We are born with active minds, and if we do not employ them in a right way, they will employ themselves in a wrong way. It is an old proverb, that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop;" and equally true is the old couplet, which you have all learned from your school books,

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

An industrious lad, who has a taste for the cultivation of his mind, is not likely to become a street rowdy. Those who every evening throng the corners of the streets, and proclaim their own shame and the shame of the families to which they belong, are there because they are destitute of all taste for the higher enjoyments of mental improvement. The precious time which they spend in that way is not onl useless to them, and annoying to others, but it is the almost infallible introduction to an intemperate, useless and wicked life. Such are, indeed, in a course of training; but, alas! it is a training not towards an honorable conquest over evil, but for stratagem, and spoils, and final ruin.

I know nothing this side of true piety to recommend to you, young men, that will aid you more in avoiding the path of idle and low profligacy than a love for books—a love for the cultivation of your minds—a love for the pursuit of useful knowledge. This will give employment to your leisure hours—it will give you company in loneliness—it will tend to destroy all taste for the lower enjoyments of sense and vanity—it will open to your minds a vast field of pure and elevated happiness—and, above all, it will aid in fitting you for a life of usefulness and honor.

You have abundant facilities for such a pursuit. Books are plenty on all subjects; and the society and counsel of intelligent persons can always be enjoyed by such as show themselves worthy of it. In this country, too, where honor and station do not descend by inheritance, but are conferred upon those who make themselves worthy of them, there are the strongest inducements to diligence. Intelligence, when sanctified and consecrated by piety, leads surely to influence and honor. What is most encouraging of all is, that no one is excluded, either by poverty or obscurity, from entering into this path to excellence. The mighty river, that sweeps in such grandeur along, bearing navies and the wealth of nations upon its bosom, may be traced back into some obscure dell or valley, where it rises, feeble and slow, from among rocks and roots; so, many of our ministers, statesmen, authors, literary professors and teachers, may trace the history of their lives back to a childhood of the most retired obscurity—they once lived amid the "bleating of sheep," like the great sweet-singing monarch of Israel; or played rough and in rags, around some hut of poverty, like hundreds who have afterwards astonished and blessed the world with their wisdom.

I am tempted to give you, young friends, a few examples of persons

who rose from obscurity to eminence and honor by their own industry in the cultivation of their minds. It may act as a stimulus to you to enter upon and to persevere in the same path.

Æsop, the author of the celebrated Fables, was born a slave. Publius Syrus and Terrence, two great men, were originally slaves. Epictetus, a celebrated ancient Stoic philosopher, spent many years of his early life as a slave. He was so poor, even while he was engaged with the greatest ardor in cultivating his mind, that he lived in a house without a door; with no furniture except a table, a small bedstead, and a miserable coverlet. In modern times the celebrated Rev. Lott Cary, at first pastor of a large colored congregation, and afterwards a distinguished missionary to Africa, was long a slave in Richmond, Va., employed in a tobacco warehouse. He learned to read by his own perseverance at first, and, after purchasing his own freedom, by patient perseverance in a course of a self education, raised himself to great usefulness and honor.

Another instance of a similar triumph over difficulties is well known, as it went the round of the papers a few years ago. It is that of a negro slave, who made himself master of the Latin and Greek grammers, while working hard, from morning till night, at the blacksmith fire. The alphabet he wrote upon the hearth-stone before him with a coal, and thus made himself gradually master of it. The grammer he fixed, leaf by leaf, into the inside of his hat, which he held before him with one hand. while he drew the bellows with the other, and thus committed its contents to memory. He was afterwards delivered from slavery by good men, whose attention he had arrested by his singular perseverance and success in the pursuit of knowledge, and who were induced thereby to purchase his freedom. He is now in Liberia, in Africa, a minister of the everlasting gospel, and is known throughout the Christian world as the "learned slave!"

When were circumstances more against men? When was any one called to struggle with greater difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge? and where do we behold such glorious triumphs, such well-earned laurels, as the reward of perseverance and industry? These heroes, though dark in their skin, and doomed and damned to a shameful bondage by men who deserve not to be free—these heroes deserve to be called *men!* Their example will remain, as an eternal protest against the foul sentiment, that black men are born to lick the dust! We only intend these instances, at this time, to show that the path to literary excellence and honor lies open to all, however low and humble their birth and station. We wish to show, by these examples, that any difficulties, however great, will yield before manly perseverauce and industry. There is no one who hears me that ought not to be ashamed to speak of difficulties as an excuse for remaining in ignorance. Let only the wish and the will exist, and there will always be a way.

Let me give you a few more examples. The great Erasmus was so poor that he had to stint himself in clothes to get books. "As soon as I get money," he exclaimed, "I will first buy Greek books, and then clothes;" and he became one of the greatest classical scholars of that age. The German naturalist, Schæffer, lived on a half-pence a day in order to keep himself at the University; a little bread, and a few vegetables boiled in water, were his daily food; and although the winter was

severely cold, he had no fire in his room; yet he bore all this that he might pursue his studies. Magliabecchi was once a seller of pot-herbs; and by his own private studies, he rose to be "the most learned man of his age." The parents of Prof. Gottleib Heyne were extremely poor. His father was a weaver. During the first thirty-two years of his life he was not only in obscurity, but in a constant struggle with the most distressing poverty. He was obliged to borrow all his books, and to copy them for his own use; yet he attained at last to imperishable honors. He was for half a century one of the most learned and renowned Professors of the University of Gottingen; and died venerated and beloved by all. The celebrated Dr. John Prideaux sustained himself in Exeter College by becoming an assistant in the kitchen: and yet he rose to become Bishop of Worcester, and author of a work of History which is a text book in many Theological Seminaries. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some time as a bricklayer and mason; but when he had the "trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." Henry Kirke White, one of the sweetest of the English Poets, when a boy, carried the butcher basket for his father; and when he was fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to learn stocking weaving. Both Henry Bullinger and Martin Luther, celebrated Reformers, got their bread, while pursuing their studies, by singing in the street under the windows of the rich. The celebrated divine, Thomas Scott, was the son of a poor man, and was compelled when young to do all "the most laborious and dirty parts of the work belonging to a grazier." He became eminent entirely by his perseverance in the course of self-education. Alexander Murray first learned the alphabet from the back of an *old wool card*, upon which his father wrote it for him with the black end of a stick snatched from the fire. Afterwards he was sent to the hills to keep sheep; and afterwards still, he became "one of the most learned men that ever lived!"

I must, however, stop with these examples. But let me assure you, my young friends, it would be easy to go on in the same way for a whole hour; so abundant are the examples of men who, by their own industry and desire after knowledge, have reached their aim; and at last

> "Upon the loftiest top
> Of Fame's dread mountain sat."

You must permit me to give you one more instance, because he is still living, and is a resident of this State. He has been President of a College in Pennsylvania, and is now the pastor of a large church in an Atlantic city—has written a work in two volumes, which is to be seen in almost all the book stores and in most of the private libraries. This man, when he was a boy, had such a strong knowledge, that he went to a college and offered to black boots and shoes for his boarding! At first even this berth was refused him: but the boy looked so pitifully and beautifully in earnest, that it was finally granted him. He commenced by blacking boots, but, as Old Humphrey says, *he did not end there!*—Does any one say he stooped low; we answer he did not The mightiest oak once crept, an humble thing, out from beneath the clods. Those birds that soar the highest in the air build on the earth their lowly nests. The path to honor, and even to immortality, begins in the dust. It is a truth high and etearnal as the Heavens—"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted; and he that exalts himself shall be abased."

Imitate these examples, young friends. Gird on your strength, and resolve to be men!—sober men—intelligent men, and useful men!

Be Good. This is my last advice. This is the crown of all honor—the ornament of all excellence. Being sober may make you men. Being intelligent may make you great and honorable men. But to be good will not only make you sober and great, but also happy. This will make you like God, like Christ, like angels. How to be good I need not tell you here; we will speak of that on another day. On any Sabbath day, go to any of those buildings in this town whose towers point heavenward, and you will hear how to be good. There stands the legate of the skies; he will tell *one* way, and the *only* way to be good.

> "There, as a bird, each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies;
> He tries each art, reproves each dull delay,
> Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way!"

In conclusion, I must recite to you a short poem, which most beautifully inculcates the idea of seeking to rise, which I have endeavored to exhibit to you in this discourse. A youth, struggling through difficulties, towards eminence and honor, is compared, by the poet, to a traveler ascending the Alps. The Alps abound in lovely and peaceful valleys, where every object invites the traveler to tarry, especially as before him rise cold, icy and dreadful mountains, where the path is overhung with threatening glaciers and avalanches in "awful grandeur piled," above the traveler's head. In one of these beautiful valleys, at the foot of the Alps, just at evening, a youth comes along, whose home is afar; and who seems bent with full purpose of heart to scale the dangers before him, and to reach his home and his friends beyond the cold and frowning peaks of the Alps. He bears in his hand a banner, upon which is written his motto, EXCELSIOR—which means *higher*—indicating his purpose to ascend the dangerous steeps before him. The peasants warn by the dangers before him not to proceed, and they invite him to their own quiet homes in the valley; but he flourishes his banner, like a true hero, and passes on. EXCELSIOR—*higher*—is his motto, and higher he determines to climb, though danger and death frown in his way. But to the poem:—

> The shades of night were falling fast,
> As through an Alpine village passed
> A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
> A banner with the strange device,
> Excelsior.
>
> His brow was sad: his eye beneath
> Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
> And like a silver clarion rung
> The accents of that unknown tongue,
> Excelsior.
>
> In happy homes he saw the light
> Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
> Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
> And from his lips escaped a groan!
> Excelsior.
>
> "Try not the pass!" the old man said;
> "Dark lowers the tempest over head!

The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior.

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior.

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night;
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior.

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior

A trav'ler, by his faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior.

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star!
Excelsior.

Let this, young men, be your motto, EXCELSIOR—*higher!* Always look upwards, that is the destiny of spirits. Beneath is the dust, and worms, and hell! Grasp with a firmness, that yields not even to death, the banner upon which is written your glorious purpose. When difficulties threaten, and when the sirens of ease would allure you from your onward and upward path, wave your banner into their faces, and, in the strength of God, purpose in your hearts to take another step.

VERSES TO MY FIRST-BORN.

SLEEP, infant, sleep, my solace and my treasure!
Sleep on my breast, the breast which gladly loves thee!
And though thy words can give this heart no pleasure,
It loves to see thy thousand smiles come o'er thee
Yes, thou wilt smile, young friend, when thou awakest,
Yes thou wilt smile, to see my joyful guise;
Thy mother's face, thou never now mistaketh,
And thou hast learned to look into her eyes.
What do thy little fingers leave the breast,
The fountain which thy small lip press'd at pleasure?
Could'st thou exhaust it, pledge of passion blest!

BE wisdom, virtue, courtesy thine aim:
If fortune grant thee not a kingly throne.
Be kingly blood in every action shown—
Thy love to me, stands surety for thy fame.

THE BLUE BIRD.

BY THE EDITOR.

He prayeth well, who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.—COLERIDGE.

LOOK out for the Blue-bird! Before this number of the Guardian reaches our readers he will have arrived from the "sweet south" and set up his caroling around our dwellings.

It is *our* Blue-bird of which we speak. There is another Blue-bird, quite different in its habits and ways from ours. Goldsmith has given us an account of it. He says "it lives in the highest part of the Alps, and even these choose the most craggy rocks and the most frightful precipices for its residence." It is caught with great difficulty, and he who is so fortunate as to take one finds in it a great treasure, as it is highly valued even in its own country, and much more when carried to foreign lands, on account of its beauty and song. "It not only whistles in the most delightful manner, but speaks with an articulate, distinct voice, and will speak and whistle at the word of command."

This is all very pretty, we must confess; and if Switzerland were our country, and the Alps were our mountains, and this Swiss Blue-bird had been heard in and around the home of our childhood, we might be in a position to contrast it more favorably with our own Blue-bird. We agree with the learned, who tell us that much depends upon the stand-point from which a thing is viewed; and whilst we endeavor to make all allowance for our own prejudice, we cannot consent that a single plume or beauty of our Blue-bird be cast into the shade by this rival of the Alps.

Our Blue-bird is so well-known to our readers that it is scarcely necessary to describe it; yet, as this little notice may fall under the eye of the uninitiated, we may as well say as by the lips of another, "it is six inches and three quarters long; the wings are remarkably full and broad, and a dusky black at the tips; the whole upper parts are rich sky-blue, with purple reflections; the under parts are chestnut color and white." This is precisely our bird, as we plainly see, now that our attention is called to the several features which characterize it. To us it has always been simply "the Blue-bird," and we never thought of it except as a whole—one thing of beauty.

One thing which gives the Blue-bird the advantage in our affections is, that he is one of the first, if not the very first of musical birds which greets us in the spring. How delightful, even early as February, on some mild morning to hear him break the long stillness of winter with his friendly whistling around our home. "O, the Blue-bird has come!" is the welcome sentence with which his advent is greeted from the cheerful hearts of the children. He is not long idle, but is at once "seen with his mate reconnoitering the leaf in the garden, and the hole in the apple-tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors. They then begin

to clean out the old nest, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring."*

He is a great favorite with the country people; and it seems as if he reciprocated their partiality, for he loves the farm-houses. This love is no doubt in part induced by the "snug little summer-house" which the farmer furnishes for him "rent free" near his own dwelling The intelligent farmer loves our bird not only for his pleasant song, but also because he does much for his garden and fruit-trees by destroying the injurious insects which infest them. He is fond of all kinds of small fly, and especially delights in beetles and spiders. In the fall, when these are not so plenty, or perhaps not so young and tender, he turns his attention to "berries, fruits, and seeds."

Of his musical talents and peculiarities a close observer says, "the usual spring and summer song of this bird, is a soft, agreeable and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. Towards fall, his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow and many-colored woods; and its melancholy air recalls to our mind the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stripped of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave them. Indeed he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us, as with every return of mild and open weather, we hear his plaintive note amidst the fields, or in the air, seeming to deplore the devastation of winter."

Thus our bird lives in pleasant sympathy with man, beginning the spring with us in cheerfulness and hope, and softening down our own feelings when, in a more sober mood, grave autumn greets us "over the yellow plain." Never shall we forget this friendly bird. Its spring-strain will ever belong to that music of early life which is still heard in many a sweet chime deep in the cells of memory. As often as it comes, the harbinger of spring, even unto gray hairs will it call to mind that happy season of childhood, and that "sweet home" of early life, the pleasant recollection of which amid all changes doth not change, and which, like the song of our Blue-bird, is liveliest and loveliest at the coming in of every new scene of innocent and cheerful joy. The pleasure which its early warblings afford us, not only reminds us of the deep truth, that to the pure all things are pure, but also that the echoes of life's earliest and purest joys, as memory preserves them, are ever among our richest eatthly treasures. Blessed are they who have hearts full of them.

* It is to us a pleasing coincidence, that at the moment we had written this sentence, the first one of the season suddenly set up his carroling in a most joyous strain near the house. We take this to mean that we have his approbation to what we have said of him. Sing on —long live the Blue-bird!

TRUE.—Sir Walter Scott declared that these four lines, by Robert Burns, were worth a thousand romances:

Had we never lov'd sae kindly—
Had we never lov'd sae blindly—
Never met—or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

BOOK NOTICES.

HERZOG'S Real Encyclopedia, translated; with additions from other sources by Dr. Bomberger. Part VIII. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, 1859.

The eighth Part of this valuable work, which has come to hand, finishes the letter D, and extends nearly through the letter E "Perseverance removes mountains," is a proverb of which we are always reminded, as one part after another of this formidable work comes finished forth. Few, perhaps, have an idea of what an amount of manuscript is devoured in a single number of 128 closely printed pages, and all this is furnished at the low price of 50 cents! We have before spoken of the intrinsic value of this Enclyclopedia, and would only express the hope that a discerning public may not fail to reward the Translator and Publishers for their labor and care, by at once subscribing for the work; for we are sure that by so doing they will benefit themselves more than those who are furnishing them with so much valuable matter at so low a price. The whole work is to be finished in three large volumes, six Parts making a volume. Should it run over that number, which we are inclined to think will be the case, the purchasers will only gain the more thereby.

THE JEWESSES.

FONTANES asked Chateaubriand, "if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish race were so much handsomer than the men?" to which Chateaubriand gave the following poetical and Christian reply: "The Jewesses," he said, "have escaped the curses which alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of Priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to ignominy and the agony of the cross. The women of Judea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under afflictions. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ, on his part, extended his mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought balm and spices, and weeping, sought him at the sepulchre. "Woman, why weepest thou?" His first appearance, aiter his resurrection, was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, "Mary." At the sound of his voice Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered: "Master." The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.

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GOOD MANNERS AT CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the House of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools: for they consider not that they do evil.

"Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God: for God is in Heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore, let thy words be few."

SOLOMON.

CHESTERFIELD has written a book—but mind, we do not say that it is worth anything!—in which he proposes to instruct us in regard to our behavior in company. He professes to teach us how we ought to act in parlors and at parties; but he entirely omits those lessons which pertain to proper behavior at church, a matter, in our judgment, of more importance than those which he discusses. We do not blame him for this omission, but are rather glad that he has not undertaken it; for, being an infidel himself, he would no doubt have made sorry work of it.

Had he written on this subject we fear his book would have pleased us even less than the one he has written.

This field being as yet open, we are inclined to cultivate it a little, by offering a brief chapter on good manners in church, calling to our help the words of Solomon, which we have placed under our caption.

In these words the wise man instructs us in reference to our deportment when going to the house of God, and our conduct whilst there.

On the way, we are to "keep our feet"—that is, to observe that walk and deportment which corresponds with the solemn errand on which we are going. When we are there, we are not to "offer the sacrifice of fools."—that is, do as those do who feel no responsibility for their acts, and have no proper sense of what belongs to God and His worship.

It is not strange that the sacred witness should make this a matter worthy of concern, and give instruction in relation to it. Proper conduct is a matter of importance in all places; and, of course, most of all in the house of God.

Our spirit and deportment must always correspond with the place and circumstances in which we are. Sorrow does not belong to a marriage scene, nor joy to a funeral. Tears belong not to a festival, nor laughter

to a feast. Every thing is beautiful in its place. We must "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." There is both beauty and religion in observing always a deportment, and manifesting a spirit, in harmony with the place, and the time. Out of place all things are wrong.

It is on this principle that the wise man requires a certain kind of deportment to be observed by us, even in the way of the house of God. We go not to our worldly work and business—we go not to visit a friend—we go not to a lecture or place of innocent amusement—therefore, we go not as we go to such places. This ought not only to be felt by us, but it ought to be seen by others. There need be no hanging of head as though we were going to suffer the penalty of a crime, but there ought to be that devout humility, that cheerful gravity, and decency of demeanor which we feel at once belongs to those who are going into the presence of God to confess their sins, to hear Him speak, and praise Him for His love.

This feeling ought to increase as we approach, and actually enter the courts of the Lord. If we "keep our feet" on the way, much more when we enter. The Jews, as they went up, sung "songs of degrees," which increased in solemn beauty and devotion as they came nearer the place where His honor dwelt.

No light conversation, no worldly feeling, no vanity of spirit, no frivolous deportment should be carried up to the door of the sanctuary. It will not be done by the considerate, sincere and earnest worshipper.

Highly improper, therefore, is it to linger at the doors, or in the vestibule, or outer court of the sanctuary. This is even considered a mark of rudeness at the place of a lecture, or at a hall of public amusement. At a church it is still more out of place. It is always unpleasant to those entering; and makes an unfavorable impression, especially on the minds of strangers, not only in regard to the persons who indulge in the habit, but in regard also to the congregation where it is done.

Persons who indulge in this rude habit, show that their first and ruling desire is not to worship, but to see a friend, to attend to business which belongs not to the place, or to herd rudely with the rude. Such persons show that they are not hastening with holy desire and sacred joy into the blessed presence of God; but that, with reluctant steps, and delay of heart, they only enter when they *must*—and then often more or less to disturb the worship which has already commenced.

Officers of the church, by kind remonstrance with thoughtless persons who may indulge in the habit, ought to avoid the offence, or discourage it when it has in any measure begun to exist. By a judicious exercise of that parental authority which piety and their office give them, they can easily prevent thoughtless persons from falling in these rude and improper ways. By these means will they do much toward promoting a proper reverence for the house and the worship of God, and abating a custom which even the native good sense of the world regards as disreputable to a congregation where it is allowed.

The manner of entering a sanctuary is not a matter of indifference. The devout worshipper enters devoutly, and moves to his seat with humble decorum. He thinks of the place instead of gazing over those that

are there. He feels more the presence of God than others. He loses himself, and forgets others in the solemnity of the place.

His first thought is self-recollection and prayer. It was a beautiful custom which our fathers observed, when they did not even take their seats wlthout first offering a prayer, with the hat or hymn-book held up before the face. This custom has passed away; it is well if, with some at least, the prayer has not gone with it! Is it not to be feared—yea, must it not be concluded, from the way in which many persons present themselves in their pews, that silent prayer is not thought of, much less practiced. It is to be feared that hearts which do not thus rise to God in the beginning, do not truly rise to Him in the continuance of the service.

Will not he who devoutly begins, be better prepared for the remaining service? Will not the singing, the prayer, and the sermon, to such an one, possess new interest? Have not those who present themselves before God without prayer, reason to blame themselves if they depart from the sanctuary unprofited and unblest?

It is the omitting of this silent prayer which makes room for improprieties and sins which are too common even in the best regulated congregations—such as looking around, noticing every new worshipper that comes in, and even, in some cases, conversation carried on in annoying whispers. This it is certainly which deserves to be called, in the strong language of Solomon, "the sacrifice of fools." Conduct like this has a very bad effect, not only on the guilty themselves, but on others. It is exceedingly annoying to all who are compelled to witness it. Who is it that has not at some time or other been robbed of all the satisfaction of a service by such-like improprieties in some that were near them? This is certainly a serious crime before God! Well does this wise man say: "they consider not that they do evil."

We must speak also of the nature of true worship itself. The worship of God ought to be solemn and beautiful. This can only be realized where all worshippers observe the greatest order, and the most decent propriety. No sight on earth is more beautiful than a worshipping congregation, where all seem pervaded with the one great thought and feeling: "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him!" To such worshippers the angels are near—with such a beautiful service God is well pleased.

To such a worship the wise man exhorts us. "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God; for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore, let thy words be few." Reverence, humility, and solemnity, which always exert a subduing influence on the soul, are the deepest elements, and surest characteristics of true worship. Where these are found, the worship is beautiful in the sight of man, and acceptable to God. There the challenge may be made—

Let strangers walk around
  The city where we dwell,
Compass and view the holy ground,
  And mark the building well.

The order of thy house,
  The worship of thy court,

The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold!

The worshipper should take earnest and devout part in *all* the exercises. He ought to be not merely a spectator and a listener, but a worshipper. Hearing the sermon is not the only duty, nor the chief duty, of the worshipper. Even more important than this are the prayers and praises of the sanctuary—in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual songs to make melody in our hearts unto the Lord! This is more properly worship.

A devout attitude ought to be observed in prayer. We teach our children to fold their hands, close their eyes, and present a devout attitude when they say their prayers; does it not become us as well? Nothing can be more improper than to gaze about, or to stand with an air of careless unconcern, to shift attitudes, to assume a lazy lounging position, or even so sit still when others rise, or crouch down behind the pew, or make it a pillow for easy reverie. No such habits of rudeness become those who are presenting a petition before the king immortal, invisible, and holy, whose throne is in the heavens, and before whom the angels veil their faces in the deepest adoration and most sublime reverence—a petition, too, upon the answer of which they profess to believe their heaven or their hell depends!

In like manner, and with like reverence and propriety of attitude and position, ought the solemn blessing, which closes the service to be received. This is the most solemn part of the whole service. It gives us the blessing to take with us, that it may abide with us and over us till we come again. It connects our service with the other next following—by the Love of God, the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost, which go down with the people of God, to sanctify their secular life, and protect them in it. With what an humble and devout spirit of attention ought such a blessing to be received. Yet, how often is this taken as the mere signal for departure—as a mere dismission—and is therefore used to fix clothing, to put on the shawl or the overcoat—to seize a hat or umbrella, and to make other preparations to depart.

We ought to depart from the house of God as we came; and that which has been referred to as improper in going up to the sanctuary, is also improper in going down from it

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THE INFINITE.

Tell me, hast ever thought upon the Being
Whom we Almighty call? Hast ever sent
Thy prayerful thoughts unto His holy throne?
And felt his power, and trembled at the thought?
If not, I cannot call thee man! thou art
A stone, a clod, a dull insensate thing.

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

XXXIII—THE GHOST.

At midnight, Martin crept into the palace garden, filled his bags with fruits, and intended to carry them home, one after the other.

Just as he was walking along the garden wall with a bag on his back, the clock in the tower struck twelve. The wind moaned dolefully in the leaves of the trees, and suddenly Martin espied a black man, moving along by his side, who was apparently carrying the other bag on his shoulders!

Martin, overcome with fear, shrieked aloud, dropped his bag, and fled as fast as he could. The black man also threw down his bag, and continued to run along by the side of Martin to the end of the garden wall—when he vanished!

The next morning Martin told every one of the hateful ghost which he had seen; but that he had stolen fruit he was careful not to tell. But the Magistrate, the same day called Martin before him, and said: "Last night you stole fruit in the palace garden; the bags on which your father's name is written, have betrayed you! I will, therefore, confine you in the tower. The black man which you saw was nothing but your own shadow, which, as the moon arose at twelve o'clock, you saw on the newly white-washed garden wall."

Thus it happens to him that commits mischief. Every leaf that shakes alarms him, and he flies in fear before his own shadow.

"Keep your conduct free from harm,
And you need not dread alarm."

XXXIV—THE PILGRIM.

Long ago there lived a very rich man in a beautiful palace, of which there remains not now one stone upon another. He spent a great amount of money, to beautify his palace; but he gave little to the poor.

It happened that one evening there came a poor pilgrim to his door and begged that he might be kept over night. The rich man angrily bade him depart, crying: "This palace is no Inn." The pilgrim answered: "Only allow me to put three questions to you, and then I will depart." The rich man said: "On this condition you may ask your questions, and I will cheerfully answer."

Then the pilgrim asked: "Who lived in this palace before you?" "My father," said the rich man. The pilgrim asked further: "Who lived here before your father!" "My grand-father," said the rich man." "And who will probably live in it after you?" asked the pilgrim. The rich man said: "My son, if God will."

"Well," said the pilgrim, "if each one only resides for a time in this palace, and one ever makes room for another, what are you else than travellers; and is not then this palace an Inn? Do not, therefore, spend so much money to beautify this palace, for it will not contain you long! Rather do good to the poor, and so build for yourself an abiding home in heaven."

The rich man took his words to heart, kept the pilgrim over night, and from that hour on, was kind to the poor.

The world and riches all are vain.
But deeds of kindness will remain.

XXXV—THE HERMIT.

A certain Prince who greatly prided himself on account of his beauty, riches, and high rank, was once in the chase in a lonely mountain region. There he discovered an aged Hermit sitting before his cave earnestly examining a skull!

The Prince approached him and with a sportive smile said: "Why are you so carefully examining that skull! What do you expect to discover in it?"

The Hermit, very solemnly regarding the Prince, said: "I wish to ascertain whether this is the skull of a Prince or a beggar; but I cannot decide!"

Ye who after beauty, gold and honor reach,
Attend to what a dismal skull can teach!

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

THE following well authenticated facts will illustrate the principle that *man is never too old to learn.*

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take it into their head to thrum a guitar under a lady's window, which Socrates did not do, but only learned to play upon some instrument of his time—not a guitar—for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our young men, at thirty, and forty, have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which was necessary to enter college, and which was a daily exercise through college. A fine comment upon love of letters, truly!

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *nisi prius, fieri facias, etc.*, are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of Latin would make them appear a little more

respectable in their profession, they would reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

Boccacio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three masters of the Tuscan dialect. Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us, ten years younger than Boccacio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste of literature, but now they are *too old.*

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time, he became the most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they reach sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in cases of political meetings, who was under forty years!

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty-five, thirty and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a teacher to translate a business letter written in the French language, which might be learned in the tenth part of the time required for the study of the Dutch; and all because they are *too old to learn.*

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times; a singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of progress of age in new studies.

Accorsa, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered, that indeed he began it late, but that he should, therefore, master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Colbert, the famous French Minister, at sixty years of age, returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learned men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

We could go on and recite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for a livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men, will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will say, *I am too old to learn.*

How sweet are the affections of kindness! How balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around our fireside! Distrust and doubt darken not the lustre of its purity; the cravings of interest and jealousy mar not the harmony of that scene. Parental kindness and filial affection blossom there, in all the freshness of eternal spring. It matters not if the world is cold, if we can but turn to our dear circle, and ask and receive all that our heart claims.

NEW YORK IN 1748.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

ENRICHED BY A FEW ORIGINAL NOTES.

In the year 1747 and 1748, the learned Peter Kalm, Professor of Domestic Economy in Aobo, and member of the Royal Academy of Science, in Sweden, visited this country. An account of his travels was published in Goettingen soon after his return, in German, from which we translate for the readers of the Guardian, his account of the "town of New York," as he found it in 1748, one hundred and eleven years ago. It is calculated to awaken many amusing and instructive thoughts, which the reader will please enjoy for himself, as he contemplates this interesting picture of the olden time.—[Ed. Guardian.]

New York, the principal town of the Province, bearing the same name, lies in forty degrees and forty minutes north of the Equator; seventy degrees and four minutes west of the meridian of London, and about ninety-seven miles from Philadelphia. The location is very well adapted for trade; for the town is situated on a point formed by two Bays, into one of which the Hudson river empties, not far from the town. Thus, New York is bounded by water on three sides. The ground on which it is built, is in some places level, in others somewhat hilly. The place is regarded as healthy.

The town was laid out by Hollanders. This is said to have been done in 1623, when they were yet the lords of the land. They called the town New Amsterdam, and the whole Province, New Holland. Afterwards, however, about the year 1664, when the English, under the leadership of Cartes, took possession of it, and also continued to hold it under the latest treaty of peace, they gave to the town, as well as to the Province, the name New York. In size, it may now be next to Boston and Philadelphia, among the English towns of North America. But in regard to the beauty of its houses, its wealth, and its flourishing trade, it contends with them for the mastery. It is about twice as large as Goetenburg, in Sweden.

The streets, it is true, are not so straight as those in Philadelphia; some of them are rather crooked. Still, of their kind, they are pretty enough, and nearly all of them are paved, except in the best parts where it is not necessary. Along the principal streets *there are trees planted before the houses*, which, in the summer, not only present a pleasant view, but also, in the great heat, which at this time prevails here, cast a cool shade. It was very pleasant to me to walk about in the town; for it seemed to me no otherwise than if I were in a garden. Two kinds of trees are used for this purpose; the Water-beech (platanus occidentalis) are the most numerous; and on account of their large and many leaves, make a pleasant shade in summer. The Locust-tree (pseudo accacia) is not found much more seldom. Its beautiful leaves, and the exceedingly pleasant fragrance of its bloom, are peculiarities, which render it well worthy of being planted plentifully along the streets, beside the houses

and in the gardens. There stand also, Linden and Elm trees, along the alleys, but not as many as of the other trees. The different kinds of trees are planted alternately.

Besides singing and twittering birds of all kinds, there are also a peculiar kind of frogs which are found in abundance on these trees during the summer. These, in the evenings, and during the night, especially after the hot days, or when their was appearance of rain, filled the air with the variety of their songs, and contended with the birds for the prominence. In this way they often created such noise and confusion, that on the street one could scarcely understand what another said.*

The houses are principally built of brick; the most of them are firm and beautiful, and several stories high. Some of them, according to the old style of building, have the gables toward the street. In the new ones, however, this is changed. Many houses have a platform or balcony on the roof on which the people sit in summer evenings, enjoying themselves;† from which, also, one has a pleasant prospect, not only of a good part of the town, but also of a part of the adjacent water and country bordering on it. The roofs of the houses are generally either covered with tiles or shingles. These last are made of white pine which grow farther up in the country; and it is believed that roofs made of these are equally as durable as those made of the so-called white-oak, which is used for shingles in Pennsylvania. The walls within the houses are plastered. I nowhere saw carpets in the rooms;‡ and, in general, also little is known of them in this country. The white-washed walls were variously decorated with all kinds of drawings and pictures, on little tablets, which were hung around. On either side of the chimney there are permanent cupboards; and the wall beneath the windows, are lined with boards, with benches against them, upon which one may sit.§ The cupboards and all the other wood-work was painted with a gray-blue color.

There are several different churches in the town, which deserve to be mentioned. 1. The English church, which was built in 1695, is situated at the western end of the town. It is built of stone, and has a steeple with a bell in it. 2. The new Dutch church is pretty large, also of stone, and provided with a steeple. Besides this, it has also a clock which strikes the hour, which is the only one in the town. This church stands lengthwise, north and south. As a general thing, no rule is here observed in regard to the direction in which sacred edifices are built; one church stands, as is customary, east and west, the other north and south; and the rest vary in the same way. In the Dutch church there was no altar, no sacristy, no choir gallery, no chandelier, no image, or picture. Around the church, however, stood various trees, on which account it presented the appearance as if it stood in the woods. 3. The

*All of which was perhaps prophetic of the future human Babel, which "the town of New York" was destined to become.

†To us the wonder ariseth, whether they were not wiser and happier in this "enjoying themselves" than their successors are, in spending their evenings in other palaces. There is no doubt that in those days of palmy simplicity, home and the family were far more "popular places of amusement" both in New York and other places, than they are now.

‡We believe some houses in New York are now carpeted.

§We understand these have been removed to give place to sofas.

old Dutch church, like the new, is built of stone, but is not as large. This one was painted inside, but without images, and ornamented with a small organ, which was donated to the congregation by Governor Burnet. The males nearly all sat on the galleries, and the women below in the church. 4. The Presbyterian church was only newly built, pretty large, of stone, with a steeple and a bell in it. 5. The German Evangelical Church. 6. The German Reformed Church. 7. The French Church, in which worship those Reformed, who on account of their religion, fled from France. 8. The Meeting House of the Quakers. To these may also be added the Jewish Synagogue.

Toward the Sea, at the extreme point of the land, there is a pretty good fortress, which is called Fort George. It can fully command the Harbor, and protect the town against the sudden incursion of an enemy, at least from the direction of the sea. Besides this, on the northern land-side, it is also protected by pile-work; this, however, since there has been for a long time no occasion to fear an enemy, is in various parts pretty much rotted down.

There is no very good water to be found in the town itself. But a little distance out of town there is a beautiful and fine flowing spring, from which the inhabitants fetch all the water which they use for tea, for drinking, and for the better preparation of their victuals. Still such as are less delicate in their taste, use for these purposes the water procured from the wells in town, bad as it is.* On account of this scarcity of good water, the horses of strangers who come to town, especially, suffer much, and they very reluctantly drink that which is taken from the wells.

There is a market held in town, twice a week, nearly in the same manner as in Philadelphia. But there is this inconvenience, that several localities are appointed for this purpose, on which account it happens that what is wanted cannot at all times be procured at one place, but must be sought in different places.

There are two printers in the town. English papers are published weekly, which contain news from all quarters of the world.†

In the summer the inhabitants are at times sufficiently well troubled by flies. These come in part by following into town the hay which is made in the low lands near town, where the grass is saturated by the salt water of the sea; and partly they come by following the cattle which return to the town in the evening. I have as well experienced myself, as seen in others, how very much these insects can disfigure one's face during the night, so that one must be ashamed to appear before the people, seeing the skin is covered all over with blotches.‡

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*We have been informed that the New Yorkers still procure their water for family use, from "a spring outside of town," but we believe it is one farther out than the one mentioned by our author. We are informed also, that the water is no more carried in buckets, but is brought in by an ingenious contrivance which is said to be far more convenient.

†It is said that the number of printers and newspapers, has of late years increased in New York.

‡It is said that the modern New Yorkers have a certain kind of powder, by which such little blemishes of the countenance are nicely covered. Whether flies are still so plenty, we are not able to say.

THE OLD TIME ITINERANTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the last number of the Guardian, we gave a sketch of one of those itinerant Shoemakers who used to travel the circuit in the rural districts of Pennsylvania. We now propose to call attention to one of another craft—the itinerant Blacksmith. For be it considered, that if the boys needed shoes, so did the horses, though of another kind. Besides this, the ploughs needed coulters and shares, the harrows teeth, the wagons and carts tires. Then the axes, hoes and forks, needed fixing up; and, in short, there were fifty things out of order in the various farming implements, which waited for the returning blacksmith.

Most every farmer had his blacksmith shop, and a pretty good set of tools, wherewith all his own work could be easily done. Some eight or ten shops constituted the circuit of one blacksmith, which he travelled with great fidelity and regularity, giving one, two, three or more days to each farmer. It was pleasant if there chanced to be a rainy day in summer, or a snow storm in winter, for "the boys" to spend some time with the blacksmith, to put a rivet in a knife, to make a corn-husker, or to fix some other small matter that belonged to the business and arrangement of the juveniles.

Boys have there fancies; and there was a time, as we well remember, when there prevailed a great taste for a kind of little miniature iron half-moons resembling horse-shoes, which were nicely fastened to the heel of boys' shoes in winter time. Sometimes they were inlaid in the leather of the heel, making a firm enamel around the edge. They were of course neatly made and nicely polished; and to this end the old blacksmith's aid was often necessary in the making of them. Considerable ambition was sometimes manifested in the shops on rainy or snowy days, in the attempt of each juvenile to outdo the other in this business, under the incidental direction of the blacksmith. He was always willing to give instructions; but one rule had to be observed, they must "keep out of his way," and neither disturb his iron in the fire with their heatings, nor use any of the tools which he needed. Good-natured as he was, and always disposed to mingle mery with justice, yet an infringement on this rule would either stop the business of the offender, or perhaps cause his banishment from the shop. For it was well understood, and regarded as right, that the blacksmith was "monarch of all he surveyed," with a perfect right to make such rules as were necessary to protect the proper business of the shop; and we all knew that we were there, not by right, but by indulgence.

The blacksmith was a very useful man in the community. He not only kept the iron matters belonging to the farm in good working order, but at such time as there was no call for such work, he was always willing to turn his hand to any other service. He was especially useful in harvest and hay-making, when his time was often divided between the

shop and the field. In winter he was often found among such as handle the axe and the maul; and whole woods were laid low under his firm and persevering strokes.

Much as we have said and implied to his praise, the blacksmith had one fault. When we think of it, we are always reminded of the story of a certain Elder of the church who had built a new mill. He thought it was without defect; and he took pride in showing it to his friends. Once upon a time he was visited by his Pastor. Knowing the good Pastor's taste for nice works of art, he of course invited him to see his mill. When he had conducted him through all its parts, and pointed out to him all its conveniences and perfections, he asked the Pastor what he thought of it?

"It has *one fault,*" said the Pastor, fixing his eyes on his Elder with solemn earnestness.

"A fault," said the Elder in anxious surprise—"*one fault*—you are the first man that has discovered the least defect in the work. Tell me what it is; no money shall be spared to make it perfect."

"It has one fault," continued the Pastor, looking still more solemn and earnest, "a fault that mars all its other beauties and perfections—a fault that will, in the end, ruin the whole mill—a fault, however, that may prove the ruin of your family, and of yourself, in soul and body, in this life, and that to come!"

"Why, my dear Pastor, you alarm me! Pray tell me what that fault is, and it shall be immediately remedied."

"It runs on Sunday!" meekly said the Pastor, "a most serious fault, and one which will subject either it or yourself to the serious consequences to which I have referred."

"It shall be remedied," said the Elder; "and I am sorry that in my thoughtlessness I did not see it myself. I know it is a fault just as serious as you have represented it, and I thank you for calling my attention to it."

It is said that the Elder sent the first bag of flour to the Pastor that came from the new mill, after that interview; and from that time forth, to its other excellences was added this virtue, that it remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

In like manner, our blacksmith, among all his excellencies, had one serious fault; and one which we fear proved his ruin: *He drank too much liquor!* Every now and then he would betake himself to a fearful spree. The taverns between the different points of his circuit were bad places to him. Often would he arrive a day later than he promised, to the great inconvenience of the farmer who expected him, having not only been detained at these tippling places, but also clearly relieved of all his earnings. When he thus arrived, still drunk, he was never irritable, but always tender, and seemed to find some relief in confessing his fault with tears; and was ready to make promises of amendment, which, however, these tippling houses would sweep away like cob-webs the very next time his business called him to pass them!

When a young man he had been a soldier in the war of 1812; and on one occasion narrowly escaped with his life. When under the influence of liquor, it was only necessary to refer to this fact, to call forth from him a flood of tears. He often felt, deeply felt, his misery; but

how shall the bird escape that is in the snare of the fowler? Various efforts for his deliverance from this destructive habit were made, but all to no purpose. Never shall we forget how he once came to us when, as a boy, we were engaged at some work in the barn. Some of his clothes but barely hung fast to his haggard and wretched looking person. He said he wished to break off from his evil habit; and added that if he could only get a dollar to pay for a pair of pantaloons that were ready for him with the tailor, he would drink no more. We had no doubt of his sincerity. We had a dollar—our only stock and store—and it was not a small fund for a farmer-boy to possess in those days. The bargain was made—we gave him the dollar, and he promised with tears to drink no more. As sincere in his pledge, we believe, as ever man was, he started for the tailor-shop. But he had to pass a tavern! It was too much for him. He was drawn in. He spent the dollar for liquor—and was as wretched as before. Sorry are we to be compelled to relate, that all subsequent efforts to redeem him from the serpent that hung to his vitals, were not any more successful, and the poor blacksmith went down, at last, to a drunkard's grave!

Whether he was a *suicide*, or whether those who tempted his weakness, and caused him to break all his well-intended resolutions, were *murderers*, the day of judgment will determine. One thing we know, that this case of the poor blacksmith fully convinced us of two things: First, that there are many wretched drunkards who truly desire to reform; and would do so, if they were properly sustained by their fellow beings. Secondly, that the only way to sustain them, is to take the temptation out of their way. Hence, we have ever since firmly believed, that the tempter is worse than the tempted; and that it will be more tolerable, even for such poor wretches, in the day of judgment, than for those who, when they would reform, feed their weakness and lead them out of the way.

One thing is certain: selling strong drink makes drunkards; this result, those who sell, either can or cannot prevent; if they can, they are the most miserable wretches in creation for not doing it; if they cannot, they ought to quit a business, the ruinous effects of which they cannot control. Sure we are, that one swift witness against some of them at the day of judgment, will be none other than our poor old blacksmith.

One Hour.—There was once a lad who at fourteen was apprenticed to a soap boiler. One of his resolutions was to read one hour a day, or at least at that rate; and he had an old silver watch, left him by his uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and his master said when he was twenty-one he knew as much as the old squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in seven years, at the rate of an hour a day. It would be twenty-five hundred and fifty-five hours, which, at the rate of eight reading hours a day, would be three hundred and nineteen days, equal to forty-five weeks, equal to eleven months; nearly a years reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for. Try what you can do. Begin now.

A FEW WORDS FOR THE SORROWFUL.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

I SUPPOSE, with regard to the love of rural scenery, it is much the same with my neighbors as with myself; for among the endless variety, the countless grades and shades of disposition among mankind, every one breathes the fresh air of heaven with pleasure; every one gazes on the beauties of creation with delight.

The spring and summer breezes always set my heart beating. The spirit of the country seems to beckon me abroad, and I cannot help revelling in my fancy among knolly green fields and retired lanes, woods and waterfalls.

When Old Humphrey is once surrounded by elms, gnarled oaks, and rural scenes, rich with vegetation; when the mossy green grass is cool under his feet, and the sunlit clouds are bright above his head, his heart dances for joy. All things around him are then felt, indeed, to be the gifts of God, and he pants, as the hart after the water-brooks, to show forth his thankfulness.

No wonder, when spring and summer bring out the verdure and beauty of shrubs and flowers, when they wake the insect tribes to animated life, and call forth the song of joy from the warbling birds, that the heart of man should join the jubilee of creation. Again I say, when the breezes of spring and summer blow, the spirit of the country beckons me abroad.

It was an early hour of the day that I wandered forth, enjoying the wonderous beauty of the earth and skies. I had turned along a retired path, a sort of bridle-way, but little used, except by the owners of the adjoining fields, and by a band of bird-catchers, who have been long accustomed to lime their twigs, to place their cages, and to spread their nets there. Now and then, a solitary rambler, like myself, may be seen, seeking the privacy that the place affords; but with these exceptions, the spot is little frequented; no wonder that the green grass flourishes their in abundance.

In this secluded place, an ass and a horse were grazing. The ass, poor thing, was blind, and the horse seemed to be as heavily afflicted as his lowly companion. No doubt he was the wreck of what he had once been; he had neighed and snorted and arched his proud neck, in his time, and rattled over the ground at a rapid rate. He had, doubtless, been petted and patted, and curried as horses are, when they possess beauty, when their necks are clothed with thunder, and their hoofs are shod with speed; but these things were all over with him. The summer of his life was gone, and his high hips, broken knees, rueful coat, and ribs that might be counted, told a sorrowful tale,

I stood, for some time, looking at him, as he eagerly tore away the fresh grass from the green turf; but it was neither his high hips, his

broken knees, his bare ribs, nor his rueful coat, that made me gaze on him with interest. One of his hind legs was sorely diseased. Whether occasioned by ill usage, hard work, or accident, I cannot say; but he could not set his foot to the ground. Even while he was grazing, he kept raising his diseased limb to an unusual height, evidently in a state of suffering; hardly could he limp forward, when he had closely cropped the herbage within his reach; and when he did so, he laid back his ears, showed the white of his eyes, and exposed his fore-teeth, in a way that spoke eloquently of pain. Poor wretch! thought I; but his days are numbered, his trials are almost over, It is but for a time. *It will not be so always.*

The poor animal, it is true, had only bodily pain to endure; he had no wants to provide for, no yearnings after life, and no fearful forebodings of death; and, therefore, he was mercifully dealt with in the midst of his misery; but the only solid satisfaction that I could fall back upon, was what I have already expressed—the reflection, *It will not be so always.*

This little incident set me thinking on the sorrows of the animal creation, and then on the afflictions of mankind. It was not in a merely sentimental mood that I mused on human trials. No! a strong spirit of affection for my species, of tender compassion for all that mourn, came over me, and my heart yearned to pour oil and balm into the wounds of the stricken, and to bind up all that were bruised and broken.

Why there should be so much sin and suffering in the world has been a puzzling question to many a wiser head than mine. This is a shadowy page in God's providence, that I have pondered with pain. I have mused and mourned over it, and blurred and blotted it with my tears. There are gracious passages in the word of God, however, that throw some light on this dark subject, though it is sometimes awfully mysterious; and their is much consolation afforded to my mind by the conviction, *It will not be so always.*

Always! no! Time is but a span—a speck; and the gloom of the Christian will give way to glory. Shadows shall be exchanged for sunshine, pain for pleasure, and temporary grief for eternal joy. If we only believed in the realities of eternity with the same undoubting confidence that we feel as we gaze on the things of sense, then might we smile at calamity, and rejoice in tribulation.

But there is such a thing (I speak feelingly) as being weak in faith. It is well, therefore, to have a few strong points in creation and revelation to fall back upon in seasons of infirmity. When we doubt the power of God, we should gaze on the sun and the moon suspended in the air, and ask if aught but Almighty power could hang and uphold them there. And when we doubt the mercy and grace of the Redeemer, we should read over again and again these heart sustaining texts:—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come into God by him."

Far be it from me to draw away the heart of any Christian mourner from the blessed promises contained in the Holy Scriptures. These ought to be meat and drink, a refreshing draught and a sustaining cordial to us all; but sometimes a simple, short observation, though lisped by a stammering tongue, or written by a very indifferent pen, may be of service.

If, then, you happen to be afflicted, perhaps you will dwell with me for a moment on the words, *It will not be so always.*

There are very few of God's people who have not some open, or some secret affliction; for the words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," are not a figure of speach, but a literal truth. A man may have hidden troubles as well as hidden treasures, in his strong box, that no one knows of but himself; and this may be your case. We conceal our infirmities and our afflictions, oftentimes, with more jealousy than we hide our money-bags.

Are they not animating words to say to the blind:—"Cheer up, fellow-pilgrim, for your eyes are about to be opened?" To the lame:—"Take courage; the use of your limbs will be soon restored, and you will be enabled to run without weariness, and to walk without fainting?" Are they not enough to make the one or the other sing for joy? Why, then, should not you sing? "The time is short; the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" you are in trial, but, *It will not be so always.*

Whether you are afflicted in the sight or the sinews, the head or the heel; whether you are groping, as the poor ass, or hobbling about like the horse, no matter. Whatever may be your troubles, whether afflicted in mind, bod or estate, take courage. I say, *It will not be so always.*

What are our troubles of yesterday to us to-day? And what will those of to-day be to us to-morrow? But you may think that your troubles are peculiar. Well! what of that? God's people are a peculiar people, and have peculiar support; no wonder that their troubles should be peculiar also. Dwell not upon them, but look forward to peculiar joys. These afflictions—heavy though we think them—spring not from the dust. They are weighed in the balance, and are not a scruple too light or too heavy for your case. Whether for a moment,

> "The heart is mournful or with rapture glows,
> Love holds the scale that metes our joys and woes."

Bear, then, your afflictions patiently, submissively, acquiescently: *It will not be so always.*

If we did but know what our afflictions defend us from, as well as we know what they bring upon us, we should be more reconciled to have them for companions. They may give us pain, and yet be so blest as to afford us peace. They may give a gloom to time, and yet impart a glory to eternity. I have some friends, now, whose afflictions I put into my prayers, not that they may be removed, for that might or might not be a blessing; but that they may be among the "all things" that work together for the good of God's people.

When I began these homely observations, I hoped to make them better worth your acceptance, but I have found before now, to my mortification, that strong sympathy has oftentimes none but very weak language at its command. You must give me credit for my thoughts being better than my words; and taking what comfort you can under your afflictions, from the remembrance that, *It will not be so always*, look steadily, hopefully, and trustfully to the God of all consolation, who hath said, "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoary hairs I will carry you." "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

THE GREEK AND LATIN LANGUAGES.

THEIR UTILITY IN A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

BY HON. A. L. HAYES.

THE agency of Grecian and Roman authors in the revival of letters in modern Europe, must forever commend them to the veneration of enlightened minds, throughout the world The recovery of the gems of ancient literature, from the cells of the monasteries in which they had been for ages immured and preserved from the Barbarian Spoilers of the Roman Empire, roused at once the dormant energies of the European intellect, and served more than any other cause to dispel the thick darkness which followed the desolating irruptions of the Goths into Italy. Such was the admiration excited by this resurrection of ancient genius, that for centuries after, all other studies and literary occupation were deemed trivial and unimportant. The works of the Greek and Roman poets, historians and philosophers, were thought to comprise whatever was desirable for the accomplishment of the understanding and the improvement of morals. They were dignified with the appellation of humanities, *litera humaniores*, implying their superior, if not exclusive, excellence; and whoever dedicated themselves to the study of them, received the corresponding title of *humanists*, as exhibiting the meliorating influence of their pursuits:

Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.

The progress of the useful arts, compelled at length some degree of attention in the systems of education to mathematical and physical studies, but the text-books of the sciences were for a long time published and studied in Latin, which continued until no very remote period past, to be the exclusive language of scientific and philosophical treatises. With the gradual improvement of the modern languages of Europe, a party was formed, who from denying the propriety of learning the sciences in a foreign tongue, proceeded to question the utility of making the ancient and dead languages an object of general education; contending that the period devoted to the acquisition of Greek and Latin would be much better employed in acquiring the mathematical and physical sciences, and the many branches of daily useful knowledge. In contradistinction to the Humanists, these were called Philanthropists.

Both, as adverse parties generally do, pushed their peculiar dogmas to opposite extremes, whilst truth and reason occupied their appropriate sphere in the midst.

The controversy has been maintained with ability on each side, and with the occasional appearance of some champions on the extreme wing of the Philanthropists, whose position there has caused us, in the language of King David, "to drink the wine of astonishment." In this remark, however, we would not be understood to allude to the late Stephen Girard, who declined to recommend the introduction of the Greek

and Latin Languages into his College for Orphans, and much less to that sapient committee which objected to aid, solicited on behalf of Academies and Colleges, on the ground that they were aristocratic institutions! It is probable that the maintenance of classical literature in our seminaries will continue to encounter opponents, not merely indifferent, but hostile altogether to the tuition of the ancient languages, and who deem the time bestowed upon their acquisition as little better than absolutely wasted.

We disclaim any partisanship on this subject; we repudiate all extreme views; but while we freely concede the inexpediency of an exclusive devotion, or the same attention to the Greek and Latin that was necessary when they were the only avenues to science, we nevertheless hold that there cannot be any substitute or equivalent for these languages, and that they cannot be superseded without irreparable injury to the cause of education and of mind.

Without falling into the error of supposing that the immature minds of the very young cannot reason at all, we would equally avoid the mistake (unfortunately too much carried into practice) of imagining that they are capable of extended processes of mathematical, philosophical, or metaphysical reasoning, or the just apprehension of abstract propositions. The mind begins very early to form judgments, but then its reasonings are limited by its means of comparison, which are necessarily simple, being furnished, for the most part, by the immediate impressions of external objects. Though active, its excursions are short; though it reasons frequently, yet the links in the chains of its deduction are few and plain. The power of generalization is still wanting; hence its inaptitude to comprehend abstract definitions. It requires exercises suited to its feebleness in order to develop its faculties: such exercises, it should be the object of a proper course of instruction to supply. The best education is that which provides the best means for this purpose.

During the tender years, say from nine to fourteen, whilst the mind as well as the body is incapable of the severe and protracted exertions adapted to the maturity of manhood; whilst its powers are still feeble, and its faculties unfolded, I more than doubt whether those studies, which are considered as intimately related to the business of life, can be usefully or judiciously inculcated. The rules of arithmetic and algebra, the problems of geometry, mensuration and surveying, may, like any other abstractions, be conned over and committed to memory—all to little purpose. Being imperfectly comprehended at so early an age, the knowledge thus acquired, vanishes with the recollection of the words in which it was conveyed: *haud inexpertus loquor.* No course of studies has ever been suggested or devised, which is so well suited to this period of youth, as that of the Latin and Greek languages. The daily routine of the exercises gives such wholesome employment to the faculties, as by tasking them not overmuch, is best adapted to their growth and development. The memory is regularly and constantly exerted in a manner very effectually to improve what Quintillian calls its two-fold virtue—*facile percipere et fideliters continere*—its easy or ready reception and faithful retention. By the analysis of words and sentences in ascertaining their proper construction, suitable exercise is

furnished to this faculty, as well as to the judgment and reason, every application of a grammatical rule employed for that purpose, being a true and simple deduction of logic which the young mind with moderate diligence can easily comprehend; whilst the selection from many and various definitions, of that which is best adapted to render the meaning of the author, involves a consideration of the subject matter and the context, well calculated to sharpen the sagacity and increase the vigor of the intellect. Add to this, the imagination in the study of the classics is excited and gratified by the most pleasing and splended imagery, and the moral sense is exercised in the contemplation of examples of filial piety, heroic fortitude, devoted patriotism, and God-like justice, which have crowned humanity with the brightest lustre. The understanding and affections being thus nourished "with food convenient for them," are gradually expanded with the natural growth of the body, and with it attain a sound maturity, more likely to produce good fruit, than if forced to premature luxuriance by any hot-bed process of modern invention. The fact, that in the most powerful and civilized nations, these two languages have, for many centuries, been adopted in their highest seminaries, as an essential part of the instruction of youth, is only to be accounted for by the intrinsic excellence of the discipline itself.

Academical instruction must of necessity be elementary. The notion that youth can be qualified, either in primary schools or colleges, to assume at once the practice of any of the professions or callings of active life, surprises by its extreme simplicity! The real business of men, being made up of practical and minute details, can only be learned by daily familiarity with them, by frequent manipulation—by seeing and handling—in short, by constant experience in business itself. This proposition is so clear that it would seem to require no illustration; but, in truth, the idea to which we have adverted, has influenced very considerably the opinion of those who condemn the study of the ancient languages. Hear, for instance, the speculation of the ingenious and philosophical George Combe, Esquire, of Edinburg. "A young lady," says he, "who can draw a very handsome cottage, could not rear a fabric corresponding to it. She is not an architect; and the difference between her and an architect consists in this, that she is defective in all the practical knowledge, skill and experience which are indispensable to render her design an actual house. A scholar in Greek and Latin, is not a man of business, for a similar reason. He is not instructed in that knowledge of affairs and things that exist—the knowledge of which constitutes practical business." Hence, this author most illogically infers, that those languages ought not to form a part of the course of instruction in seminaries of learning. Why not by the same reasoning and pursuing his own argument, exclude geometry, mathematics and the science of architecture, since the young lady or any one else who has acquired a proficiency therein, would still be unable to rear a fabric, without first obtaining the indispensable practical knowledge, skill, and experience? Unquestionably all that education in institutions of learning ever proposed to teach—all that they can teach, are the rudiments of that knowledge and the principles of those sciences which are con-

nected with the duties of life and the affairs of the world; and it is no objection to say, that a student, however well accomplished in these rudiments and principles, is unable to build a house, construct a bridge, or a steam engine, write a sermon, plead a cause, or heal the diseases "that flesh is heir to." It is enough, if by means of such culture, he can learn to perform all these things, both much sooner and much better than he could possibly do without it; which as the legitimate result of education, candor must ever concede.

But the utility of these studies is not confined to their adaptation to the youthful mind and its healthy development. They are eminently beneficial in assisting us to the attainment of an accurate knowledge of our own language; for it may be truly affirmed, that the easiest and readiest way of thoroughly learning the English, is by acquiring the Greek and Latin tongues. The structure of those languages is so regular and systematic—the connections and analogies are so marked and conspicuous—as to present the best illustration of the general principles of philology common to all languages, and with which the student in mastering these, necessarily makes himself familiar. The advantages of a knowledge of the modern European languages, especially the French, Spanish, Italian and German, are indisputable. The three former being offsprings of the Latin, half the labor of their acquisition is saved to the student who is acquainted with the parent language; and the same habits of study which have conquered the difficulties of the ancient languages, will have smoothed the path to the acquisition of the latter.

Most of the sciences which have grown up in modern times, have their nomenclatures framed from the Greek and Latin. Botany, for instance, derives its terminology from the Latin, and chemistry its terminology from the Greek. Law and medicine are much indebted to the same sources, for most of their technical terms. Without contending that a knowledge of the ancient languages is indespensable to one who would make himself master of any of these sciences, it were vain to deny that such knowledge would greatly facilitate his progress and impart superior accuracy to his acquirements.

With respect to those professions which depend chiefly upon the cultivation of the intellect, education in these languages affords to the student, not only much auxiliary knowledge, but the mental discipline which is equivalent to dexterity in the mechanic arts; so that like the musician who applies himself to some new instrument, he finds in all his previous acquirements and skill, invaluable facilities for his new undertaking.

From the mutual relation and dependence of the arts and sciences, he who begins the study of the former, with a knowledge of the principles upon which they are founded, and which it is the business of the latter to inculcate, has already mastered the principal difficulty. He has the same advantage over one who enters upon his task without such knowledge that the mariner, acquainted with navigation, and having a compass, has over another, who with no knowledge of the principles of navigation, attempts his voyage without either chart or compass to direct his course. This may, indeed, be considered as answering the objection as if it were urged against education in general. And is not

that the character of the objection? For where can the business of life be taught, except where it is transmitted—in the office, the workshop, the counting-house, or the field?

To the obvious and practical uses of the learned languages, as a part of a liberal education, may be added other and yet higher recommendations. Among ancient nations, the Greeks and Romans are those who have left the most enduring monuments of their wisdom and virtue. Many of the arts which are allowed by all to do the greatest honor to human genius, were carried by them to a height of excellence which has never been surpassed. The remains of their architecture and sculpture, have been sought as invaluable treasures; and the most ambitious efforts of succeeding generations, have hardly aimed beyond a successful imitation of those incomparable models. The Greek literature contains the most perfect poems, dramas, orations, philosophical treatises and histories; and the language itself, is, according to the universal opinion of the learned, the most copious, flexible, regularly constructed and sonorous, that has ever graced the tongue or the pen. In Greece was first attained a knowledge of the principles of human freedom: there the problem of the capacity of large communities to govern themselves without tyrants, kings, or masters under any other name, was originally demonstrated. It was to the spirit of enlightened freedom that their wonderful achievment in arts and arms may be ascribed. It was this that produced that illustrious race of statesmen, poets, generals, philosophers, statuaries and architects, who have shed an imperishable lustre upon her name, and made her the instructress of Europe and the world. It was the instinct of her well informed democracy, to assign the first places in the State to men of the greatest renown for talents and worth, conscious that by such means only, their title to self-government could be vindicated. They knew that their prosperity depended upon the ability and integrity with which their affairs were administered; and conceding to rulers the homage due to the chosen depositories of the national authority, they willingly yielded to their mandates the obedience required by the laws. Such was Greece in the brief and brilliant period of her highest glory, when Attica gave light and guaranteed liberty to her sister States, and her citizens were regarded as princes in other lands. The result was seen in the matchless energy with which a people, small in numbers, inhabiting a territory of limited extent, overcame the most powerful monarchies and dispersed the largest armies that were ever arrayed upon the field of battle.

Nor is the argument deducible from the history and literature of Rome of inferior validity. The Roman history is even more important, in some respects, than the Grecian. The events are better ascertained, and the naratives more authentic. We have a nearer view of the Romans, who were the last link of the ancient world, with which the moderns immediately connect; and the rise, progress, and decay of their Empire, afford the most striking illustration of the advantages resulting from the practice of fortitude, justice, patriotism, industry and temperance, and the misery and degradation which ensue upon the neglect of these manly virtues. Another important lesson is furnished by this history; it is the instability of empire founded upon conquest. The spirit of conquest was the soul of the Roman policy. Amidst all their internal changes and convulsions, they

preserved and persevered in a constant determination to acquire universal dominion. They elected their kings—they expelled them; they chose consuls, elected decemvirs, substituted tribunes, and finally they surrendered their liberty to the Cesars. A contest for privileges between the patricians and plebeians, was long carried on with various success. Dictators seized the government and deluged the streets of Rome with the blood of her citizens. But under every condition of prosperous or adverse fortune, this warlike people looked forward to the subjugation of foreign States. They had organized conquest; and from an inconsiderable tribe collected upon the banks of the Tiber, where they founded their great city, having grown into a mighty nation, they extended their arms far and wide, so that in seven hundred years their eagles had penetrated every known region, and Rome became the undisputed mistress of the world. Mark what followed. The wealth of plundered nations, accumulated in Rome and Italy, corrupted the citizens, who sold their freedom; and those legions, whose disciplined valor had subdued every enemy, next turned their arms upon their own country, seized the government and exposed it at auction to the highest bidder. When they, in their turn, sank under the enervating influence of luxury, they fell an easy prey to the hardy barbarians of the north, who ravaged Italy with fire and sword; and in far less time, than that in which the Romans had reared their mighty Empire, the entire fabric was tumbled into ruins by the rude shock of their Gothic invaders. But *arme cedant togæ, concedat laurea linguæ.* The stern conquerors of Rome, though they annihilated her power, succumbed to her wisdom. Her jurisprudence was adopted to regulate their civil administrations, and to this day it continues to be the foundation of the civil codes over all the continent of Europe.

A most essential advantage derivable from the cultivation of this ancient literature, its adaptation to the forming of sound intellectual habits and a correct taste. The works put into the students' hands are the productions of those who were considered by their cotemporaries as the most gifted, prudent and virtuous of men; and that judgment has been confirmed by every succeeding age. The perusal of an author in a foreign language, exacts a more minute survey of his sentiments, than the reading of the same ideas expressed in our own. It is not possible to be conversant for years with such minds, without becoming familiar with their modes of thinking and imbued with their thoughts. The ancient wisdom, in the process of study, is thus transfused in various degrees into the minds of ingenious students, and by a species of intellectual amalgamation is made their own. Those works which have stood the test of time and chance, and change, and have always been regarded as the true standards of style have, by furnishing the best exemplars of composition in the various fields of literature, imparted all that rhetoric can teach for enabling us to give a just expression to our conceptions. As in building, the Grecian and Roman orders are deemed to have left nothing to be desired, and are constantly appealed to for determining the propriety of architectural proportions, so in criticism, any new production is estimated according to those immortal compositions which universal consent for more than ten centuries has established as the true classical staudards of taste and fine writing. The benefits resulting

from the possession of such models, are incalculable. There is no possibility of saying to what the extravagancies of fashion and fancy, and the eccentricity of peculiar humors might lead, if these examples were not always at hand to warn us against a departure from nature, of which the ancients were accurate observers, and in conformity to which, or, in other words, *in simplicity*, that last perfection of style they chiefly excelled. The tendency to deviate in the minor and obvious essentials of our language, with respect to which all admit the necessity of permanent rules, is constantly perceived in new-fangled terms and phrases, new orthography and new systems of orthoep . Such efforts demonstrate the *cacoethes mutandi*, (the disease of our times ;) but the higher qualities of style are not under the protection of the same constant and ready perception of utility. These are left to the guardianship of cultivated taste and learned criticism, whose canons are founded on the productions of classic genius in the two ancient languages under consideration. "I am persuaded," (said the able and judicious Dr. Blair,) "that in proportion as the ancients are generally studied and admired, or are unknown and disregarded, in any country, good taste and good composition will flourish and decline."

THE VENAL PRESS.

O, e conductors of a Venal press!
The bane of morals and the land's disgrace,
Who write for part , pelf, or present fame,
Alike unmindful, if you praise or blame;
Who dail , weekly, send our thousan s round,
In which all shades of sentiment are found,
Robed in charit error to defend,
And ever thing but virtue finds a friend—
Sheets filled with garbled, false reports of news,
Low party rancor, venomous abuse;
The libel uttered to relieve the spleen,
The fling at piet , the tale obscene—
A fount of evils, a perennial curse,
Than all the works of other sinners, worse.
When these have served the purpose you intend,
You hope, perhaps, their influence may end.
Ye reckless Caterers! ah, know you not
Who writes gives immortality to thought?
Secured a ike from acci ent or age,
Is every word: th' imperishable page
Of myriad minds the record will make known,
When blazing in the light of you dread throne;
Nor other book assembled words shall need
The sentence of your infamy to read.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground!
But in Home's holy joys, again
An Eden may be found.

DREAMS OF THE BIBLE.

BY R. P. T.

JACOB'S DREAM.

THE first dream recorded in the Bible, deserving of our attention, is that of the Patriarch who has left his name impressed upon his kindred, both of the flesh and of the Church, as the chosen of God. So that, in view of its sacred associations, as well as its own intrinsic glories, it may justly be regarded as one of the most interesting and instructive on Divine record. It is thus related by the inspired penman:

"And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the Angels of God ascending and descending on it. And b hold the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east, and to the north and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And, behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."—GEN. 28: 10-15.

This carries conclusive evidence in itself that it was not "all a dream." It is true that in the most ordinary course of things, it might have happened that Jacob should dream under the peculiar circumstances of the case. Both his mind and body, we may reasonably infer, were in just that tired and restless state which would naturally predispose him to such an experience. He was an exile from his father's house, journeying towards Syria, a strange land, over a strange and unfrequented road—fleeing for his life before the murderous hatred of his brother Esau—dwelling most intently, no doubt, upon the recent occurrences that drove him to his lonely wanderings—exhausted by the more than two-score miles of travel through the day—and with the hard stones whereon to pillow his aching head; it is not wonderful that his midnight slumbers should be disturbed by dreams. Yet, after all this, there is no way of satisfactorily accounting for what really transpired, save as we give place to the miraculous overshadowing of the Most High, and the full claims of a supernatural revelation.

Behold the young patriarch, then, as he lies wrapt in his night's repose. Behold that thoughtful, intelligent face—"itself a dream of beauty—the vast silent desert, stretching like eternity around—the stone pillar shining like a lump of gold in the radiance—and the undefined blaze of splendor (like a ladder, mountain or stair; the original word is uncertain,) rising up in brightening gradations, till lost in one abyss of crudded glory, and with angelic shapes swimming up and down like

motes of light in the liquid lustre." Though dismal and dreary that spot must have appeared to Jacob when he first surveyed it, as promising but little comfort to his aching limbs in

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

Yet he had cause to look back to this as the happiest night's repose on earth. He then realized by sweet experience what every devoted servant of God is made to feel at some stage of his earthly pilgrimage—that the more destitute and needy we are, the more richly does the compassionate Father of Israel dispense his comforts and blessings. He will make the rocky, and even the dying bed,

"Feel soft as downy pillows are,"

to those who cast their cares and burdens upon Him. He transformed this unsightly spot in the wilderness into a very ante-chamber of heaven —where the slumbering exile not only fellowshipped with angels, but held converse with the Almighty as a friend would talk with friend.

At first view it does seem strange that, so soon after his treachery to his brother, Jacob should be admitted, as a special favor of Heaven, to such a beatific vision. But the Lord pities those that fear Him—and perhaps at no time more so than when, by the subilty and instigation of the devil, they are led into sin. So that beneath all the outward show of deception and fraud that he had practiced, agreeably to the suggestions and schemes of his doting mother, there must have welled up from his bosom, amid all the palliating circumstances, a living fountain of repentance, love and trust to the God of his fathers.

The interest of this particular feature in the life of Jacob is enhanced on account of the prophesies involved, which form one of the connecting links in the organic development of the church, between Abraham as the father of the faithful, and his children of the New Dispensation. Indeed, everything connected with this long and eventful life, is full of the most intense and thrilling interest ; but to follow this in detail would lead us far beyond our present purpose.

The distinguishing characteristic of this dream is the *ladder* upon which angels were seen ascending and descending This is intended to illustrate the intimate and telegraph-like intercourse continually kept up between heaven and earth. We see this in the Providence of God, as well as in the freer, richer dispensations of His grace. The angels are God's messengers, who descend to execute His divine commissions, and ascend to report the result of their embassay. Some are wont to see in this transaction the tutelar angels of Canaan ascending after having accomplished their mission of escorting Jacob safely out of their land, and the angels of Syria descending to convey him onward into their realms. We are disposed to regard this interpretation, however, as more consonant with poetic imagery, than with any just exposition of the text. But whatever be the true representation, we are assured by the Apostle, in the clearer light of the Gospel, that "angels are ministering spirits sent forth from God to minister unto those who shall finally be heirs of salvation." This truth is further exemplified in the case of Jacob, when on his return from Padan-aram, we are told, that they met him in such numbers at Mahanaim, that he called them "God's host." Gen. 32 ;

1, 2. Then again, we have him wrestling with an angel all night at Peniel, which secured to him the blessing commemorated by the change of his name from Jacob to Israel.

Again, the ladder is taken to represent Christ's mediation as the God-man, the ends respectively signifying His human and divine natures, united in the incarnation—or as representing His humiliation and exaltation. To this idea the words of the Saviour are applicable: "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open and the angels ascending and descending *upon* the son of man." Agreeably to this, all the intercourse that has existed between heaven and earth since the fall, has been by this ladder. And the Lord, speaking from the top of this ladder, would signify that all the glad tidings received from heaven have been through Christ.

The promises made were, partly, to repeat and ratify those previously made to Abraham and Isaac, and partly to assure Jacob of particular individual favors and blessings. He then received an undisputable title to the land upon which he was lying, as an inheritance for his children, which should become in numbers like the stars of heaven, the dust of the earth and the sand upon the sea-shore. He was also assured of personal protection and prosperity withersoever he went, and that through his posterity a perennial fountain of blessing was to be opened up for all the families of the earth.

The effect this remarkable dream had upon the dreamer is worthy of note. On waking out of sleep, he was overpowered with indescribable awe. So that, instead of being elated with feelings of vain-glory by such an honorable and enviable recognition from the King of Kings, he was afraid; and forgetting himself in the grand conceptions inspired by a sense of the Divine presence, he could only say, "How dreadful is the place!" Under such impressions, he could not well do otherwise than show some signs of most devout worship—standing as he was, though in the midst of a howling wilderness, in "the house of God," and the very "gate of heaven." For this he needed no tabernacle. He erected a rude altar, by setting up his stony pillow and pouring thereon the consecrating oil. Connected with this priestly act, he changed the name of the place from Luz, signifying an almond tree, to the now more appropriate one of Bethel—house of God. Abraham was accustomed to build altars wherever the lord appeared unto him So Jacob, in the absence of the means to erect one at the time, laid as it were the *corner stone,* consecrating it with the vow that here, too, such an altar should stand. This vow he made good on his return.

The effect this dream should have upon us, and the lessons to be learned from it are manifold. One of the principal objects for Jacob leaving his parents was, to seek a wife from among others than the wicked Canaanites, from whom Esau had disobediently made such an injudicious selection. Would that all those who leave the parental roof, with a similar object in view, would imitate this illustrious example, so that, if possible, all our sons and daughters might be married only "in the Lord."

The interesting communion between the Lord and Jacob in the wilderness, teaches us that God is not restricted in His dealings with men; that at all times and in all places—in the lonely desert, as well as in the

crowded city or consecrated church, He is waiting to be gracious to those who trust to Him for protection and mercies. The intercourse with angels, too, should make us feel that, in all probability, they are also our constant attendants, and that we are continually surrounded by a similar "cloud of witnesses," who ascend to heaven either to cause joy over the conversion of sinners, or to report the sad failure of their ministrations of love; for

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."
> * * * * And, "Oft in bands,
> While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
> With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
> In full harmonic numbers joined their songs,
> Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

The encouraging promises to Jacob, should remind us of similar promises to all the sons of Jacob, which are drawn out in fairer, brighter lines by that same Almighty hand, amid the superior glories of the gospel dispensation.

The setting up of the pillar of stone should teach us the desirableness, if not the absolute importance, of erecting similar mementoes all along the pathway of life, to remind us at every turn, in the midst of our forgetfulness, of our solemn vows and obligations to God. Especially significant do such remembrances seem, when associated with our solemn consecration to God by the laying on of hands—and wherever God appears to us in the more signal displays of His mercies. Though we have no such way-marks suggested now by the visible ministry of angels, yet we have them still more plainly set before us in the instituted ordinances of God's house, and by the operations of the Holy Spirit.

Jacob's pilgrimage was, for the part, through the dim light and passing shadows of dream-land; yet, clothed with honor and glory, he was gathered in peace to his fathers. Our pilgrimage is beneath the unclouded skies and noon-day sun of a perfect revelation; may our end be like his.

THE TWO ANGELS.

> THERE are two angels that attend unseen
> Each one of us, and in great books record
> Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
> The good ones, after every action closes
> His volume, and ascends with it to God.
> The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
> 'Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
> The record of the action fades away,
> And leaves a line of white across the page.
> Now if my act be good, as I believe it,
> It cannot be recalled. It is already
> Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.
> The rest is yours. LONGFELLOW.

HOME.

BY C. E. A.

WHAT music in the sound; what volumes in that word. How full of meaning, how fraught with bright and hallowed recollections. The very name sends a thrill of joy to the heart and inspires the soul with new hopes and brighter prospects, to go forward in the path that duty has marked out for us, and we go onward, and onward, still trusting in Him, without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground. The very thought that *we are* away from our Father's house, has a tendency to bring into the heart, a feeling of loneliness, and almost sadness. And though we meet with kind words, and loving smiles at every step, still thoughts of *home* will come "booming" across the ocean of memory, and steal into the heart, and pervade it, as gentle zephyrs play among the summer leaves. And in fancy, we go back again, to the loved home, and live over our childish days, and then again comes the parting scene; we feel the pressure of the parting kiss, and the warm grasp of the hand, and hear the trembling farewells spoken; and then we awake from our senses to find us still *away from home*, a *wanderer* in a strange land, without a friend to encourage us, or help us to bear the burden that presses with crushing weight upon the weary heart. Ah! 'tis then, when friends forsake us, and turn coldly from us, that this weary homesick feeling comes over the soul, such utter loneliness, and we are found to cry out in the bitterness of our hearts, let me go *home*, and we ardently long for the hour of our departure, when we can say, I *am* going home. "Home, sweet home, there is no place like home;" this is the song that flows spontaneously from every heart; and how often we have experienced its solemn teachings. Oh! in a cold world like this, how often we miss the little kindnesses of home; they are little in themselves, but they add, oh so much to our happiness. How we miss a mother's tender care, and soothing words, when sickness and affliction lay their hand upon us; and when wearied, worn out nature sinks beneath its load, how few to minister to our relief; scarcely a smile is given, in this selfish world of ours, but it must be paid for, if not in dollars and cents, it is required in stern, cruel labor, and from those too, who call themselves friends, and even christians. Oh! what a violation of the plain commands of a pure and holy God, Love to God and our fellow men, or even of the golden rule. They forget the greatest of all Christian graces—*charity*—without which all others will profit nothing. Oh! how man is degenerating from year to year. *Selfishness* and gain, seems written on almost every face, as he presses forward in the eager pursuit of gold. Sometimes in our eagerness to see "the world," and go forth to partake of its pleasures, that we hold out so temptingly, we forget, and indeed are unwilling to believe that this feeling of delight will not continue always. We forget that every earthly pleasure has its sorrow, every rose its thorn. We are apt to judge the feelings of others, by our own hearts. But alas, "all is not gold that glitters."

Sad experience soon teaches us a sterner lesson; soon gives us to understand that we are looked upon as intruders, by those to whom, in the simplicity of our hearts, we have looked up for a home, and a place in their hearts as our rightful due. Ah! how soon we feel the change as we pass the warm embraces of our parents, out upon the world's broad stage, to engage in the battle of life; how soon we are thrown upon our own resources, to struggle and toil for the meagre pittance that is grudgingly allowed us for incessant labor. Oh! cruel, cold hearted world, how seldom, we find one in all thy crowded thoroughfares, who can feel as they ought for the friendless, homeless one; or who ever desires to know the bitter sorrows and disappointments to which they are continually exposed. Few know, with what crushing weight a cold or thoughtless word falls upon the already bleeding heart, as it sadly whispers—away from him.

No wonder then, that the heart pines for home, and memories of the past will come crowding in upon us, like a strange, wild dream. Or come welling up within the soul, like a clear pure fountain, filling us with joy, and peace, amid firmer hope of reaching, after all our sorrows and toil, "our Father's house." And so it is with the weary Christian here on life's tempestuous sea. How often this frail bark of ours seems lost beneath the waves of sorrow and disappointment, the little star that guides seems hidden in the distance, and we fear and tremble; but soon the star of hope appears, and we mount upon the waves, and sail calmly amidst the roaring breakers and the dashing billows, for *our father* is at the helm; we hear his voice above the noisy tempest, and he will guide us safely to the home of eternal rest, "our Father's house."

And as coldness, and hardship, and false friends cause us to long and pine for our earthly home, so the trials and heart-chilling disappointments of this life, only drive us nearer to *Him*, who, in tender accents hath said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Lo I am with thee always. I will *never* leave *thee* nor forsake thee." Oh! what precious, soul-cheering promises; how sweet, how encouraging to the weary, fainting pilgrim. And how his faith brightens; his hope becomes stronger, his step firmer, as he thinks of his Father's house, his *home* above, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

What though we must toil here, and struggle hard to win the prize, it will only make our rest more sweet, our songs of praise loftier. And did not the sinless Son of God himself toil and suffer here in the same cold world? And was it not for us, who were his enemies, he died and rose again? And now he speaks to us in cheering words, "fear not, for I have overcome the world," and 'tis your *Father's* good pleasure to give you the Kingdom. O, why do we sometimes repine, and think our lot is hard? Can we not endure a little for the glory that awaits us, in a brighter world, in the home above. How meekly, how uncomplainingly, the Saviour suffered *all* for us. Oh! why can we not ever say, "Thy will be done."

Let us try to bear with patience and resignation, all the ills of life; knowing that all will work together, for good to those who love the Lord, and when our toils and cares should end on earth, we shall be welcomed *home* to our Father's house.

THE SILENT WEEK.

BY THE EDITOR.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

"Die Stille Woche"—the Silent Week, is the expressive name given by our forefathers to the week preceeding Easter, the solemn week which includes in it Good Friday, the day which commemorates our Saviour's suffering on the cross. It was regarded proper by them that this memorable week should be spent in silent meditation and in solemn, deep fellowship with our Saviour's sufferings. Nothing becomes us so well at this season as silence. "Commune with thine own heart and be still," is an exhortation always appropriate; but it is especially so when we gather in humble penitence and adoring faith around the cross.

The sufferings of Christ are too great for words. No scene is more difficult to describe; and the most eloquent attempt is often felt to be the greatest failure. It is but little we can assist one another in this way. The height and the depth of that amazing mystery is not to be reached by our poor words. The holy Evangelists, themselves, make no attempt to describe the scene beyond the solemn simplicity of narrating the facts. It is well; for all embellishment of language would only have obscured what it would thus have attempted to reveal. The same must be true, in a still greater degree of any endeavors on the part of uninspired lips and pens. As in many other cases, still more truly here, is silence far more expressive than the best chosen words.

How appropriately then is this solemn time named the Silent Week. Let it be a time for silent devotion—for silent penitential grief on account of those sins "which nailed Him to the tree"—for silent adoration in view of that love which caused the favorite of heaven to become on earth a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—for silent sympathy with the sorrows of Him who for us became obedient to death, even the death of the cross. Let it be a time for silent meditation on His strong crying and tears, the heavy troubles of His life, the grief and anguish of his soul, His agony and bloddy sweat, His cross and passion, His bonds and scourgings, His crown of thorns and ignominious crucifixion, His sacred words and precious blood, His atoning death, rest in the grave, and glorious resurrection.

When the solemn anniversary day of Christ's passion can be regarded as an ordinary day, to be spent in the ordinary spirit of secular life, there is reason to fear that a true sense of the reality of His suffering is sadly absent. If in a civil point of view, national anniversaries are the conservators of the national patriotism, how much more so must these days which commemorate the sublime facts of redemption have a living connection of the reality of those events in our faith and feeling. As Calvary, the spot on which those sufferings transpired can never be an ordinary spot to the believing heart, though long desecrated by unhallowed feet, so the day which commemorates the annual return of those suf-

ferings can never become to the Christian heart an ordinary day. It is a want of the pious heart toward which it will ever turn; and sympathy with the thoughts and feelings it brings will ever be pleasant though mournful to the soul.

Besides, meditations on the sufferings of Christ must ever constitute a main element in a healthy piety. There is reason to fear that this feature of sound piety has in the latest times too much yielded to mere religious sentimentalism. The latter sermons and practical writings do not so much abound in it as was the case in former times. How precious in this particular is the old wine compared with the new. How the old Hymns abound in deep sympathy with our Saviour's passion! As a specimen we may take several verses from the celebrated Passion Hymn of Gerhardt.

"O sacred head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down:
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine."

"What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace."

"What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee."

"And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish,
Amid the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By Thine own pain and woe!"

SPRING.

Come to us; for thou art
Like the fine love of children, gentle Spring:
Touching the sacred feeling of the heart,
Or like a virgin's pleasant welcoming;
And thou dost ever bring
A tide of gentle but resistless art
Upon the heart.

BOOK NOTICES.

APPLETON'S NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. VOL V. From Chartreuse-Cougar. Edited by George Ripley and Charles Dana: New York, Appleton & Co. and London: 16 Little Britain. 1859. pp. 770.

No one person can know all things—not even a Master of Arts. This fact we have firmly believed ever since the time we first discovered that there were some things which even "the Schoolmaster" did not know. If this has been so thus far, the case is daily becoming more hopeless, as the world, with its arts, sciences, and various circles of human knowledge, is enlarging at a rate unprecedented in our previous history. We are inclined to think that Masters of Arts will become fewer in numbers every day; and that the time is coming, yea now is, when M. S., Master of Somethings, will be a title sufficiently honorable for most of persons. For the reason now stated, we hail Cyclopedias as true friends of the care worn student—and especially this NEW one, which brings down its subjects so fully to the present time. Many thanks to the laborious Editors who have furnish us within comfortable reach the vast treasures of past and present wisdom. A feeling of comfort comes over us as one volume after another of this magnificent work (each volume treating over two thousand subjects) takes its place on our shelves. We have examined the present volume with great satisfaction; and finding those subjects in regard to which we feel ourselves best qualified to judge, full, correct, and judicious, our confidence in the integrity of the whole work is firmly established. This good opinion is farther confirmed by the list of contributors to the first five volumes, which is given in this volume, covering six pages, including many of the best known scholars in this country and England. This fact, as well as the character of the articles, gives assurance that this is not an ephemeral work, but destined to the honor and place of a standard Cyclopedia. Its merits justify us in recommending it to scholars as a most important work of reference, and to general readers, whose library resources are limited, as a library in itself. The work can be procured, as each volume appears, from Elias Barr & Co., Lancaster, Pa.

INFANT SALVATION IN ITS RELATION TO INFANT DEPRAVITY, INFANT REGENERATION AND INFANT BAPTISM. By J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston, 1859, pp. 182.

This little work furnishes a practical discussion of the four subjects indicated in the the title in as many sections. The subjects treated, are in themselves deeply interesting, especially to parents, and have lately atracted fresh attention. The relation of Christianity to the infant world in its various bearings has, during a few years past, been made the subject of earnest articles in the Theological Reviews of different denominations, and also the subject of a number of lately published books. These last have been rather of a consolatory than theological character, while the former, more scientific, have narrowed too much around single points of controversy to be of much theological value. This treatise of Dr. Bomberger, though as we have said, practical in its aims, discusses several theological points connected with the general subjects which have been too much overlooked. It is gotten up in beautiful style, printed on large clear type and good paper, which renders it very agreeable to the eye; and the plain popular style in which the author treats his subjects, and the many important practical thoughts in which it abounds cannot fail to make it profitable to the reader. Christian parents, whether their children are still with them, or have departed, will find instruction and consolation in these pages.

ENDLESS PUNISHMENT. A Special Discourse delivered February 6, 1859. By Rev. D. Gans, Harrisburg, Pa. Harrisburg, 1859. pp. 32.

This is an able discourse, and we are not surprised that the congregation which heard it desired its publication. Mr. Gans lays firm and heavy strokes on that loose, practical infidelity which, in a careless and irresponsible way, hangs fast to mere fragments of truth, ignoring the whole from which the fragment has been broken.

THE GUARDIAN.

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OLD MEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE know an old man in regard to whom we have had many serious thoughts. As often as we have seen him we are immediately set on a train of thoughts and reflections from which for a long time we find it hard to escape. We have long ago thought of making him the subject of an article for the Guardian, and thus to give expression to some of the thoughts which his case has awakened in our mind. We have at length brought ourself to the task.

First of all, we must give the reader a brief account of his circumstances and manner of life. In his earlier life he was in business, by which he gained a competency, and has now retired and lives on his income. He possesses a comfortable house and home; but he does not seem to have any fondness for being at home. He eats and sleeps at home, but all the day long, from early in the morning, till late in the evening, in summer, he may be seen, away from his house, sitting before the tavern. In the winter he is found inside, in the bar-room.

Let not the reader suppose that he is too fond of strong drink, and for this reason lingers around the tavern. He is a sober man; it is doubtful whether he ever tastes a drop of liquor; and yet there he lingers, around the tavern he hangs, as if he were wedded to it. This it is that makes the problem. This it is which we cannot understand. This strange taste in an old man has often puzzled us.

He has nothing to do there. He does not even read a paper there; and half the time he has no company, but sits there in a kind of vacant loneliness. Just to be there seems to satisfy him.

On reflection, it has occurred to us that similar habits are somewhat common with old men who are living at leisure. We do not mean that all show the same kind of partiality for the tavern; but they seem to have some similar place of resort, where they spend most of their time. Perhaps, having been used to an active life, time moves heavily with them now that they labor no more; but still the question has often presented itself to us whether they could not find recreation in a way more profitable to them, and more suitable to the character and condition of

old men. As often as we see our old man sitting before the tavern, we feel as if he were out of place, and wonder why his taste does not lead him to enjoy himself in some other way.

The Psalmist says of aged Saints, "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." It always seems to us that this lingering about the tavern is by far too meaningless to be regarded as the proper fruit of old age. We would look for something of a different order altogether. It would perhaps be impertinent in us, should we attempt to point out what an old man ought to do, and what ways, or what places are proper to him. Nor will we attempt it. All we desire, is to express how we feel when we contemplate this old man's manner of life. We always wonder whether he reads much in God's word, and finds it sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb; whether he is fond of good books, and finds delight in reading them; whether he really and earnestly remembers that he has but a short time to remain on earth; that he ought to set his house fully in order, and use all diligence to make his calling and election sure?

This it is that troubles us in the case of the old man. We reason, that if these things were really in his mind and heart as they ought to be, he would at least be more of his time in the retirement of his home, in reading and meditation, and would find the tavern less necessary for his pastime and happiness. What increases our fears in regard to him, is the fact that even on those evenings in the week, when the church is open for service, and the bells are ringing over his head, he seems as greatly content in his place of idle pastime as at any other time. How shall we make this fact harmonize with the idea that he is preparing for another world as earnestly as an old man should do, who according to the course of nature must certainly leave this before many years.

The proverb says, "The young may die, but the old must die." It seems a solemn thing to know that the allotted time has nearly run out, and that all the solemn things beyond the grave are at hand. This, we should suppose, an old man could hardly fail to call to mind. If he does so, it ought certainly to make him watchful, prayerful, and meditative. There are many things which he would wish to arrange. He would earnestly and carefully review his life, examine his faith and the foundation of his hope, and look out daily for the chariots of Israel to bear him away to the world which awaits the righteous. To this end he would find the reading of the Bible, as well as human works of faith and piety, important help. Meditation would be delightful and refreshing exercise to him, and for this purpose we could certainly not seek the element which reigns around a tavern.

It is indeed very singular that an aged person can be so unconcerned as many seem to be. We even find them often not professors of religion; they are no members of the church, have not, perhaps, even been baptized; and have never in a long life obeyed our Saviour's dying command, "Do this in remembrance of me!" Yea, in some cases the words of the poet are literally fulfilled in their case,

> Behold the aged sinner goes
> Laden with guilt, and heavy woes,
> Down to the regions of the dead
> With endless curses on his head!

How fearful is the thought! How sad that so many years, so long a life, should be spent in neglect of "the one thing needful!" How sad that one to whom a kind, heavenly father, has given years of mercy, should at last be constrained to say in bitter and hopeless regret: "the harvest is past: the Summer is ended, and I am not saved!"

We hope this may not be the fate of our old man. And yet we fear for him, and for all others who show a like carelessness in matters of religion. We hope also that there is not one aged reader of the Guardian who is spending his few last years in as fruitless and unmeaning a way. There is no time to be lost. We must work while the day lasts, the night is coming when no man can work!

HYMN FOR PASSION SEASON.

Probably never did human sorrow for sin, or cry for mercy, find more piercing utterance than in this magnificent old penitential Hymn:

Saviour, when in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee—
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high.
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy deep expiring groan,
By thy seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry—
Hear our solemn litany.

DREAMS OF THE BIBLE.

BY R. P. T.

JOSEPH'S DREAMS.

No feature, perhaps, in the eventful life of Joseph could be touched upon without eliciting deep and absorbing interest. This will hold equally true with regard to his dreams. As a general thing, Joseph may be said to be a favorite Bible character—especially with the young. Indeed we cannot see how it could be otherwise. His life exhibits enough of the wonderful and mysterious to give to his history all the bewitching charms of romance; while the deep toned colorings and impressive moral lessons of a picture truest to nature, form the unvarying background. In how many respects may it not be said with all propriety of him, that "truth is stranger than fiction!"

In close connection, the XXXVIIth Chapter of Genesis thus records his two dreams: 1. "Behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves made obeisance to my sheaf." 2. "And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon, and the eleven stars, made obeisance to me.

Both these dreams have evidently the same significant import; and their repetition was, most likely, only intended to make more explicit and impressive the strange prophecy involved. That they were prophetical—like the dreams of his father Jacob, and most others of patriarchal times—no one will pretend to call in question, in face of their clear and literal fulfilment. Indeed, so plain were they in this particular, that it required no prophetic vision to discern their meaning. The readiness with which his brethren and father interpreted them, shows how prominent the events portended shone forth in the very words of their recital.

In view of these facts, then, we must not regard Joseph as a mere "idle dreamer;" nor yet, like too many of his tender age, as a builder of "castles in the air," whose elevation transcends all power to reach, and whose adornings mock the proffered beauties and pleasures of earth. It is true, he seems to have beheld in all this only the "bright side of the picture"—in which was revealed his advancement and prosperity, to fortify and encourage him, it may be, amid the darkness and trials through which he should subsequently be called to pass.

It is one of the plainest evidences of God's mercy that the future is concealed from us by a dark and impenetrable cloud, notwithstanding the desire and impatience of men oftentimes to pry into its unknown secrets. Were we all prophets, in the sense of being able to foresee all that is to befall us in life, we would, doubtless, be rendered miserable beyond conception—either by impatience to grasp the golden prize, or by tormenting fears in view of impending misfortune.

The prophecy involved in the dreams was, that the whole living household of Jacob should bow before Joseph in token of his acknowledged superiority. This was fulfilled when Joseph's brethren went down into Egypt to buy corn, and in the final settlement of the whole Patriarchal family in the land of Israel's bondage.

How fit the occasion! How true was all this to the fulfilment of the Divine purposes! See the luxuriant sheaf of Joseph there standing erect, and shaking off its ripe fruit, as it were, beneath the furious storm, to satisfy the hungry, starving millions that crowd around it! Behold amid that crowd the empty sheaves of his brethren, fitly represented in their own emaciated forms, bending low before the blasts of the merciless famine—the living, moving verification of "their sheaves making obiesance to his sheaf." Then comes the old Patriarch himself, and he too bows his venerable head, with his eleven attending stars, to the once humble and lost child, but now renowned Governor of Egypt.

And just as the empty sheaves had been laden with plenty by prostrating themselves before the full one, so the constellation of "sun and eleven stars," dimmed by the accumulated clouds of misfortune, and robbed by death of its attending "moon," gathered a fresh lustre and brilliancy by revolving obediently around the great central personage from whom came their subsistence and their all. Truly,

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform."

Who that beheld Israel as he lay in the untented wilderness, the special favorite of Heaven and attended by convoys of angels, could have supposed that he should one day be so humbled and dependent as to do obeisance to one who, for seventeen years, he had ruled with the undisputed authority of a father! Who could have foreseen that the unpretending youth who wended his way over the pasture fields around Shechem and Dotham in search of his brethren, should one day, in the exercise of knightly power and prerogatives, force those who plotted against his life, to a voluntary confession of guilt concerning their innocent victim, and bring them crouching at his feet, like veriest slaves to do their master's bidding.

Yet such were his wonderful achievements, in the hands of Providence, that he became the Saviour of his family and race during the seven years of long and dreadful famine. In this, as well as in other respects, he has been regarded as a type of the great Savior of the world—the glorious Sun of righteousness—who not only shone in His splendor as King, to rule the world, but also appeared as Prophet to teach, and Priest to atone for the sins of the people.

To do full justice to the significance of these dreams would demand a lengthy history, in tracing their connection with the varied and wonderful facts set before us in the life of Joseph. But this would carry us far into details that are already familiar to most of our readers; and would, at the same time, anticipate much that we may yet find it necessary to say of him in connection with other dreams. So that here we leave Joseph "the dreamer," who will appear again in the higher character of "interpreter of dreams."

Let my young friends be again reminded that Joseph was a pious and

obedient youth; and for this reason, the Lord turned to his greatness and happiness what others had wickedly designed for his destruction. So it will ever be with the children of God; for the Apostle assures us that "all things work together for those who love the Lord."

DEDICATION FOR AN ALBUM.

BY THE EDITOR.

As often as I call to mind, I must admire
That mythic story of the olden days,
Which tells that Janus—wisest of the Roman Gods,
Was double-man, and looked two different ways;
Biceps, Bifons, Biformis*—if the tale be true—
He ever held both Past and Future full in view.

In this methinks a type or picture doth appear,
Of what in spirit every one should be;
For we should hold alike the past and future dear—
Each way our fond and earnest look bestow;
Though future friends and loves be many, yet
Amid the new we never should the old forget.

This Book is sacred to the Past; and any friend,
To whom the farewell hand must needs be given,
May here record and seal a love that will not end,
If it have root in truth, bound up with hope of heaven;
And thus in after years I shall recall, in hours of love,
The friends I've met below, and hope to meet above.

*Two-headed, two-mouthed, two-formed.

HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.

It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, now make a breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of the plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714 became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the French-Spanish all over South America and the West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost, on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.

TIME FOR SLEEP.

THE following, which we borrow from the Journal of Health, is so well and sensibly said, that we cannot refrain from commending it to the special attention of our readers. Certain good habits are so very nicely delineated, and certain evil ones most genteely reproved. If any one of our readers should find himself entangled in any of the bad ways censured herein, "may he have repentance and a better mind." It may not be improper also to inform him that we have, ourselves, endeavored first to profit by the lessons which we have delivered to him through the pen of another.—ED. GUARDIAN.

Sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer," is well known to be essential to the existence of man. Those who are long deprived of a necessary proportion of it, have their health impaired, and not unfrequently the period of their existence abridged.

Many would appear to imagine that, provided a certain number of the twenty-four hours be passed in sleep, it matters little how or where such repose is obtained. This, however, is a very gross error. The accomodations of the night, equally with the occupations of the day, exert a very powerful influence upon the health and well-being of the system.

Night is evidently the period appropriated by nature for repose, and general experience has proven, that it is the only one during which we can with certainty obtain that sound, sweet, and refreshing slumber, so necessary for the preservation of health.

Sleeping during the day is, indeed, on many accounts, a pernicious practice, which should be carefully avoided, excepting under particular circumstances of disease, or when a sufficient amount of repose cannot be obtained at the natural periods. This, however, does not apply to infants. For the first months after birth, a healthy child sleeps full two-thirds of its time. The propensity requires to be indulged by day as well as by night; but, with judicious management, it may be brought, in a short time, to require and enjoy repose during the latter period only. Young children, when fatigued by exercise, will also, in general, be found inclined to sleep during the day; from indulging them in a short repose, under such circumstances, no bad effects can result, provided their clothing be perfectly loose, so that every part of their bodies is freed from bands or ligatures.

The popular maxim, "early to bed and early to rise," is one which should be rigidly observed by every individual. It has been remarked that, in the natural state, the disposition to sleep usually comes on soon after the commencement of darkness; and according to the oldest and most accurate observers, three or four hours sleep before midnight is very nearly as refreshing as double that portion in the morning. Persons who spend the day in manual labor, or exercise in the open air, with great difficulty keep awake for a few hours after the night has closed in; and this disposition to early sleep is, perhaps, one of the strongest indications of perfect health.

The studious are noted for their disregard of "the regular hours of rest." The solemn stillness of night, inviting to those pursuits which

require a fixed attention, and a connected series of thought and reasoning, leads them first into the habit; which is subsequently strengthened by the circumstance of intense application of the mind, uninterrupted by sufficient and appropriate exercise, producing a state of nervous irritability inimical to sleep. Hence the student fears to leave his midnight lamp for a couch which he can only occupy in a state of restlessness. Let him, however, relinquish his nocturnal studies, and seek during the natural period, that repose which his mind and body alike demand; appropriating "the hours of early morn" to study, and the residue of the forenoon to exercise, and we are all persuaded, that while his progress in the pursuit of knowledge would be in no degree retarded, he will be the gainer, not merely in the enjoyment of more perfect health, but in the increased clearness and vigor of his intellectual faculties.

It has been very correctly remarked, "that the atmosphere of the night is always more vitiated, and consequently less fit for respiration than that of the day; and as we respire a greater portion of air while awake than in a sleeping state, it follows that from these, independent of other causes, the system is more liable to injury in the former than in the latter state."

Early rising is equally important to the health of the system as early rest. On no account should any one permit himself to again slumber, after the moment of his first awaking in the morning, whether this happen at the early dawn, or before the sun has risen; even though from accident or unavoidable causes he may not have enjoyed his six or eight hours of repose. It is much better to make up the deficiency, if necessary, at any other time, than to attempt taking *another nap*. Whoever shall accustom himself thus to rise, will enjoy more undisturbed sleep during the night, and awake far more refreshed, than those who indolently slumber all the morning.

Even this second nap is, however, by no means so injurious to health as the practice of continuing in bed of a morning long after waking; nothing tends, especially in children, and young persons generally, more effectually to unbrace the solids, exhaust the spirits, and thus undermine the vigor, activity, and health of the system, than such a practice.

Let any one, who has been accustomed to lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock, rise by five or six, spend an hour or two in walking, riding or any active diversion in the open air, and he will find his spirits more cheerful and serene throughout the day, his appetite more keen, and his body more active and vigorous.

Rees, in his life of Dr. Kippis, attributes the uninterrupted health of the latter to habits of early rising, as well as to the uniform regularity and temperance to which he had been accustomed from his youth. It may be added, that however different in other respects may have been the habits of those who have been remarkable for their longevity, they were all early risers.

The habit of early rising is one of great importance in reference to the health of young persons; when commenced in the first years of life, it will be persevered in from choice. "Hence," to use the language of an experienced writer, "while under the eye of parents and guardians, children may be taught to rise constantly at a certain hour, which will render it more easy for them to persevere in the habit after they are re-

moved from under that control. If no disease or accident intervene, they will need no further repose than that obtained in their first sleep, which custom will have caused to terminate, of itself, just at the usual hour, and then if they turn upon the other ear to take a second nap, they will be taught to look upon it as an intemperance, not at all redounding to their credit.

No one should retire to rest immediately after a full meal, or in an agitated state of mind. Indeed, after a light supper, at least two hours ought to elapse before bed-time; and as a requisite for sound and invigorating repose, it is necessary to banish all anxious, gloomy, or depressing ideas and thoughts, and every species of mental exertion. To the same intent, every circumstance calculated to excite the senses should be removed. The pernicious practice, adopted by many, of reading in bed until they fall asleep, is particularly to be avoided. In place of this dangerous expedient to invite sleep, it would be more salutary to walk up and down the room for a few minutes, or to partake of any other gentle exercise. Fortunately, however, the individual who lives a life of temperance and virtue, and partakes daily of sufficient active exercise, requires no opiate to lull him to repose:

> "On him the balmy dews
> Of sleep with double nutriment descend."

THE MINSTREL.

BY B. H. WATERMAN.

The minstrel's hand o'er the trembling strings
  Of his plaintive harp is sweeping,
And the gushing forth of unseal'd springs,
  Is traced in his silent weeping.

The tears flow fast o'er his pale, pale cheek,
  Tho' no words his lips have spoken,
Oh! tongue and the lip, need never speak
  To say, that heart is broken.

To no fond ear doth he breathe his song,
  For his notes are sadly swelling;
And there beats no heart in the worldly throng
  That would sigh for the tale he's telling.

And fainter, fainter, now they rise,
  Like the sound of water falling
In its pebbly bed, where echo lies
  In wait, for its silvery calling.

His last lone lay to the summer moon
  Was sung in a strain of sadness,
For its joyous notes had learn'd too soon,
  To lose their tones of gladness.

The morning broke—but the minstrel slept,
  With the silent harp beside him;
Death brought the gift for which he wept,
  The peace that the world denied him.

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

XXXVI—THE THREE BROTHERS.

THREE robbers murdered and plundered a merchant, who bearing with him much gold and other valuable articles, was passing through a lonely wood. They brought their ill-gotten treasures into their cave, and sent the youngest one into the village to buy food.

When he had gone, the two remaining said to one another, "Why need we share these great riches with this fellow? Let us kill him when he returns, and then his part will fall to us."

But the young robber thought to himself as he went: "How fortunate would I be if all these treasures were mine alone. I will poison my two associates, and then all will be mine." He bought food and drink, put poison into the wine, and returned to his companions.

As he entered the cave the other two sprang upon him, plunged a dirk into his heart, and he dropped dead on the ground! Whereupon they sat down, ate the food and drank the poisoned wine, and died in the greatest agony. Surrounded with stored treasures they were found dead.

On their own heads the wicked draw
The judgment of the broken law.

XXXVII—THE SWINE THIEF.

Late one evening two men came to an Inn with a dancing bear, and remained over night. The innkeeper had just sold his large fattened Swine, and thus he put the bear for the night into the empty pig-pen.

At midnight there came a thief to steal the Swine. Knowing nothing of what had been done, he softly opened the door of the pig-pen, entered, and in the darkness, instead of the swine, laid hold of the bear. With a fearful bellowing the bear fell upon him, grasped him in his powerful arms, and would not let him go.

The miserable man began to cry aloud from pain and fear. All the people in the Inn were awakened and came down to the pig-pen. With much difficulty the owners of the bear delivered the thief, bleeding and much injured, from his fearful claws. From the hands of the bear he was transferred into the hands of the magistrate.

To honest work in open day,
We safely may attend;
But evil works in darkness done,
Lead to an evil end.

XXXVIII—THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

Once in a time of famine an unknown beggar woman, poorly but cleanly clad, went through a certain village asking alms.

From some houses she was sent away with rough words; at others she received a very small gift; only one poor gardener, as she was very cold, invited her into his warm room; and his wife, who had just baked cakes, gave her a nice large piece.

The next day all the people at whose door the beggar woman had called, were invited to supper in the Queen's palace. When they came into the dining room they beheld a small table ladened with the richest food, and also a large table with many plates on which there was here and there a piece of mouldy bread, a few artichokes, or a handful of bran, but for the most part the plates were entirely empty.

The Queen said: "I was myself that beggar woman in disguise, wishing, in this time of distress, when the poor are in such great need, to prove the charity of my people. These two poor gardeners took me in and entertained me as best they could; hence they will now eat with me, and I will fix a pension for life on them. The rest of you will entertain yourselves with the same fare which you gave me, and which you will find on these plates. With this, remember that in the future world you will also one day be served as you serve others.

What we give unto His poor
To our Lord Himself is given:
What we sow of love on earth
We shall richly reap in Heaven.

THE CIRCUS.

A CIRCUS came to town, and every body knows how the music and the grand tent and horses set all the boys agog. Quarters of dollars and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus riders carried away which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking round the premises with a great deal of curiosity. "Halloa, Johnny," said a man who knew him, "going to the circus?"

"No sir," answered Johnny, "father don't like 'em."

"Oh, well, I'll give you money to go, Johnny," said the man.

"Father don't approve of them," answered Johnny.

"Well, go in for once, and I'll pay for you."

"No, sir," said Johnny, "my father would give me money if he thought it were best; besides, I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box, twice enough to go."

"*I'd go*, Johnny, for once; it's wonderful the way the horses do," said the man. "Your father needn't know it."

"I shan't," said the boy.

"Now *why?*" asked the man.

"'Cause," said Johnny, twirling his bare toes in the sand, "after I've been in couldn't I *look my father right in the eye*, and I *can* now."

APPLES OF GOLD—No. 6.

BY ECLECTICUS.

HEALTH.

Thou chiefest good!
Bestowed by Heaven, but seldom understood.

O blessed Health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for; and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee.

Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. Without health, a man starves at the best tables, makes faces at the most delicate wines, is old and frigid in seraglios of the most sparkling beauties, poor in the midst of the greatest treasures: Without health, strength grows decrepid, youth loses all vigor, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons or of equal confinement; riches are useless, honor and attendance are cumbersome, and crowns themselves are a burden.

There is this difference between the two blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; and the superiority of the former is the more obvious when we reflect, that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but the richest would gladly part with all their money for health. Health is certainly more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured; but thousands and millions are of small avail to alleviate the tortures of the gout, to repair the broken organs of sense, or recuperate the powers of digestion.

Now though it be true, that preserving the health by too strict a regimen is a wearisome malady, and that people who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure which they have never spirit to enjoy, yet a due regard to the means of securing so inestimable a blessing, is a point of good sense as well as duty. In this respect, theirs is a wisdom beyond that of medical prescriptions; and it consists in one's own observation as to what is good for him and what is hurtful, and in living accordingly. But it is safer to say, this agrees not well with me, therefore I will discontinue it, than to say, I find no offence in this, therefore I may use it. For strength of constitution in youth, will carry one through many excesses, which only show their effects in age. Be not unmindful of the approach of years, nor think of doing in old age, the same things you performed in the vigor of manhood—for age will not be defied. Beware of sudden change in any material point of diet; and, if it be necessary, change all with it: for it is a secret both in nature and the state, that it is safer to change many things than one. Consider your custom of diet, sleep, ex-

ercise, apparel and the like, and discontinue by little and little any thing you shall judge to be hurtful; but so, that if you find inconvenience by the change, you may return to it again; for it is hard to distinguish what is generally held good and wholesome, from that which is specially good and fit palrticularly for you.

To be free of mind and cheerful at meals, and in the hours of sleep and exercise, is one of the best precepts of longevity. Sir Philip Sidney's maxim, was

> Great temperance, open air,
> Easy labor, little care.

As to passions, affections and engagements of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger, fretting inwardly, subtle and difficult inquiries, joys and exhilarations in excess, and secret grief. Entertain hopes, mirth, rather than joy; variety of delights, rather than a surfeit of them; wonder and admiration—therefore novelties; and studies which fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, poems, travels and contemplations of nature.

If you reject medicine altogether in health, your body will be too unused to it when you need it; if you make it too familiar, it will work no extraordinary effect when sickness requires it. Diet for certain seasons is commended, rather than frequent use of medicine: for such diets alter the body more, and trouble it less. Be not careless of any new symptom, but consult your physician. In sickness regard health chiefly; and in health, exercise; for those who so live as to preserve their health by keeping their bodies sound, may in most sicknesses that are not very sharp, be cured by diet and careful nursing.

Celsus was a wise man as well as a physician, or else he could have never spoken to this effect; that a man should vary his living and interchange contraries, but with an inclination to the generous extreme. Use fasting and feasting, but more frequently the latter; watching and sleep, but oftener sleep; sitting and exercise, but more generally exercise, and the like. So shall nature be cherished and yet controlled.

Some physicians are so complaisant and yielding to the humor of the patient, that they will not press the proper remedies for the cure of the disease; while others are so systematic and regular, that they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient. Take one of a middle temper, or two of either sort; and forget not to engage one best acquainted with your constitution, as well as one whose reputation is highest for skill and learning.

YOUTH AND AGE.

> My hair was black, but white my life:
> The colors in exchange are cast!
> The white upon my hair is rife,
> The black upon my life has passed.

THE HOPE OF THE NATIONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

In a deep sense is Christ, as He is called by the prophet, "the Desire of all Nations." He is the fulfiller of the world's hope—the stiller of creation's groans—the great birth of time, unto which all the unpeakable woes of a suffering humanity had been tending from the first." Hence everywhere, and in all ages, tehre are soundings in heathenism which are not unlike prophtic voices. In judaism, as a positive revelation, we have of course alone the clear and steady foretellings of the Redeemer. "They yearned, and knew what they yearned for: the nations yearned, and knew not for what. But still they yearned; for as the earth in its long polar night seeks to supply the absence of the day by the generation of the northern lights, so does each people in the long night of its heathen darkness bring forth its yearnings after the life of Christ, a faint and glimmering substitute for the same. From these dreamy longings after the break of day have proceeded oracles, priests, sacrifices, lawgivers, and the like. Men have no where given up hoping; nor acquiesced in the world's evil as the world's law. Everywhere they have had a tradition of a time when they were nearer to God than now, a confident hope of a time when they should be brought nearer again."

In the Frithiofssage of Esias Tegner, a Scandinavian legend wrought into a beautiful poem, this hope and longing among the Northmen is beautifully represented. Balder, the son of Odin and Frigga, was the God of light, and of all that is good. He was regarded the best of the Gods, and was beloved by all. In his palace of light he reigned in peace over the Northmen. In the last canto of this charming poem, entitled "The Feast of Reconciliation," we have a touchingly beautiful allusion to the first glimmering light of the Messiah as it began to dawn like a genial spiritual spring in the cold cloudy regions of the north. Gottfried V. Leinburg has rendered the whole poem in German, from which we translate the passage referred to, without attempting to retain the metric form of the original, which, though given along with the German by Leinburg, is not in this respect followed by the translator. Still, without the form, the poetic beauty remains.

THE HOPE OF THE COMING MESSIAH.

Also in the South Land, men speak of a BALDER, the Virgin's son, sent by the All-Father to interpret the runic characters on the black shield-borders of the Northmen—unexplained as yet.

Peace was the march-word of his hosts, love was his bright sword, and innocence in the form of a dove, sat upon his helmet of silver.

He lived piously, and taught; holy was his death and departure, and under far-off plains is his grave in beautiful light.

His teaching—so it is said—travels from vale to vale, softens hard

hearts, causes hand to be laid in hand, and establishes the reign of peace upon the reconciled earth.

I know not rightly the doctrine, but darkly shadowed forth have I felt it in my better hours; in every human heart it sounds prophetic at times as it does in my own.

Once--I know it—once will it come and softly spread its white dove-wings over the heights of the North. But then there will be here no more any North to us, and oak-leaves will rustle over the grave of the forgotten.

O, ye happier generations, who shall then drink the sparkling cup of the new light, I greet you! Blessed will ye be when it shall break through every cloud which till now has hung its damp veil over the sun of life.

But do not then despise us, who, with honest earnestness, have sought its divine light; one is the All-Father—but many are his messengers!

WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother, watch the little feet,
  Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
  Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never count the time it costs,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
  Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
  Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask—
"Why to me the weary task?"
The same little hands may prove
Messengers of Light and Love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
  Prattling eloquent and wild:
What is said and what is sung
  By the joyous, happy child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
  Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
  Keep, O! keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripen for eternity.

BE GENTLE AND OBLIGING.

"Please to help me a minute, sister."

"Oh, don't disturb me, I'm reading," was the answer.

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive this pin through?"

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

He was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home, his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things, such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and jack-knife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it—and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this in the fifteen minutes after he left me, and my book gave me no pleasnre. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him, and afforded the assistance needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour he came bounding into the house exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up; just see how it goes!" His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and sure enough, on the roof of the woodhouse was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to suit any boy. I praised the windmill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy and entirely forgetful of my unkindness; and I resolved, as I had many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee were hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and then hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked. "Shall we take it down?"

"Oh, no," replied he, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better."

He mused a moment, and then added: "Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me fix it, and you was reading, and told me you could not? But it didn't make any difference, for mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly those words fell upon my ear, and what bitter memories they awakened! How I repented as I kissed little Frank's fore-

head, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched his couch, hope growing fainter and fainter, and anguish deeper, until one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed the eyes once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still swinging in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving, I remember the lost little Frank—and I remember also the thoughtless, the unkind words!

Brothers and sisters, be kind to each other. Be gentle, considerate and loving.

IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

At the close of one of Prof. Mitchell's Lectures on Astronomy, in which he had been considering the immensity of creation, he repeated in illustration the conception of a German poet, as follows:

"God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying, 'Come up hither and I will show you the glory of my house.' And to his angels who stood about his throne he said, 'Take him, strip him of his robe of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath in his nostrils; but touch not the human heart'—the heart that fears and hopes and trembles. A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sound of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Some time on the mighty angel's wings they fled through Saharas of darkness, wilderness of death. At length, from a distance not counted, save in the arithmetic of Heaven, light beamed upon them—a sleepy haze as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on in their terrible speed to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them. In a moment the blazing of suns around them—a moment the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again on the right hand and the left appeared more constellations. At last the man sank down, crying, 'Angel I can go no farther; let me lie down in the grave and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none.' 'End there is none?' demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around there came a choral shout. 'End there is none?' demanded the angel again; 'and is it this that awes thy soul? I answer, end there is none to the universe of God! Lo! also, there is no beginning.'"

PRECEPT WITHOUT PRACTICE.

Who learns and learns, but acts nto what he knows,
Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never sows.

STRUCTURE AND GROWTH OF PLANTS.

At this season of the year, the following interesting description of the mysteries of the vegetable creation will be welcome to our readers. We take it from a little work entitled, "The Garden." A lover of nature will of himself discover many wonders and beauties in the vegetable world, but his pleasure will be vastly increased when he begins earnestly to inquire into the reasons and causes of growth, as is done in this article. There he will see many traces of divine wisdom and love which escaped his observation before, and feel at every new discovery, that truly our heavenly Father considers and cares for the lilies of the field.—Ed.

I.—GERMINATION.

Every perfect and matured seed contains the germ of a new plant of the species to which it owes its own existence. If you separate the two lobes of a bean, or other seed of a similar character, you will discover, pressed between them at the undivided or stem end, or side, a minute kernel or bud. This, though a mere point, as it were, contains the rudiments of two or more undeveloped leaves, united by a solid or undivided portion, called, in the language of botany, the *radicle*, and constitutes an embryo plant, holding within itself all the elements of vegetable life. The commencement of the vital action which produces the development of this embryo, is called *germination.*

The conditions essential to germination are the presence of *moisture, warmth,* and *oxygen gas.*

In the absence of moisture, no effect toward germination is produced by the presence of warmth and oxygen, or any other gas. Moisture and oxygen gas, without warmth, are equally inefficacious; and so are moisture and warmth in the absence of the oxygen; for seeds will not germinate in a vacuum, nor in distilled or recently boiled water.

Moisture is necessary to soften and expand the various parts, to dissolve soluble matter, and to establish a sort of circulation. The embryo seems also to have the power of decomposing water; and it is probable that a portion of the oxygen required is obtained in this way. The rest must come from the air; for it is found that a communication with the atmosphere is absolutely essential to perfect germination. The effect of heat appears to be to set the vital principle in action, to expand the air in the numerous microscopic cavities of the seed, and to produce distension of all the organic parts. The degree of heat required varies with different species. The common chickweed will germinate at a temperature but little above the freezing-point, while the seeds of many tropical plants require a heat of from 90 dg. to 110 dg. (Fahrenheit) to call them into action. Wheat, rye, and barley will germinate at 44 dg. A degree of heat varying from 113 dg. to 167 dg. is capable of destroying the vitality of the various grains, beans, peas, etc. Direct light, so essential to subsequent vegetation, is unfavorable to germination.

The time required for germination is very different in different species of plants. Much also depends upon soil, climate, degree of moisture,

etc. Under favorable circumstances, wheat, rye, oats and millet, will germinate in one day; bean, turnip, radish, and mustard in three days; lettuce in four days; melon, cucumber, squash, and pumpkin in five days; barley in seven; cabbage in ten; parsley in fifteen; almond, peach and peony in one year, and hawthorn in two years.

The time that seeds will retain their vitality also differs in different species, but in all cases depends partly upon the degree in which they are excluded from the action of moisture and light. Kidney-beans, peas, and carrot, parsnip and rhubarb seeds, are generally considered as losing their vitality at the end of one year, but will sometimes germinate after being kept much longer.

These facts have important bearings upon the subject of horticulture, and should be constantly borne in mind; and especially is it requisite that the essential conditions of germination be held in remembrance. A failure to germinate is doubtless often attributed to bad seeds, when the fault is entirely in the planting. It must be perfectly evident that if your seeds are insufficiently covered in a light, dry soil, they will lack the first essential of germination, and will be liable to wither and perish for want of moisture. This is why light soils should be pressed together and upon the seed in planting, either by means of a roller or otherwise. Seeds buried too deeply, or covered with a heavy, dense soil, pressed too closely upon them, fail to germinate for want of communication with the atmosphere. If there be not sufficient warmth in the soil at the time of planting, and it remain cold for a considerable time thereafter, the seeds just as surely perish. Remember the conditions of germination—moisture, warmth, and oxygen gas (or air containing oxygen).

Germination being established by the action of moisture and warmth, and maintained by the oxygen of the atmosphere, all parts of the embryo enlarge, and new parts are formed at the expense of a saccharine or sugary secretion, which the germinating seed possesses the power of forming. With the assistance of this substance, the root or radicle, at first a mere rounded cone, extends and pierces the earth in search of food, while the other extremity elongates in the opposite direction, bringing the *cotyledons*, or seed-leaves (except when these remain permanently in the ground, as in the pea, wheat, rye, etc.) and the rudimentary leaves and stem, to the surface of the soil. The process of germination is now completed—the plant is born.

II.—THE ROOT.

The root, the stem, and the leaves are called the fundamental organs of plants. Of them vegetables essentially consist; and the various organs known by other names are really but repetitions, under more or less modified forms, of these essential parts.

Germination, as we have seen, pushes the root downward into the earth, where, extending *by the addition of new matter to its point*, it soon enters upon the exercise of its function—*the absorption of the crude food of the plant from the soil.* This is carried up through the stem into the leaves, to be digested or assimilated, and returned to the stem and root, and used in the formation of new branches, leaves and rootlets, as well as for increasing the length and size of those already

formed. The more a plant grows, therefore, the more are the means of growth multiplied.

As the roots are extended by the addition of new matter to the extreme points, these points are exceedingly delicate and easily injured. *It is mainly through them, too, that absorption takes place.* It is readily seen, therefore, why the careless or unskillful removal of plants from the earth, for the purpose of transplanting, by destroying the delicate points of the roots, or *spongelets,* as they are called, always checks so greatly their growth, and often destroys their life.

Their peculiar mode of growth admirably adapt roots to pierce the earth and insinuate themselves into the minutest crevices. Thus they pass on from place to place in search of fresh pasturage, shifting their mouths, although their bodies remain stationary.

Roots seem to possess a principle akin to instinct, which guides them in their search for food; for they invariably extend themselves most rapidly and widely in the direction of the richest soil If a strawberry plant be set in a sandy soil, deficient in nutritive matters, and rich earth placed on one side of it, the roots will immediately seek the fertile spot, although at first nowhere in contact with it. A decaying bone or a piece of rotten wood will in the same way be sought out by the roots of a plant requiring the nutritive elements it may contain; and such objects are often found completely covered by a network of minute rootlets.

The roots of plants have, to a certain extent, the power of selecting their food. In general, they absorb only those substances which are needed to develop and perfect their various parts. Thus, if a pea and a grain of wheat be planted side by side, and made to grow under the same circumstances, the wheat plant will absorb silex (in solution) from the earth, while the pea will absorb none. This power of selection, however, does not enable the roots of plants to reject, under all circumstances, any deleterious agents which may be brought in contact with them; and it is a curious circumstance that substances which are fatal to man are equally so to plants, and in nearly the same way.

In addition to their principal office, as feeding organs, the roots of plants are believed to be, to some extent, organs of excretion, throwing off any superfluous or deleterious matter which may have been imbibed either by themselves or by the leaves. They also possess the power of accumulating a store of sap, upon which the plant may draw in time of need. Striking examples of the last named property are furnished by the turnip, the beet, the carrot, and other plants of the same class.

In general, roots do not produce buds, and are therefore incapable of multiplying the plant to which they belong; but to this rule there are many exceptions, some species having the power, under certain circumstances, of forming what are called *adventitious* buds. In such cases they may be employed for the purpose of propagation.

Roots are not inactive during the winter, as many suppose, except while actually frozen, but are perpetually extracting food from the earth, and storing it up for the next season's use. A long, mild winter is therefore favorable to the vegetation of the succeeding spring.

Roots are of various kinds. In reference to their duration, they are clsased as *annual, biennial* and *perennial.* An annual root lives but a

single year. It is always *fibrous* or composed of numerous branches or rootlets. Biennial roots are those of plants which do not blossom till the second year, at the end of which they perish. They are thickened or *fleshy*, and of various shapes—*conical*, as in the carrot; *spindle-shaped*, as in the radish; *turnip-shaped*, *clustered*, *tuberous*, etc. Perennial roots are those which, like the roots of trees and woody plants, and some others, survive from year to year indefinitely.

A *tuber*, of which the potato is the best example, is not strictly a root, but a modification of the stem, running beneath the surface of the soil, and having buds (eyes) embedded in a cellular substance, consisting principally of starch.

Bulbs, whether formed in the earth, as is generally the case, or on the summit of the stem, as in the top or tree onion, are simply leaf-buds inclosed in scales or concentric layers.

III.—THE STEM.

As soon as the root enters upon the performance of its proper function, the stem begins to extend itself upward, and the primary leaf-bud, attracting to itself the food procured for it, and a part of the nutritive matter stored up in the seed-leaves, expands, and the two or more parts or leaves of which it is composed separate, and begin to manifest their distinctive features.

The stem is at first composed entirely of cellular tissue, possessing neither strength nor tenacity; but at the moment that the first rudiment of a leaf appears upon its growing point, the formation of woody matter commences. It consists of tough fibres of extreme fineness, which take their rise in the leaves, and thence pass downward through the cellular tisue and are incorporated with the latter giving it the necessary strength and flexibility. In trees and shrubs these fibers combine intimately with each other, and form what is properly called wood; but in herbaceous and annual plants they constitute a lax fibrous matter. The woody matter thus plunged, as it were, into the cellular tissue, forms within the circumference of the stem a tubular partition, separating it into two parts—the bark and the pith. This gives us, in perennial stems, the three general divisions of pith, wood, and bark.

The *pith* consists entirely of cellular tissue, gorged at first with the nourishing juices of the plant, but afterward becoming empty and dry.

The *wood* consists of the proper woody fiber, interwoven with and bound together by thin plates or layers of cellular tissue, passing horizontally across it, and forming what are called the *silver grain* in maple, oak, etc. They represent the horizontal system of the wood—in botanical language, *medullary rays*.

The *bark* consists originally of cellular tissue alone, but afterward the inner portion next the wood has the woody tissue formed in it, and becomes the *liber*, or fibrous inner bark.

Whenever a stem is wounded, it is the cellular or horizontal system which forms granulations that eventually coalesce into masses, within which the woody tissue is subseqently developed, and the communication between the two sides of an incision effected. In cuttings, the callus which forms at the end placed in the ground is the cellular or

horizontal system preparing for the woody fibers, which are to pass downward in the form of roots.

The description we have given of the structure of a stem applies to all plants whose woody matter is augmented annually by *external* additions below the liber, and which are called *exogens*, or outside growers. All the trees and shrubs of the United States, except the few palms of our Southern confines, belong to this class. In the palms, which belong to the class of *endogens*, or inside growers, the woody matter is augmented annually by *internal* additions to their center, thus constantly pushing the woody growth of former years to their circumference. The stem of the asparagus exhibits a similar structure in an herb. In *endogens*, the cellular and fibrous systems are all mixed together, their mode of growth not requiring the same arrangement of parts as exists in the *oxogens*.

Stems, during their growth, form on their surfaces minute vital points, each of which becomes, or may become, a leaf-bud, capable of forming another stem or branch like that on which it is found. These buds appear immediately above the point of union between the leaf and the stem, and are not, under ordinary circumstances, found anywhere else. They occasionally, however, appear on other parts, when they are called (as when found on the roots) *adventitious* buds. It is by means of the leaf-buds that a cutting is capable of producing a new individual like that from which it was taken. Leaf-buds are also capable, under fitting circumstances, of growing when separated from the parent branch. In some cases they are planted in the earth, when they put forth roots, and thereby sustain an independent existence. In others they are inserted below the bark of a kindred species, and, forming new wood, adhere to that on which they are placed.

The principal functions of the stem (aside from its continual multiplication of itself by means of buds) are the support of the leaves and the conveyance and distribution of the sap. In trees, the sap or crude food procured by the roots rises principally through the newer wood; but the assimilated sap returns from the leaves in the *newest* bark, or *liber*, whence it is horizontally diffused, through the *medullary rays*, into the sap-wood and other living parts. It is in the bark, therefore, and not in the wood, that we must look for the proper juices of a plant.

IV.—LEAVES.

A leaf, as defined by Dr. Lindley, is an appendage of the stem of a plant having one or more leaf-buds in its *axil*, or point of union with the stem. In some cases no leaf-buds are visible, but they are present, nevertheless, although latent, and may be developed by favorable conditions.

A complete leaf consists of the *lamina*, or blade, and the *petiole*, or leaf-stalk In some leaves the *petiole* is wanting, the *lamina* resting immediately upon the stem, and in others there is no proper blade, the whole organ being cylindrical or stalk-like.

Considered in reference to their structure, it may be said leaves are extensions of the green layer of the bark (which, where no proper leaves exist, fulfills their function) expended into thin lamina and

strengthened by woody fibers connected with the *liber* or inner bark, and with the wood. These woody fibers form their frame-work, and afford, at the same time, by their microscopic ramifications, a complete and beautiful system of veins. The leaf, therefore, like the stem, consists of two distinct parts, the cellular and the woody. The cellular portion is not the structureless, pulpy mass which it appears to be to the naked eye, but presents a regular and beautiful arrangement of cells. The woody part forming the veins, and having, as we have seen, a double origin, is arranged in two layers; the upper, arising from the wood, and conveying the ascending sap to every part of the leaf, and the lower, connected with the *liber* and establishing a communication with the bark, by means of which the assimilated juices pass downward. Encasing the whole of this wonderfully beautiful apparatus is the *epidermis*, or skin pierced by numerous invisible *pores* or holes, called *stomates*, through which the plant breathes and perspires.

It would be interesting in connection with the foregoing brief outline of the structure of the leaf, to give some account of the different forms of leaves, their various modifications, and their systematic and beautiful arrangement on the stem; but as the practical ends we have in view do not require us to pursue the subject further in this direction, we must forego it.

Leaves have been called the lungs of plants. They are something more than this, being not only organs of respiration, but of perspiration and digestion also. They are, at the same time, stomach, lungs, and skin. They receive the crude sap from the roots through the stem, and by means of exposure to air and light, the decomposition of water and carbonic acid, and the throwing off of superfluous moisture, condense it and change it into organizable matter—the true food of plants. This elaborated sap is sent immediately downward, to serve for the nourishment of every part.

The nutrition of a plant depending upon its leaves, the former may be destroyed by simply destroying its foliage In general, it does not immediately die, because it has the power of putting forth new leaves, which come into action and supply imperfectly the places of those removed; but if it be deprived of these essential organs during the entire season, its power of producing them ceases and all functions are suspended.

V.—FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

A flower is that part of a plant which is formed for the purpose of reproducing its species by means of seeds. Fruit is the seed, or the seed and its *pericarp*, or covering. The *pericarp* includes whatever goes to make up the seed-vessel, whether it be a mere thin husk, a hard, bone-like shell, or a soft, fleshy pulp.

Anatomically considered, the parts of a flower are merely modified leaves, the whole forming a very short branch. What causes a plant to convert some of its leaf-buds into flowers, by fashioning the leaves into *calyx*, *corolla*, *stamens*, and *pistils*, while other buds become ordinary branches, it is not essential to our purpose to explain. It is pretty clear, however, that *their production depends upon the presence in the plant of a sufficient quantity of secreted matter, fit for their*

maintenance when produced. If it happen, then, that, from any cause, there be not, at the usual time of flowering, any store of nutritive juices beyond what is required for the production of leaves and the growth of the stem, no flower buds are put forth. This is illustrated in the failure of fruit trees to bear at all the season next succeeding one in which an excessive crop has been produced. Sometimes flowers are produced, but the supply of nutriment proving insufficient, they drop off without producing fruit.

Lindley syllogistically says: "A flower being a kind of branch, as has been already shown, and the fruit being an advanced stage of the flower, it follows that a fruit is also a kind of branch." It has certainly the same organic connection with the plant as other branches, and, like them, requires to be supplied with food, without which it must perish.

So long as a fruit retains its original green, foliaceous character, it is capable of performing, partially at least, the functions of a leaf, decomposing carbonic acid, etc. A portion of the food required for its maturation may therefore be derived, by its own action from the air; but the greater part must be prepared by the leaves from material furnished by the roots. This shows the necessity of the healthy and regular action of the leaves and roots in perfecting fruit, and the importance of fruit being placed near the leaves, so that it can readily attract the required nutriment from them. If you remove all the leaves from a branch containing fruit, you stop the growth of the latter almost as effectually as by separating it from the stem.

The juices furnished by the leaves undergo further alterations by the vital forces of the fruit itself, and this alteration varies according to the species. The fruit of the peach is sweet, but there is no perceptible sweetness in its leaves; and the fruit of the fig is sweet and nutritious while the leaves of the plant are acrid and deleterious.

Among the principal immediate causes of the changes which occur in the secretions of fruits are heat and light. Fruits produced in warm seasons are always much sweeter than those which are matured in cold ones; and the products of hot climates abound in sugar, while in those of cold climates acidity prevails.

The ripening of fruit is hastened by dryness, and retarded by an excess of moisture.

Seeds are affected by all the circumstances which affect the fruit, which is created primarily for their nutrition and preservation. The fruit attracts organizable matter from the leaves, and the seeds attract it from the fruit. The better the fruit, therefore, the more perfect are the seeds.

All seeds will not equally produce vigorous plants; but the healthiness of the seedling will correspond with that of the seed from which it sprung. Where vigor is required, the plumpest and heaviest seeds should be selected.

A seed always produces a plant of the same species as that from which it was derived, but is not certain to reproduce any peculiarity that may have existed in its parent. For instance, the seed of a Green Gage plum will grow into a new individual of the plum species, but it is not certain, or even likely, to produce the variety known as the Green Gage. The variety must be propagated in some other way.

FERTILITY OF THE HOLY LAND.

No country of equal size probably contains greater inequalities of surface than Palestine—varying from the peaks of Lebanon, ten thousand feet above the sea level, to the plain of Jericho, one thousand three hundred feet below it. Hence the Holy Land afforded almost every variety of vegetable productions; and when in its glory, populous and cultivated, and enjoying the smiles of Jehovah, it was not unworthy of the glowing rhapsody of Dr. Hamilton, the emphatic terms of which are almost all from the Bible:

"A better country than this, earth did not contain. It was 'a delightsome' and 'a pleasant land; a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations.' It was variegated and intersected with all the elements of sublimity and beauty, with whatever was bold and gentle. It was a wealthy place. Aromatic herbs covered its hills, and the fairest flowers decked its glens. The rose was in Sharon, and the lily in the valleys. The voice of the turtle was heard in the land. There roamed the vine, and there clustered the date, and there hung the pomegranate. The cedar towered on the mountains, and the myrtle skirted their sides. No human hand could raise the clusters of Eshcol. The south wind, passing over the gardens, caused the spices thereof to flow out. The seasons revolved in their variety, but with a blended sweetness. There was the upland breeze, in which the fir could wave its arms, and the softer air, in which the olive unfolded its blossom. The sun smote not by day, nor the moon by night. The birds sang among the branches. The dew lay thick in Hermon. There was balm in Gilead. The lign aloe drooped from the river bank. Lakes glistened in the landscape, and cooled the drought. Beautiful for situation was Mount Zion. The cattle browsed on a thousand hills. The excellency of Carmel and the glory of Lebanon set their pinacles against the deep azure of Canaan's sky. The year was crowned with goodness. The Lord God cared for that land, and his eye was always upon it. At the stated period fell the earlier and latter rain. The pastures were clothed with flocks. The ploughman overtook the reaper; and the treader of grapes him that sowed the seed. The barns were filled with plenty, and the presses burst out with new wine. The little hills rejoiced on every side. The vineyards distilled the pure blood of the grape. The fountain of Jacob was upon a land of corn and wine. The inhabitants were filled with the finest of the wheat. It flowed with milk and honey. Its heavens dropped fatness. The land might be called Beulah. The distant glimpse of its prospect refreshed the dying eye of Moses; and of all thine earthly territory this is emphatically thy land, O Immanuel."

MERIT AND PLACE.

A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the dust,
And sand is sand, though up to heaven by the tempest thrust.

RESPONSIBILITY OF EDITORS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We know full well that it is a delicate task for preachers to preach to preachers, and yet it is sometimes a duty. So it is a serious matter for an editor to undertake to write for editors. But as we wish to say a few words suggestively rather than dictatorially, we hope to be patiently heard. Should, however, any choose to take offence at our remarks, this being a free country, he is at liberty to bite the file to his heart's content.

Is an editor responsible for what he publishes? That is the question. It would seem a very plain question to answer. Every unsophisticated man would at once say, yes, certainly he is responsible. But this is plainly not the view taken of it by many editors. They say, 'We must publish what occurs—a newspaper must reflect the face of the community in which it circulates—it must suit the taste of its readers.' Hence they aim at keeping the public in good humor with themselves, and so in good humor with their paper.

Is this a correct view of human responsibility? Is an editor, who, by his very position, and by virtue of the influence wielded by the press under his control, to make himself the mere feeder of the corrupt tastes of men? Is he to do this, or is he not rather to seek their elevation. The boast is made—and by none more freely and boldly than by editors themselves—that the press is a kind of second light of the world. Shall it then descend from the lofty position thus claimed, for it to make itself the dog that regards it as its highest glory to lick the hand of its master.

Can we apply the same principles to men in other stations? Is a minister to reflect, in his preaching, the sentiments of his hearers? Is a teacher to instruct the prejudices of his pupils? You say, certainly not. Then we say, no more has an editor the right to pamper the corrupt tastes of his readers. If he does so, he is responsible for the growth which he cultivates, just as truly as a minister is responsible for the errors which he instils in the minds of his hearers.

'But the people buy the papers and read them, hence the responsibility is theirs. They need not do so.' This does not take the responsibility from the editor. I have no right to treat another meanly because he is willing to be so treated. I have no right to tempt one who is willing to be tempted, to injure one willing to be injured, or to klll one willing to be killed. In like manner, an editor has no right to furnish that which will corrupt his reader, on the grouud that he is willing to have it so. His very calling and duty is to lead his readers away from that which will injure him, and cultivate his higher and better taste. If his object is not this, but rather merely to minister to corrupt tastes in order thereby to benefit himself by the degradation of his patrons, then keeping a grog-shop, gaming house, or any other place of profligacy or gate of hell, would suit him just as well.

How many things do many of our editors publish which are low, obscene, irreverent and profane—things which no parent would dare to to read to his own family circle—and which perhaps the editor himself would blush to read to his own children; and yet he permits such matter to go into his paper. Why? Because the corrrupt and vicious are pleased with it; because it mingles in well with "the song of the drunkard," or the obscene and low wit of the debased who burrow in the misery and filth of their own depraved natures. Is this the business and the high calling of an editor?

We sometimes hear of a distinction between the *man* and the *editor*. As a man he would not admit such stuff, but in the capacity of an editor he may do it! This reminds us of a certain bishop who was seen to go out to the field covered with the accoutrements of a military officer. Some one remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his conduct. "I do not go out in the capacity of bishop, but as General," said the bishop. "Well," said the other, "if the devil comes to carry off the general, what will become of the bishop?" It is very convenient to cover personal responsibility under cloak of office or position, but when the devil calls for the *editor* what will become of the *man!*

The case is not different in regard to the advertisements. Some consider it a clear case that editors are not responsible for their advertisements; and hence allow their readers to be humbugged and corrupted through their advertising columns as much as those who pay may desire. Even some religious journals seem to go according to this code of morality. It is but a few weeks since, at least three of our religious papers, organs in a sense of the denominations patronizing them, have published the advertisement of the New York Ledger—and not content with that, even published in the same paper, a puff of the Ledger as "an excellent family paper."

Were they ignorant of the wishy-washy character of the paper they advertised and puffed? then they are not fit for the place they occupy. Did they know the paper, then they were sadly untrue to their solemn and sacred trust. "It pays well," does it? Has it come to this, then, that religious papers are up at auction to be sold to the highest bidder? Is it the mission—or part of it—of religious papers, for "thirty pieces of silver," to betray their unsuspecting readers into the hands of corrupting newspaper mongers, pill mongers, and all sorts of impostors and quacks. If this is to be the mission of our Church *organs*, then the sooner, like their archetype of old, they "fall down headlong and their bowels gush out," the better it will be for the glory of Christ and the good of the church.

We know the plea generally made. It is that there must be advertisements, or the paper cannot be sustained. To this we reply, if there must be advertisements, let them be such as belong to an honest business. If such cannot be procured, and the paper must die, let it die in its innocence. Suppose a minister cannot be sustained by preaching the gospel, shall he prostitute his office so as to secure the support of the vile? You say, certainly not. But does not the same rule apply to an editor of a religious paper. Just lay down the rule that consideration of gain is a justification of an act, and there is an end to both morals and manners.

Far be it from us to set ourselves forth as an example of righteousness, for we have sins enough of which we are daily ashamed; but this we may say, advertisements offering from $25 to $35 have been offered us over and over for the cover of the Guardian. Our magazine needs support as well as other journals; but this is our determination, that we shall "stop the paper" before we will stir monkeys for impostors and quacks, or aid the unprincipled in dishing up filth for the unsuspecting or the vicious, for an inducement of $25.

"It pays well," because a quack advertisement in a religious paper is worth more than it is in any other. The innocent people take the fact that it appears in their church paper as an endorsement of it, whether the editor so intends it or not. No doubt the Ledger-man laughed in his sleeve to see his paper puffed in religious journals as "an excellent family paper." That is all he needed yet, the blessing of the Church, and he was willing to pay well for it. We have not the least doubt that through the influence of religious papers in commending by advertisement in their columns quack medicines, money enough has been sent by church members to these humbugs to endow half a theological seminary. "It must be a good thing, or it would not be admitted into our church paper, is a sentiment often heard among the people. It is natural that it should be so. People take papers, especially church papers, not to be humbugged, but to be informed, and they have a perfect right to suppose that they will be fairly dealt with. The very fact that this trusty feeling exists in the hearts of the pepole, is only another influence wielded by such papers, and of the solemn responsibility of their editors. How cruel for any consideration to trifle with such a repose of trust! An editor that can do it is welcome to all the money he can make by it; but if his conscience is such that he can "sleep well o' nights" on the head of it, we regard his case rather deplorable.

In conclusion, we must acknowledge to our brother editors that there is a good deal of salt and pepper in our article, and perhaps an appology is due. We will cheerfully make it. It is this: Our strictures do not apply to the innocent; and as for the guilty, who are not willing to repent and turn to better ways, we neither court their favor nor fear their frowns.

DEATH.

Life is a pathway often dark and drear,
  And foolish mortals murmur as they tread
Towards the grave, (that gateway of the dead,)
  Marking each journey with a sigh or tear.
Not so the thoughtful; they accept each change,
  Though it bring sadness, as in kindness sent
To keep the eye of Hope e'er upward bent
  On that pure land where ransom'd spirits range.
'Tis therefore, strange that men should so fear death—
  Since it ne'er comes unsent by high decree;
Death is God's agent; men His creatures be
  Earth lent, until earth's Owner asks their breath.
Strong hope be ours! the little sparrow's fall
  Is known to God—who ruleth, guideth all.

THE NAME CUT ON THE ROCK.

You will find it on the Natural Bridge, unless it has become effaced by the hand of time. It was cut by a boy who tried to procure a little glory for himself in an unusual way.

One day this boy and several companions came to the rocky archway to cut their names on its sides. Some put them towards the bottom, and some choose a higher place; but the boy I am speaking of was a great deal bolder than the rest, and, after looking up and seeing the names of many visitors high above him, he said: "Pooh! I am not going to creep on the ground like the rest of you, when I cut my name!—I'm going to put it where the people at the Rappahannock can see it. Look here, boys," he continued, "I've got my big knife along, and may be you'll see me a little higher than the rest, pretty soon."

"You aren't going to venture up there," said one of the boys.

"I think I am, though. What's the use of walking this long way and doing nothing after all?"

"Don't brag, Jim," said his next neighbor, who was standing on the roots of a small cedar tree, and hard at work scratching his initials —"W. J. B."—upon the softest part of the rock he could find; "don't brag!"

"Well, you'll see what I can do," was Jim's reply, "so here goes!" and away he was commencing to climb the jutting crag. He got on very well at first, by holding the bushes and brambles, until he was beyond nearly all the names on the side of the rock.

"Hurrah! where are you?" he shouted to his comrades; "come on, and follow your leader if you dare."

"You are high enough now, Jim," said Bob Willis; "I'd stop there, if I were you."

"Not half way yet, you little coward!" answered Jim; "don't give your advice to your betters till you can spell 'a-b-l-e,'" and the adventurous boy, who had stopped to take breath, resumed the ascent, and went up until he was above the tops of the highest trees which grew in the valley; and still upward he went, until the boys below began to get afraid in earnest, and begged him to stop.

"You'll break your neck, as sure as your name is Jim Vaugh," shouted little Joe Ednor.

But Jim, who was also beginning to think that he was high enough, just happened to see, at a short distance above him a name; and, in his pride, he shouted, "Mind your own business, Josey; I'm not going to let anybody put his old name over my head."

Again he went on with his climbing. He cut notches in the side of the rock, and, holding on with one hand, worked away with the other.

At last he was at a point which no one before had reached, and there he scratched and cut his name as deeply as he could. By this time he was pretty well tired; but the excitement of the occasion kept him from feeling much fatigued.

Having finished his work, the climber thought of getting back to the ground. But this was not so easy a matter as he had at first taken it to

be. If it was hard to go up, it was yet harder to go down. He saw the danger into which his pride had led him, and his head began to grow dizzy.

By this time a large number of people had come together. The boys, becoming alarmed, had run to spread the news in the neighborhood: one of them went to Mr. Vaugh's house, and soon Jim's father, mother, brother and sister were there also.

"You can't descend," shouted one of the crowd; "no use to attempt it; try and gain the top."

And this was all that could be done. Poor Jim! he would have given worlds to be on the ground, but he had no time for lamentation. A desperate effort must be made, or he would soon loose his hold, and be dashed to pieces. He determined to put forth all his remaining energies. Step by step he began to cut and scrape his way upward. At length his strength was nearly gone, and he clung to the sides of the rock. It was a moment of fearful suspense.

Some of the people had hastened to the top of the bridge with ropes, which were let down to their full extent. In deepest agony of mind the father shouted to him, "Jim! Jim! do not look down. Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here. We are praying for you. Do not look down. Keep your eye towards the top."

At the sound of his father's voice, the boy grasped his knife again, and upward he was seen once more slowly to move, until he found himself near the arch. The sight of ropes hanging from above roused him to new efforts. The blade of his knife was now worn to the last half inch. He cut one notch more with it, and it fell from his hands at his mother's feet.

What was now to be done to save him? At this moment a man lay down at his full length, with nearly half of his body hanging over the top of the bridge. He lowered a looped rope within reach of the fainting youth, who was now just able to place it over his head, and then under each arm. And now he was seen swinging over the fearful height, whilst those from above gently raised him to the top. As he came up, one of the crowd on the top of the bridge seized him in his arms, and held him up to the view of the rest; while the shout, "He's safe! he's safe!" was heard above and below.

How great was the joy of his parents, and how indescribable his own feelings, as he thought of the dangers he had passed! I do not know whether Jim Vaugh knelt down that night to thank the Lord—I hope he did; but of this I am certain, that he never again attempted to climb the Natural Bridge.

You have listend to my story, children; now attend to what I have yet to say. Some of you boys, are good climbers; but high as you may have ascended, you have not climbed as high, nor did Jim Vaugh, as some of whom I have heard, who wished to cut their names higher than others in the world, and sought to reach lofty places of earthly renown. Shall I tell you about some of them?

King Solomon climbed till his head grew dizzy. He "withheld his heart from no joy." Then, as he returned to God, from whom he had wandered, he said of laughter, "It is mad," and of mirth, "What doeth it?" of all his climbing, "It is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Severus, Emperor of Rome, climbed from a low position to the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness. Then he said, when he saw his end approaching: "I have been everything, and everything is nothing."

Alexander the Great was another high climber, and when he attained to the throne of the world, he wept because there was no more worlds to conquer.

Louis XIV., King of France, climbed to an extraordinary height in the mad pursuit after happiness. He died in deepest anguish of soul on his royal bed.

Napoleon Bonaparte inscribed his name above all the kings of the earth; reached Waterloo, and fell broken-hearted on St. Helena.

Now, dear children, I must close these remarks, or you will get tired of listening to me. We sometimes say of man, "He makes his mark;" and I hope that, as you grow up, you will make your mark; but, instead of cutting a name for yourself in the world, you should rather try to do a little good, in a humble way as you pass through it. I would rather have my name in letters of love and gratitude in the heart of a poor orphan child or afflicted widow, than on the proudest statue or loftiest rock that stands on the earth.

I ask not for a lofty place,
  To glitter in the eeys of men;
But I would run a useful race,
  And glorify my God; for then
My name, I know, will written be,
Where saints and angels all may see.

A PRAYER.

Father, I have wandered far,
O, be now my guiding star!
Draw my footsteps back to Thee,
Set my struggling spirit free;
Save me from the doubts that roll
O'er the chaos of my soul—
Let one ray of truth illume
And dispel the thick'ning gloom!
God of truth, and peace, and love,
  Hear my prayer!
Drive my restless thoughts above—
  Keep them there!

Father, save me at this hour,
From the tempter's fearful power—
Purify the hidden springs
Of my wild imaginings—
I have thought till thought is pain.
Searched for peace till search is vain,
Out of Thee I cannot find
Rest for the immortal mind,
Now I come to Thee for aid—
  Peace restore;
Let my soul on thee be stayed
  Forevermore!

WORK AND REST.

WHAT have I yet to do?
Day weareth on—
Flowers that, opening new,
Smile through the morning's dew,
Droop in the sun.

'Neath the noon's scorching glare,
Fainting I stand;
Still in the sultry air,
Silentness everywhere
Through the hot land.

Yet must I labor still,
All the day through—
Striving with earnest will,
Patient my place to fill,
My work to do.

Long though my task may be,
Cometh the end.
God 'tis that helpeth me,
His is the work, and he
New strength will lend.

He will direct my feet,
Strengthen my hand;
Give me my portion meet;
Firm in his promise sweet
Trusting I'll stand.

Up, then, to work again!
God's word is given,
That none shall sow in vain,
But find his ripened grain
Garnered in heaven.

Larger the shadows fall,
Night cometh on;
Low voices softly call.
"Come, here is rest for all!
Labor is done!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE HEIDELBERG MONTHLY is the title of a new quarto published at Tiffin Ohio. The first No. (April) is before us. It is published by Students of Heidelberg College, and has quite an able list of Contributors, among whom we notice the Professors in the College. It is printed in a very neat manner, on good paper, and its contents are such as to commend it to the public favor. Price 50 cents per year. We wish it abundant success.

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EARLY GERMAN HERMITS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Various spots on the banks of the Schuylkill, and other wild and romantic places in the original wilderness around Philadelphia, were in early times sacred as the abodes of Hermits. The most noted of these was John Kelpius, a German of Sieburgen, in Transylvania. He was of an eminent—some say of a noble—family, and a student of the celebrated mystic, Dr. John Jacob Fabritius, at Helmstadt. "He came to this country in 1694, with John Seelig, Bernhard Kuster, or Costar, Daniel Falkener, and about forty-two others, being generally men of education and learning, to devote themselves for piety's sake to a solitary or single life; and receiving the appellation of the Society of the Woman in the Wilderness, (Rev. xii) they first arrived among the Germans at Germantown, where they shone awhile 'as a peculiar light.'" As early as 1700, Kelpius, Seelig, Bony and Mathias, "did set up their Hermitages" near Wissahiccon, and on what is called "the Ridge," then a wilderness; and one named Benjamin Lay lived in a cave near the York Road, at Branchtown. This last was called the "Pythagorean, cynical, christian Philosopher." He is said to have had special inclination towards the Society of Friends, and kept up some kind of connection with the Germantown Society of these religionists. Lay may therefore be regarded as a seceder from the original principles of his associates. He died in 1759, aged 82 years.

Some of these forty-two learned mystics seem to have lived a "solitary life" in a kind of secluded community on the Wissahiccon. "There is there," says Watson, "under the name of 'the Monastery of the Wissahiccon,' a three-storied ancient building of an oblong square, situated on high ground, near a woody, romantic dell, through which the Wissahiccon finds its meandering way. About this house, so secluded and little known to the mass of the people, there have been sundry vague and mysterious reports and traditions of its having been once occupied as a monastery. The tale told in the early days of the present aged neighbors was, that it once contained monks of the 'Seven-day Baptist order,' and that they used wooden blocks for pillows, like

those at Ephrata, scolloped out so as to fit the head. If the house should have been built as early as 1708—when Kelpius, the hermit, died at the Ridge—it may have been constructed by the forty students from Germany, the Pietists who came out in 1694, with Kelpius, to live a single life in the wilderness," though this cannot now be established as a fact from reliable data; so the house must remain a mystery.

We give the following further account of these hermits, of the singular "German students," and "the Society of the Woman in the Wilderness," from Watson's Annals of Philadelphia: "In 1708, Kelpius, who was regarded as their leader, died 'in the midst of his days,' (said to be 35,)—after his death the members began to fall in with the world around them, and some of them to break their avowed religious intentions by marrying. Thus the society lost its distinctive character and died away; but previous to their dispersion they were joined about the year 1704 by some others, among whom was Conrad Mathias, (the last of the Ridge hermits,) a Switzer, and by Christopher Witt, (sometimes called Dr. Witt of Germantown,) a professor of medicine, and a '*magus*' or *diviner*.

"After the death of Kelpius, the faith was continued in the person of *John Seelig*, who had been his companion and was also a *scholar*. Seelig lived many years after him as a hermit, and was remarkable for resisting the offers of the world, and for wearing a coarse garment like that of Kelpius. This Seelig records the death of his friend Kelpius in 1708, in a MS. Hymn Book of Kelpius' (set to music,) which I have seen—saying he died *in his garden*, and attended by all his children, (spiritual ones, and children whom he taught gratis,) weeping as for the loss of a father. That Kelpius was a man of learning is tested by some of his writings; a very small written book of one hundred pages, once in my possession. It contains his writings in Latin, Hebrew, Greek, German and English: and this last (which is very remarkable, he being a foreigner,) is very *free* and *pure*. The journal of his voyage to this country, in sixteen pages, is all in Latin; some of his letters (of which there are several in German and two in English) are in Latin; they are all on religious topics, and saving his peculiar religious opinions, reason very acutely and *soberly*. From venturing with the thousands of his day to give *spiritual* interpretations to Scripture, where it was not so intended, he fell upon a scheme of religion which drove him and other students from the Universities, of Germany, and under the name of *Pietists*, &c., to seek for some immediate and strange revelations. He and his friends therefore expected the *millenium* year was close at hand—so near that he told the first Alex. Mack (the first of the Germantown Tunkers) that he should not die till he saw it! He believed also that 'the woman in the wilderness,' mentioned in the Revelations, was prefigurative of the great deliverance that was then soon to be displayed for the church of Christ. As she was 'to come up from the wilderness leaning on her beloved,' so the beloved in the wilderness laid aside all other engagements, (i. e. being hermits, and trimming their lamps and adorning themselves with holiness, that they may be prepared to meet the same with joy.) 'Therefore they did well to observe the signs of the times, and every new phenomenon (whether moral or preternatural) of meteors, stars, or colors of the skies, if peradventure the

harbinger may appear.' He argued too, that there was a *three-fold* wilderness, like the state of progression in spiritual holiness: to wit, 'the barren, the fruitful and the wilderness state of the *elect of God.'* In the last state, after which he was seeking, as a highest degree of holiness, he believed it very essential to attain it by dwelling in solitude or in the *wilderness;* therefore he argues Moses' holiness by being prepared forty years in the wilderness—Christ's being tempted forty days in the wilderness as an epitome of the other—John the Baptist coming from the wilderness, &c. He thought it thus proved that holy men might be thus qualified to come forth among men again, to convert whole cities, and to work signs and wonders. He was much visited by religious persons. Kelpius professed love and charity with all—but desired to live *without* a name or sect. The name they obtained was given by others. There are two of Kelpius' MS. Hymn Books still extant in Germantown: one of his own composing, in German, is called *elegant;* they are curious, too, because they are all *translated* into English poetry (line for line) by Dr. C. Witt, the diviner or magus. The titles of some of them may exhibit the mind of the author:

"'Of the wilderness—or Virgin-Cross love.'

"'The contentment of the God-loving soul.'

"'Of the power of the new virgin-body wherein the Lord revealeth his mysteries.'

"'A loving moan of the disconsolate soul.'

"'Colloquium of the soul with itself.'

"'Upon *Rest* after he had been wearied with *Labour* in the wilderness.'

"Although he looked for a *qualification* to go forth and convert towns and cities in the name of the Lord, it is manifest that neither he nor his companions were enthusiastic enough to go into the world without such endowment. They often held religious meetings in their hermitage, with people who solicited to come to them for the purpose Kelpius' hut or house stood on the hill where the widow Phœbe Riter now lives. Her log house has now stood more than forty years on the same cellar foundation which was his; it is on a steep descending grassy hill, well exposed to the sun for warmth in the winter, and has a spring of the hermit's making, half down the hill, shaded by a very stout cedar tree. After Kelpius' hut went down, the foxes used to burrow in his cellar; he called the place the 'Burrow of Rocks, or Rocksburrow'—now Roxborough.

"*Dr. Christopher Witt* was born in England (in Wiltshire) in 1675: he came to this country in 1704, and died in 1765, aged 90. He was a skilful physician and a learned man; was reputed a magus or diviner, or in grosser terms a *conjuror;* and was a student and a believer in all the learned absurdities and marvellous pretensions of the *Rosicrucian* philosophy. The Germans of that day, and indeed many of the English, practiced the casting of *nativities*—and as this required mathematical and astronomical learning, it often followed that such a competent scholar was called 'a fortune teller.' Dr. Witt 'cast nativities,' and was called a conjuror: while Christopher Lehman, who was a scholar and a friend of Witt, and could cast nativities, and did them for all of his own nine children, but *never for hire,* was called a notary public, a surveyor, and a gentleman."

Conrad Mathias, "the last of the Ridge Hermits," died in the year 1745. So passed away this strange religious dream, as many had done before, and have done since. To fly to the desert is not to escape from sin, but to fly to Christ delivers us from its power. The hermit finds his own evil nature and the seductions of evil spirits with him in his cave, even as in the noisy busy world. He cannot fly from himself. Change of nature is needed, not change of place. He that finds Christ alone escapes from himself, from the world, and from the power of Satan. He is the best and wisest hermit who makes the wounds of Christ, opened for our sin, his hiding-place and covert from the storms. Fly, earnest reader, not to the wilderness, but rather to the church, "the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem." There you will find a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down, a refuge and a rest to your soul forever.

MILDLY JUDGE YE OF EACH OTHER.

Mildly judge ye of each other,
  Be to condemnation slow;
The very best may have their failings,
  Something good the worst can show.
The brilliant sun has spots of darkness
  On his radiant front, they say;
And the clock that never goeth,
  Speaks correctly twice a day.

Do not mock your neighbor's weakness,
  When his random whims you see,
For perhaps he something like it
  Every day beholds in thee.
Folly leavens all our natures;
  Soundest metal hath its flaws;
And the rigid stoic scorner
  Is no wiser for his saws.

Every mortal hath its hobby;
  It may foolish seem to you—
But, remember! bright or simple,
  You have got your hobby too.
Let a fellow feeling warm you,
  When you criticise your friend;
Honor virtue in his actions,
  In yourself his vices mend.

Think not those whom mortals honor
  Are the best the earth affords;
For no tongue of praise doth blazon
  Forth the deeds which God rewards.
There are fish behind in ocean,
  Good as ever from it came,
There are men unknown as noble
  As the laurel'd heirs of fame.

Mildly judge then of each other,
  Be to condemnation slow,
For the wisest have their failings,
  Something good the worst can show,
The sun himself hath spots of darkness
  On his radiant brow they say;
And the clock that never goeth,
  Speaks correctly twice a day.

THE MOUNT OF ASCENSION.

BY REV. B. BAUSMAN.

OLIVET has four summits or elevations on its long ridge. The one opposite the temple and rising above Gethsemane, is called the Mount of Ascension, from which tradition says our Lord ascended to heaven. The nearest road between Bethany and Jerusalem, leads directly over this summit, while another one, more generally used, winds around its southern shoulder. We read that Bethany was fifteen furlongs from Jerusalem, and along this road I found that it took me thirty-five minutes to walk there, which would correspond with the Bible distance.

The Mount of Olives is not often mentioned in the Old Testament. When Absalom rebelled, "David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up; and he went bare-foot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up weeping as they went up." (2 Sam. 15.) When he was come to the top of the mount he worshipped God, where Hushai the Archite came to meet him. "A little past the top of the hill, Ziba, the servant of Mephibosheth met him with a couple of asses saddled, and upon them two hundred loaves of bread, and an hundred bunches of raisins, and an hundred of summer fruit, and a bottle of wine." And as he went down on the other side, "Shimei went along on the hill-side over against him, and cursed as he went, and threw stones at him and cast dust." (2 Sam. 16)

This melancholy flight of David, weeping over his ungrateful Absalom, reminds us of the tears which the "Son of David" shed over Jerusalem from the same mount. What a spectacle! David hurrying up this road, away from his own city, and Christ borne back to it with an applauding stream, both shedding tears of wounded kindness and pity, over ungrateful and deceptive friends!

On a certain morning in the pleasant month of April—a Jerusalem April—when turtles were cooing from the gray olive branches, and the fig tree was putting forth its leaves, on Olivet, and flowers and fresh dewy grass diffused a pleasant odor through the air, our Saviour came up from Bethany towards Jerusalem. He came with a great caravan of Jews from Galilee, who were coming to the feast of the Passover. Doubtless many joined the caravan at Bethany, to escort the great Prophet whom they had seen raising Lazarus, their townsman, from the dead. The numerous Jews already at Jerusalem, having heard of this miracle, came out to meet Him. Going along the road, some cut down palm branches (a tree no longer found on Olivet.) Perhaps the two tides met somewhere near the summit, where all fell in with the large triumphal procession, some going before and casting their palm branches in his way, others carpeting the road with their loose outer garments or blankets.

Just where the road crosses the top, it turns around a projecting bluff, and suddenly mount Zion comes into view. Though a part of it is a

ploughed field, and the building wears a gloomy aspect, this sudden surprise is even now peculiarly imposing. It is crowned with the castle of Herod, where then the palace of David stood. On Mount Zion was that part of Jerusalem called "the city of David," and its strongly fortified position gave it the name of the "stronghold of David." Palaces and costly buildings graced the mount to its base in the valley of Jehoshaphat. It was a grand sight to behold this regal citadel from any direction; but it became enrapturing to the pious Jew, coming to the annual feasts, when he got his first grand view from the summit of Olivet. Next to the temple, "the city of David" was the pride of the Hebrew nation, the monument of their former glory and power, associated with the king whose son or descendant was to be the Messiah. When the "very great multitude" reached this turning point in the road "at the descent of the mount of Olives," this city of David burst upon their view, and perhaps here first the shout triumphant rose from the vast long train, as they crowded around David's greater son: "Hosanna to the son of David. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord. And the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen." When the Pharisees wished him to rebuke His noisy and enthusiastic disciples, he replied, pointing to the loose stones scattered along the way: "If these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out."

Hosannas were still ringing in the rear as they caught the first enchanting sight, and the advance procession came to another ridge partly obstructing the view. As the caravan drew its long line over it, the whole city unrolled before their view like a panorama. The morning sun was just shining on the golden front of the temple, reflecting a dazzling splendor painful to look at; its walls of snowy white rose out of the city with unheard of beauty; towers, walls, gates, pools, palaces, and every feature useful and ornamental, which gave Jerusalem renown among all nations, stood out to view with charming distinctness. Perhaps when our Lord stood on the elevation, with all this costly and enchanting glory of the city in full view, and with a knowledge of her impending destruction—"He beheld the city and wept over it." On another occasion "He sat upon the Mount of Olives over against the temple" with four of his disciples, looking at the city, and telling them of its coming ruin. (Mark 13.)

These incidents will become additionally interesting, when we bear in mind that there was no place around Jerusalem from which Christ could have obtained such a view but from the Mount of Olives. Thither every traveler now repairs who wishes to get a good view of the Holy City.

On the top of the Mount of Ascension a few Arab huts cluster around the traditional spot from which our Lord ascended to heaven. The Mohammedans must always have a mosque or temple over every reputed sacred place. Whether it be the grave of a Saint or a place connected with his history, they must have a small edifice in which to say their prayers over this hallowed ground. Among the few humble dwellings on Olivet is one of these small buildings, and in the pavement

of its chapel a bare rock with an impression somewhat resembling a foot-print, which a credulous piety ascribes to Christ. From here he is said to have ascended. Luke says "He led them out as far as Bethany," and while blessing them He ascended to Heaven. In the Acts we are told that the disciples "returned unto Jerusalem from the Mount called Olivet," after His ascension. As Bethany is on the eastern slope of the Mount, persons coming from there to Jerusalem must necessarily cross its summit. Thus His ascension from Bethany would still correspond with the narrative, and have for its theatre the Mount of Olives.

I ascended the minaret of the mosque, a column not unlike a furnace chimney, whose view embraces the most interesting localities in the world. The Holy City rose from the Kedron like an amphitheatre. It was on Friday, the Mahommedan Sabbath. A large crowd of women, all dressed, or rather folded, in snow-white linen, were strolling over the grassy court and among the tall cypress trees of the Mosque of Omar (where Solomon's temple once stood.) The men crowded the gates of the mosque to worship within. Many women, like persons wrapped in spectral sheets, came to the graves outside the wall to weep over buried friends and children. This is still a custom as it was among the ancient Jews; (John 11: 31) Mohammedans usually perform the sad duty on their Sabbath

The view was very extensive. Eastward from Bethany the bleak desolate wilderness of Judea rolled in rough wave-like undulations toward Jericho and the Jordan. A green tortuous line of jungle marked its serpentine-course, through the sandy barren plain, towards the Dead Sea. The blue, sluggish waters of this curse-blighted region without soil or human habitation near it, never loses the impress of malediction. Beyond rose the long, lofty chain of Moab, with just grass enough to give it a faint tinge of verdure in the distance In the distant north I saw the mountains of Ephraim, with Ebal and Gerezim, where Joshua had the blessings and curses proclaimed (Joshua 8.) To the southwest were the hills of Judea. And to the west, more than two hundred feet below me, was Jerusalem, with the houses, mosques, streets, walls and valleys in and around it, most distinctly mapped out to view. The rubbish and ruins melted away in the distance. The houses looked whiter than before, the pilgrims seemed more tidily clad, and the rough cliffs in the neighboring ravines were little noticed amid the soft sprinkling vegetation.

This Mount of Ascension furnishes the highest accessible point of view for seeing Jerusalem. Seen from here, the weeds of her widowhood appear fair as a bridal robe, and the sun sheds upon her lorn and sad condition, the soft, pleasant light of mercy and hope. 'Tis so with the believers of Ascension-mount. A clearer sun shines on objects as seen from its summit. Viewed with the ken of the Saviour's charity, the soils and imperfections of others vanish like spots on the sun when seen at noon-day. While we dwell in the earthly Jerusalem, sharing her sorrows and tribulations, her ruins and decay always appear with humilitating prominence. But from our Ascension-mount these will shrink from view, and our "abode of peace" will appear without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

XXXVI.—THE HUNTER AND HIS DOG.

A hunter spied a rabbit, and hissed his dog after it. "Catch it! catch it!" cried the hunter, and the dog darted after the rabbit with all speed, chased it all round the field, and having caught it at last he held it fast with his teeth. Then the hunter caught the rabbit by the ears, and said to the dog: "Let it go, let it go!" The dog at last let it go, and the hunter put the rabbit into his bag.

Many of the villagers had looked on; and an old farmer among them said: "Like this hunter is the miser. Covetousness calls to the miser: 'Catch it, catch it!' The blinded man obeys, and follows earthly gain with all his powers. At last comes death and says: 'Let it go, let it go!' and the poor man must let go unenjoyed the riches which with much pains he had gathered."

Earthly gain the heart bewitches;
Let us seek for heavenly riches.

XXXVII.—THE PROUD WOMAN.

Young Gertrude lived in a beautiful house, and prided herself not a little on her high estate

One day Maria, the daughter of a poor stone-mason, came to her and said: "My father, who is very sick, begs you to call and see him; he has something important to tell you!"

The young woman answered mockingly: "It is no doubt something very important which such a poor man as your father has to communicate to me! Go, I have nothing to do in your poor hut."

In a short time Maria returned in haste, and, nearly out of breath, said: "O my dear young lady, come quickly. During the war, your sainted mother had a large sum of money walled into the house; and she advised my father to tell no man where it is but yourself, when you shall be twenty years of age. But now he is nigh unto death and cannot delay till you are of the given age"

Now Gertrude hastened as quickly as possible to the old mason; but when she entered his room he had already died.

Through fear and chagrin, young Gertrude now nearly ran wild. She caused the walls of the magnificent house to be opened in various places, but found not the least trace of the treasure.

All her life she regretted that her pride had saddened the last hours of a good man, and robbed herself of so rich an inheritance.

Misfortunes sad must e'er betide,
The foolish votaries of pride.

XXXVIII.—THE MILLER AND HIS ASS.

A certain miller and his son took an ass to town in order to sell it at market.

A man on horseback, meeting them, said: "You are foolish to let the ass walk empty along with neither of you riding on it." The son immediately mounted the ass and rode.

Soon after they met a teamster who called out: "You rude young fellow, are you not ashamed to ride whilst your father is walking?" The son now quickly dismounted and the father rode.

A little farther on a farmer's wife who was carrying a basket of fruit on her head, said: "This is an unmerciful father, seating himself comfortably upon the ass whilst his poor son must wade after him through the mud." Now the son sat behind his father on the ass.

"Alas! the poor brute," exclaimed a shepherd, who was watching sheep by the way-side, "it must perish. You are true brute-butchers, that you are."

Now they both alighted from the ass; and the son, greatly mortified, said to his father: "What shall we do with this ass, that we may please the people whom we must pass? Shall we hang him across a pole between us, and carry him to market, or shall we drown him in yonder stream?"

But the father said: "Now I see clearly that it is not possible in any thing to please every person; but that the best way is always to do what is right and then let the fault finders taunt and laugh as much as they please."

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The week is past; its latest ray
Is vanished with the closing day;
And 'tis as far beyond our grasp,
Its now departed hours to clasp,
As to recall the moment bright
When first creation sprung to light.
The week is past! if it has brought
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought,
If it has left some memory dear
Of heavenly raptures wasted here,
It has not winged its flight in vain,
Although it ne'er return again.—Bowring.

DEATH.

BY C. E. A.

How solemn, how awfully solemn that word, and what a train of sad and lonely thoughts it awakens within the breast. Well might Job, guided only by the faint light of an imperfect dispensation, call him the "King of terrors," for surely his approach yes the very thoughts of death, strikes terror and fear into many a heart, for he comes, and none can stay his hand; he aims his dart, and his victim falls. Ah! death is a mighty conqueror; he sways the sceptre of universal dominion, smiting down the king from his throne, as well as the peasant by the way, and lays them side by side, in one common resting place. He is no respecter of persons. Behold him enter the rich man's palace, and lay his icy hand upon their darling child; prayers and tears are alike unheeded, the "grim monster" has marked him for his victim, and he drops into the grave. Again he enters the poor man's hovel, and takes away the prop and support of a large family; tears and agony cannot bring back the life that is gone; he heeds not the anguish of the desolate ones as they crowd around the form of the departing; death has aimed his blow, the poor man dies. Youth and beauty are no shields against the shafts of death, for he boldly walks the land, scattering his arrows thick and fast on every side. The infant upon the mother's breast struggles in the last agonies of death, and with an angel's countenance, it fades away and dies. And the proud beauty, clothed in the height of fashion and folly, is suddenly stricken down while engaged in the mazy dance; her ball-room companions are terror-stricken and afraid; they cry for help, if perchance her life may be restored; but no, death had pointed his arrow, and his aim was sure. Her soul has gone to the God who gave it, to bear the solemn test. Oh! who that has stood beside the corpse of a dear friend, whom in life they had loved, was not constrained to believe that in death there must be a loneliness beyond deseription; behold that form, 'tis still the same on which we often gazed with deep affection. And as we stand and gaze on the marble-like corpse, what deep emotions pervade the soul. Death has been there; those once sparkling eyes he has closed in deep sleep; the lips are motionless and still; the sweet voice, that once delighted and cheered our hearts, is now hushed in death; all is cold and silent, and who can describe the soul's deep emotions, as we follow that friend to the grave, the quiet resting place of the dead, and the place appointed for all the living. The tomb must be a dreary, desolate place. Who can calmly gaze into the open grave without a shudder, without a feeling of sadness and loneliness; and yet this is the place appointed "for all the living." And is there no light to cheer that dark and dreary abode? Must our friends lie buried there forever in darkness and in gloom? Ah! no. Hope points to the grave of the departed and speaks in words

of tenderness and truth, "They shall rise again." Only the body lies sleeping there; the spirit has winged its way to the "spirit world." Moreover, weep no longer, listen to the blessed words contained within the Holy Book, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"We'll meet again, then cease to weep,
Whatever may betide,
Not time, nor death can always keep
The loved ones from our side."

DESCRIPTION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

THE Boston *Journal* says that the following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome, when he deprived that city of many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced his ministry, by Publius Centullus, Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome—Cæsar, Emperor. It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write any event of importance which transpired while he held office—

Conscript fathers:—There appeared in these our days a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He hath raised the dead, cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature, tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as the beholder may love and fear. His hair is the color of the filbert when fully ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is most ornet in color, curling and waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam or partition of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarites. His forehead is plain and delicate, his face without spot or wrinkle, beautiful, with a comely red—his nose and mouth are exactly formed—beard the color of his hair, and thick, not of any great height, but forked. In reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well shaped. None have ever seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men.

PROPHECY.

THERE is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.

PHILADELPHIA IN 1748.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY THE EDITOR.

In the April number of the Guardian, we gave the reader a description of "the town of New York" in 1748, which we translated from the German, as found in the travels of Peter Kalm, Professor of Domestic Economy, in the Royal Academy of Aobo in Sweden. We now present from the same source a translation of his description of Philadelphia, where he landed in September of the same year, which we hope will possess a like interest to our readers. It is said of some of the "highest families" in the land, that if they should follow the thread of their descent back far enough, they would find it to end in a *wax-end!* So, in like manner, our great and proud cities are found to have had an humble beginning. But in neither case is there anything to be ashamed of; for, as it is no dishonor to us that our great, great grandfather was a shoemaker, so it is no disgrace to a city, that it was once a village. We doubt whether those who reside "in the city" now, are a whit better than those who lived "in the village" one hundred and eleven years ago.—Ed.

Before I sailed from London, Messrs. Abraham Spalding, Peter Collinson, Dr. Mitchell and others, gave me letters of introduction to their friends in Philadelphia. Hence I found no difficulty in getting along. Benjamin Franklin, to whom Pennsylvania is so largely indebted for its well-being, and the learned world for his many new discoveries in electricity, was the first one who introduced me here. He gave me very necessary directions, and showed me kindness in many ways.

Philadelphia, the principal town in Pennsylvania, a region which constitutes a part of the formerly so-called New Sweden, is one of the most prominent towns in North America, and, after Boston, the largest. It is situated at a middle point of the English colonies.

This town was first laid out in 1683, or as some say 1682, by the well-known Quaker, William Penn, who received this whole region as a present from King Charles II. of England, after Sweden had relinquished its claims to it. According to Penn's plan, the town was to lie in a point between the rivers Dalaware and Schuylkill, and be two miles long and one mile broad. Thus the east side would have lain on the Delaware and the west side on the Schuylkill. There were actually already houses built on both rivers. For there were staked off eight principal streets, each two miles long, and six cross streets one mile long, which were pretty wide and run in straight lines. The place was at that time for the most part a wilderness, thickly overgrown with wood, and belonged to three Swedes, who were brothers, and who had already made improvements on it. As it was an advantageous location, they were at first very reluctant to leave it. At length, however, Penn succeeded in persuading them thereto, by giving them several English miles away from the place, twice as much land. Still after-

wards the bounds of their allotment were considerably narrowed down, as well by Penn himself, as also by his heirs, under the plea that they had appropriated more to themselves than belonged to them.

There were, however, at first not inhabitants enough to build so large a plot. Hence the first scheme, so far as it included the bank of the Schuylkill, was suffered to rest till circumstances should change, and the buildings were erected along the Delaware. This river flows along the eastern side of the town, is of great advantage to its trade, and furnishes a very pleasant prospect in the way of scenery. The houses which were at first built along the Schuylkill have also been transferred to the Delaware shore. The town is thus situated in a very pleasant spot, extending according to the direction of the stream, mostly north and south. It is something more than an English mile in length, and at some places a half mile in breadth, if not more. The ground is level, without special elevations, composed of sand with a small mixture of clay. Experience has also proved that the air here is very healthy.

The streets are beautifully regular, spacious, and most of them about fifty English feet wide. Arch street is sixty-six feet, and Market street, or the principal street, on which markets are held, nearly one hundred feet wide. The streets which run north and south, or lengthwise through the town, are seven in number, without counting a small one called Water street, which lies along the river south of the Market. The cross streets at present are eight in number, and run nearly east and west, for they vary a little from the line of the compass. All the streets except the two nearest the river, cross each other at right angles. Some are paved with stone, others are not. This appears also to be less necessary on account of the sandy nature of the soil, which causes the wet soon to disappear. There is here also the excellent arrangement as is customary in England, namely, that on either side of the street along the houses there is a pavement eight feet wide, and in some cases even wider still, laid with flat stones, on the outside of which posts are ranged along from sixteen to twenty-four feet apart. Over this pavement those pass who walk; and those who ride or drive are required to confine themselves to the middle of the street. The posts protect those who walk, against danger, from any carelessness in those who ride or drive, and from being splashed and soiled by the impurities of the middle of the street. Troughs are fixed under the eaves of the roofs, and the water is carefully led away by spouts. In this way, those who pass along when it rains, or when the snow is melting, are saved the unpleasantness of being evermore dripped upon from the roofs of the houses.

The houses present a good appearance, and are often several stories high, built either of brick or of quarried stone. Still the largest number are of brick, which are moulded outside of the town and burnt exceedingly well. The houses are covered with shingles made of a tree which the Swedes call juniper, but by the English it is called the white cedar. Formerly there was much of it growing in marshy places; but now the old trees of this kind are mostly used up, and yet, up to this time, not the least thing has been done to raise new ones. This wood is very light, and lasts longer than any other wood in the country, for which reason it is excellent for roofing, since it does not burden the wall, and lasts a whole lifetime. There are however some, who look farther ahead

than others, of opinion that time will prove that these roofs of white cedar have been an injury to the town. For since they are so very light, some have been led to make the walls of their houses quite thin; but as this kind of wood is already much cut down, and these roofs will in the course of years require to be renewed, it will be necessary to replace them with heavier material, which their thin walls will not sustain. Hence it will be necessary to support the new roof with posts, or even perhaps to make new walls Hence, of late years, some have already commenced covering their houses with tiles.

Further, Philadelphia has good clear water. For although there are no springs in town out of which the water flows of itself, still nearly every yard has its well, and there are also some along the street, from which excellent water is procured, as well for cooking and drinking, as also for washing. It is generally necessary to dig from thirty to forty feet deep before water is reached. The water of the Delaware itself is not bad for use.

So far Kalm, for the present. Not to make our article too long, we must reserve his description of churches and other public buildings to a future number.

TOLERATION IN JAPAN.

The London *Examiner* says that the Japanese are not intolerant, for they have three different religions divided into upward of thirty sects, the votaries of all of which live peaceably together. The persecutions of the Christians in the sixteenth century was a political and not a Theological one. Before it commenced, the bonzes, or priests of Buddhism, a form of religion introduced from India, were the most importunate in their complaints against the Christians. They petitioned the emperor against them, who demanded how many forms of religion existed in the empire, and the reply was thirty-five. "Well," replied his majesty, "where thirty-five can be tolerated, we can easily have thirty-six. Leave the strangers in peace."

THE SINGLE FRIEND.

Against that fool must all true thinkers laugh,
Who, counting o'er his friends, thinks most of number;
It is as if who wants a single staff
Should with a bunch of reeds his hand encumber.

NAMES OF DAYS—THEIR ORIGIN.

THE idols which our Saxon ancestors worshipped, and from which the days of the week derive their names, were various ; and were the principal objects of their adoration.

THE IDOL OF THE SUN.—This idol, which represented the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man set upon a pillar, holding, with outstretched arms, a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially dedicated to its adoration, which they termed the *Sun's Daeg;* hence is derived the word Sunday.

THE IDOL OF THE MOON.—The next was the Idol of the Moon, which they worshipped on the second day of the week, called by them *Moon's Daeg ;* and since by us Monday. The form of this idol is intended to represent a woman, habited in a short coat and hood, and two long ears, holding the Moon in her hand.

THE IDOL OF TUISCO.—Tuisco was at first defined as the father and ruler of the Teutonic race, but in course of time he was worshipped as the son of earth. From this came the Saxon words, *Tuisco's Daeg;* which we call Tuesday. He is represented standing on a pedestal, as an old, venerable sage, clothed in the skin of an animal, and holding a sceptre in his right hand.

THE IDOL WODEN, OR ODIN.—Woden, or Odin, was the supreme divinity of the Northern nations. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the east ; but from what country, or at what timeis not known. His exploits form the greatest part of the mythological creed of the Northern nations, and his achievements are magnificent beyond all credibility. The name of the fourth day of the week, called by the Saxons *Woden's Daeg,* and by us Wednesday, is derived from this personage. Woden is represented in a bold and martial attitude, with a broadsword uplifted in his right hand.

THE IDOL OF THOR.—Thor, the oldest and bravest of the sons of Woden and Friga, was, after his parents, considered as the greatest among the Saxons and Danes. To him the fifth day of the week, called by them *Thor's Daeg,* and by us Thursday, was consecrated. Thor is represented as sitting on a throne with a crown of gold upon his head, adorned with a circle in front, wherein were set twelve bright burnished gold stars, and with a regal scepter in his right hand.

THE IDOL OF FRIGA, OR FREA.—Friga, or Frea, was the wife of Woden or Odin ; and next to him the most revered divinity among the heathen Saxons, Danes and other Northern nations. In the most ancient times, Friga, or Frea, was the same with the goddess Hertha or Earth. To her the sixth day of the week was consecrated, which by the Saxons was written *Friga's Daeg;* corresponding with our Friday. Friga is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand, and a bow in her left.

THE IDOL SEATER.—The Idol Seater is represented on a pedestal, whereon is placed a perch, on the sharp prickled back of which he

stood. In his left hand he held up a wheel, and in his right hand was a pail of water, wherein were flowers and fruits; and his dress consisted of a long coat girded with linen. The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained. The Saxons named it *Seater's Daeg*, which we call Saturday.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There are two ways to live on earth—
  Two ways to judge—to act—to view;
For all things here have double birth—
  A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
  To make that sweet which seemeth small;
Where every lip in fondness speaks,
  And every mind hath care for all.

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
  Of pleasures, free from vain expense;
Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
  Nor wise denials give offence.

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
  No wish, no impulse, to complain;
Who feel not—never felt—the mind
  To envy yet another's gain!

Who dream not of the mocking tide
  Ambition's foiled endeavor meets,—
The bitter pangs of wounded pride,
  Nor fallen power that shuns the streets.

Though fa'e deny its glittering store,
  Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that Gold can purchase more,
  Are gauds, it is no loss to lose!

Some beings wheresoe'er they go,
  Find naught to please or to exalt,—
Their constant study but to show
  Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
  Of daily wants and daily care,
Can yet pull flowers from common ground,
  And twice enjoy the joy they share!

Oh! happy they who happy make,—
  Who, blessing still themselves are blest!
Who something spare for others' sake
  And strive, in all things, for the best!

GRAY HAIRS.

A SHORT SERMON FOR THE AGED.

BY THE EDITOR.

Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not.—HOSEA VII: 9.

THESE words are spoken of Ephraim. "Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people; Ephraim is a cake not turned." As a cake over the fire, not turned, is burnt on one side while it remains unbaked on the other, and is thus all spoiled; so Ephraim under the disciplinary dealings of God which were bearing as a fire upon him, was hardened and burnt on the side where God approached him with His remedial chastisements, whilst on the other he remained untouched in his sinful and disobedient life, sunk in the surrounding heathenism by which he suffered himself to be ruined. "Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not: yea, gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not."

In this passage Ephraim represents all Israel. He and the tribe which sprung from him had been in many respects specially and highly distinguished. He was the beloved son of Joseph; and in preference to his brother Manassah, who was the eldest, he received the right hand blessing of Jacob, his grandfather, shortly before his death. Joshua was of the tribe of Ephraim, and when he divided Canaan, he favored Ephraim with a goodly portion. The ark and the tabernacle remained a long time in this tribe, at Shiloh; and after the separation of the ten tribes, the seat of the kingdom of Israel was at Ephraim. Thus Ephraim is frequently used by the prophets to signify the kingdom of Israel.

Ephraim as an individual, and Ephraim in his generations, till he became a kingdom, was favored, watched over, and defended of his heavenly father. But he became ungrateful and disobedient, and this proved his ruin. His sins wasted his strength. His life began to die within him. The sure signs of premature decay were beginning to show themselves on his person. This fact God holds up before him as a last warning: "Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not."

The case of Ephraim is that of every one who spends his life, and wastes his strength in sin. However strong he may be, the poison on which he feeds, will in due time bring about its results, and its marks will be seen upon him.

Gray hairs, as they indicate the passing away of this mortal life, and are blossoms for the tomb, are not in themselves sad or dishonorable. On the contrary, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

Nothing is more beautiful than the silvery almond blossoms on a wise and a pious head. These are the blossoms not merely of the grave, but of immortality. They are the white shining crown of a

holy life. They are the emblems of the highest wisdom. They are the patriarchal honors, before which we all love to bow. They remind us of the bright aureole which painters make to encircle sainted heads; and in them we recognize the relation which those who wear them sustain to him in the vision of John who walked in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, "Whose head and hairs were white, like wool, as white as snow."

How beautiful are heads so crowned in the midst of pious families, surrounded by children and children's children. How beautiful are such, as they rise to view in the community, sitting in the gates, as the judges in the land—their honored heads rise like the white snowy crown of Carmel, overlooking in calm power, and blessing the rising slopes, the fruitful plains and peaceful valleys of human life beneath and around them. How lovely is the sight of such heads in the great congregation, relieved by the dark health and vigor of middle age and the rosy bloom of youthful life. How beautiful on the pulpit, the heralds of salvation to the listening people. How beautiful at the table of the Lord, receiving in calm devotion the most comfortable sacrament of the Lord's body and blood. Beautiful everywhere, even on a death-bed and in the coffin, is the hoary head of a saint.

How different is gray hair upon the head of a hardened, careless sinner! Here it is sadly out of place. Here the sight shocks us. Here we recognize it as ripeness for destruction. Here it appears as a warning to him on whom it is found, that the harvest is nearly past and the summer well nigh ended. Here it speaks of mercies past and abused, of opportunities gone beyond recall, of highest duties neglected, of life past as a folly and a failure, of death and judgment near, and of a dark, cheerless eternity beyond.

We are shocked when we see gray hairs and impenitent lives together, because we always associate gray hairs with wisdom and piety. There has been time and opportunity for wisdom. The beautiful years of youth and middle life have been enjoyed. The wise instructions of God and of good men have been heard. Experience has read its many lessons; and at every step have been given the hints of God's providence in their alluring and chastising aspects. Yet all these years, with their love and warnings, have witnessed nothing but an impenitent and meaningless life; and now age and sin—oh, ill-matched pair!—are found together, covered, as in solemn mockery, by gray hairs.

This is no fancy picture. It is drawn from life. Not seldom do you see a gray head cover a drunken body. Not seldom are gray hairs seen in the midst of revel. Not seldom do you hear oaths and vulgar words sound forth from a wrinkled face, shadowed by frosty locks, even when these shameful sins are absent; still how often are gray hairs found as the forced patrons of a miserly, worldly, and indifferent life. Instead of crowning a thoughtful, feeling man, warned by declining years, making earnest preparation for the solemn change which has come near, you find them crowning a cold and lifeless statue, as if of marble, without the tenderness and penitence, the living aspirations of faith or the warm emotions of hope and love. Though nigh unto their end, and as "nigh unto cursing, they refuse the warnings which are preached to them, by the evident tokens of perdition," which they bear about with them in their own body.

Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

What makes the case of such aged impenitents more sad and pitiable, is the fact that they are so deeply insensible of their perilous state. "Gray hairs are here and there upon him, *yet he knoweth not.*"

How often are we constrained to contemplate aged men with wonder? They know—or might know, surely—that their end is near. It must be so from the years they have attained. The boldest presumption scarcely dare add five or ten years more to their lives. Few grave-stones bear a higher date than that which they have already attained. Great God! how near is their certain doom!

And yet how unconcerned they go
Upon the brink of death!

Others see their position. Others are alarmed by their tottering steps so near the verge of everlasting death. Perhaps angels shudder, and weep—if angels have tears for the hardened as they have rejoicings over those that repent and turn. All are alarmed for them but themselves! Still, on they stumble—till death strikes!—the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns to God—whose favor it neglected, whose mercy it despised, whose grace it received in vain!

It is a strange blindness. Yet it exists: and the scriptures constantly warn against it. Madness is in their hearts while they live, and afterwards they go down to the dead. They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely. They will not be wooed, and hence they are not won. In all this the scriptures only declare what all experience proves true. They are all around us, gray-headed reprobates! They stand forth as a warning and a terror, like bleached rocks, which the gentle rains of heaven and the warm sunlight of God's love do not soften and which no storms of His chastising providences can break into contrition. They are as barren fig-trees in the Lord's vineyard, at whose roots the axe is already laid—awaiting the doom of fruitless cumberers of the ground.

Whilst we deplore the dreariness of impenitent old age, let us not forget to consider where this evil begins. Like age itself it has its roots far back in earlier years, coming on gradually, and by a silent process. The prophet has well located its beginning—or at least its dangerous crisis—in that period of life when "gray hairs are *here and there* upon him."

This points us to earlier, perhaps particularly to middle life. The white winter begins when the first snow but barely whitens the heaviest tufts of grass in the meadows, and the leafiest parts of the trees and hedges. These light drifts of the early snow are the first fruits of the coming winter, and its sure pledge. So the first sprinkling of gray hairs, as they appear, often even before what we call middle life, are the first tokens of coming age. They are only "here and there," but their meaning is not dark. They come as a new prophet which the rest acknowledge; and those which were the crown and glory of earlier life say, We

must decrease, you must increase. These are as prophetic warning voices to him who bears them. If these warnings are neglected, the almost certain consequence is impenitent old age.

Do not facts gathered from actual experience and observation prove the danger of passing middle life in an impenitent state. Then habits are fully formed. Then the affections have their lasting bias. Then the current of life has struck its strong direction! "Can the Ethiopean change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil? Wo unto thee, O Jerusalem! wilt thou not be made clean! when shall it once be?"

Middle life is the hill-top, beyond which you surely descend—and descend in the direction you then take. You are then, as a man above Niagara, who has been drawn beyond that certain point, where returning or reaching the shore is impossible, except as by miracle. Silently as yet you may be gliding, but you are nevertheless in the dreadful draught! Whilst you are still in calm waters, men call to you in vain from the shore. You smile at their fears, whilst your danger is not to you in sight; and when, a little farther on, you reach the rapids, you call to them in vain, for then, though eyes may pity, no arms can save!

So natural, easy, and sure is the path from careless middle life to impenitent and hopeless old age. Hence the warning is given when the danger begins. The first signs of the coming dissolution are to be taken as solemn monitions, calling us to the needed preparation. "Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not."

How dreary must be the path of life to him who approaches its close without hope of something better beyond. Behind are childhood, youth, middle life, with all the hopes that gilded them while they lasted. All these are gone forever. Before is the grave, the judgment, and the solemn realities that lie beyond. The poor wanderer has reached the end of his journey—he has passed his probation—and it is a failure! an everlasting failure! Having ended a life in which eternal interests were involved—a life on which hung all heaven for him—a life in which God, and Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and angels, and all the good have manifested the deepest concern, is all gone, and gone beyond recall, and he now learns that it were better if he had never been born. His harvest is past! His summer is ended! The melancholy autumn, when for him all things perish, is around him, sounding its dreary dirges into his spirit's ear, to which he responds in despair:

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of life are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom prays
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

YOUNG man, in search of business, first choose an HONEST one. Ask not merely is it lucrative, or respectable, or easy, or even awful, but is it JUST?

"MOTHER MADE IT."

A few weeks since, while in one of the beautiful inland cities of Wisconsin, an incident occurred which awakened in my mind a train of reflections which possibly may be written and read with advantage.

I was hurrying along the street when my attention was arrested by the appearance of a little boy on the side of the pavement, selling candy. He was not really beautiful, nor was he decidedly the reverse. His age was about nine years; his clothes were old and faded, but well patched. His candy was spread upon a coarse, white cotton cloth, neatly stretched over what had been a japanned server. He was surrounded by a group of small boys, evidently belonging to different grades of society.

As I came nearly opposite him, the oft-repeated interlude, "Candy, sir?" fell upon my ears, and although opposed to the excessive use of candy, I stepped aside to patronize the light-haired, pale, freckled, homespun little representative of trade. I purchased of him, partly for his encouragement, but with particular reference to the friendship of the little folks of the family with which I was the temporary guest.

The candy was as white as the cloth beneath it, being free from the poisonous coloring ingredients so extensively used in the confectionary art. I tasted it, and found it delicately flavored and very nice.

"My boy," said I, "your candy is very good. Let me have a little more." I immediately saw that my remark had awakened in his young heart emotions which, in themselves, were quite abstract from the candy trade. His countenance beamed with joy, as he raised his large eyes, sparkling with delight, and observed, in reply:—

"It is good, isn't it? *Mother made it.*"

In these few words was embodied an unconscious exhibition of character. Here was a spontaneous outburst of filial affection.

Now this incident, in itself, was trifling; but the spirit of the language carried my mind back through life more than thirty years, and at irregular intervals bade me pause and apply the sentiment to some item connected with my own history.

Before making the application, however, I wish to disabuse myself of the charge which such application may incur, of appropriating to myself the nobility of character which I have above attributed to the candy boy. Holding myself exempt from this arrogance, I would simply say, I am not ashamed of the profession of my affection for my parents, and I hope I may not outlive that profession.

When I was a little boy, at school, and carried my dinner in a satchel made of calico, some of my school-mates carried theirs in fashionable willow baskets, and sometimes teased me because I carried mine in a "poke." I felt vexed, but reconciled myself with the recollection, that if I did carry a calico poke, "*mother made it.*" In less than twenty-five years after that time, one of these school-mates was happy to avail himself of the privilege of sending his children to my school to receive gratuitous instruction, proffered in view of his extreme poverty. His children came to school without any dinner. They had no nice willow basket; they needed no calico "poke."

William Foster ruled his copy book with a pencil set in a fine silver case. He said he would not carry such a great ugly club of a pencil as mine. I compared the pencils. His was the handsomest, but no better than mine. I had a good lead pencil, hammered out of a piece of lead. *Mother made it,* and I was satisfied with it. After we grew up to be men, William Foster came to me to calculate interest on a small note, at six per cent. per annum; he carried a pencil worth four cents. I had no gum-elastic ball; but I had one made of woolen ravelings and covered with leather. "Mother made it."

When in my twenty-second year, I left home to attend school in L. There were in the school some fast young men, the sons of wealthy parents. There were others whose good sense was not annihilated by pecuniary advantages. Of the former class was John Stokes, who wore very fine broadcloth. My best coat was not so fine; the cloth cost two dollars and fifty cents a yard; my mother traded tow check of her own manufacture for it, while I was working to assist my father in raising his family; she paid fifty cents for getting it cut, and made it herself. John Stokes came one day to my desk, held out his arm, compared his coat-sleeve with mine, and inquired, ironically, where I got such a fine coat. I proudly told him, "*Mother made it!*" He feigned great surprise, and sarcastically observed he had mistaken it for imported goods; he wished he could get such fine cloths, and wondered if mother would not get him up a fine coat.

A short time afterwards, while in a tailor shop one morning with a fellow student, John Stokes' fine coat was brought in by a lad, with instructions to scour and press it. He was not in his class that day; he had been seen the previous night on Water Street, rolling in the mud, drunk as Bacchus. He left the school in disgrace. He now lies in a drunkard's grave.

I boarded myself while attending school here. I walked nine miles home at the end of each week, and returned on Monday morning with my loaf of bread under my arm. It would become stale before Friday evening, but I always relished it when I recollected that "*mother made it.*"

I am now so far advanced in life that my friends begin to call me old. But I have not lived long enough to learn why I should not still respect my mother and regard her affectionately. She is quite advanced in years, and has nearly lost her sight. She sits within a few feet of me, sewing up a rent in my linen coat while I write this. She has been a widow eight years, and is still toiling for the welfare of her children. She has never studied grammar, philosophy or music—these things were seldom taught in her younger days—but she knows their value, and has toiled hard many a day to purchase books for her children, and support them at school. And shall I now curl the lip of scorn, or blush in company, to hear her substitute a verb of unity for one of plurality, or pronounce a word twenty years behind the Websterian era? Never—no never! The old dilapidated grammar in my library might testify against her style; but its testimony would be infinitely more terrible against my ingratitude. I recollect well when she rode seven miles, one cold winter's day, to sell produce and purchase that book for me, when I was a little boy. It required a sacrifice, but "MOTHER MADE IT."

APPLES OF GOLD—No. 7.

BY ECLECTICUS.

THE FORCE OF NATURE AND CUSTOM.

> THAT monster Custom, is angel yet in this;
> That to the use of actions fair and good
> He likewise gives a frock or livery,
> That aptly is put on.

Nature is often concealed; the natural disposition is sometimes subdued, but is seldom extinguished. Force makes nature more violent in the recoil; doctrine, discipline, and persuasion make nature less importunate; but custom only can alter and overcome nature.

> Refrain to night,
> And that shall lend a kind of easiness
> To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
> For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
> And either curb the devil or throw him out
> With wondrous potency.

He that seeks to overcome his natural disposition let him not set himself either too great or too small tasks; for the first will dishearten him by frequent failures, and the second will advance him but slowly, however successful. At first he should practice with helps, as swimmers with bladders; but after a time, let him use impediments, as dancers who wear heavy shoes; for it insures great perfection, if the practice in learning is harder than the use in service.

Where nature is powerful and therefore the victory is difficult, the care should be, first, to stay and arrest it in time; like him that used to repeat the four and twenty letters, when he was angry—and so on, repeating fewer and fewer, while his passion cooled: or like one who, resolving to leave off wine, should, instead of drinking healths, take but a glass at his meal, and lastly discontinue altogether. But if a man have the resolution to enfranchise himself at once, that is best.

> "Resolved severely once for all to smart."

Nor is the ancient rule amiss, to bend nature as a wand to a contrary extreme, whereby to set it right, it being understood that the contrary extreme is no vice. Let not a man force a habit upon himself by continual efforts, but rather with some intermission; for, first a pause renews the energy of the succeeding attempts; and again, if one yet imperfect in his efforts be always practising, he shall repeat his faults as well as his successes, and give the effect of habit to both; and there is no way to avoid this but by seasonable intermissions.

But let not any one trust too far to his victory over nature, for nature will lie buried a great while, and yet revive upon temptation; as was the case of Æsop's damsel changed from a cat, who sat at the table very demurely until a mouse suddenly ran before her. Therefore a man

ought to avoid the temptation altogether, or present himself to it often, that he may be little moved by the occasion.

A man's natural temper is best seen in private; for there he is off his guard; in passion, for that despoils him of his maxim and precepts: and in a novel situation, for there custom does not help him. Happy are they whose nature accords with their vocations; for otherwise they may well say, *multum incola fuit anima mea,*" when they engage in those things they do not like.

In studies, whatsoever a man enjoins upon himself, let him have set hours for it; but in performing that which is agreeable to his nature, he needs take no care for set times, for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves, so that the leisure allowed by other business will suffice. A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and eradicate the other.

Although it is almost as difficult to unlearn one's errors as his knowledge, yet to things which one bears with impatience he should accustom himself, and by habit he will bear them well. Pythagoras accordingly gave this precept to his disciples: *Optimum vitæ genus eligito nam consuetudo faciet jucundum:* choose that course of life which is the best, and custom will make it the most agreeable. Men whose circumstances will permit them to select their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable; for inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

As a new cask will long preserve the tincture of the liquor with which it was first impregnated; so there are habits contracted by bad example or bad management, before we have judgment to discern, or because the eye of reason is laid asleep, or has not compass of view sufficient to look around in every quarter. But fortunately for mankind, "the Gods," said Hesiod, "have placed labor before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy, the further you advance." He who proceeds in it with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace." "Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as are painfnl, will by custom and practice become pleasant. It is an observation of Sir Francis Bacon, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created disgust. He instances claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. A still more remarkable example, is the inveterate use of the nauseous weed, tobacco. The mind is constituted after the same manner, and after having habituated herself to any particular employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives for it a certain fondness and affection A great genius who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, declared upon being obliged to search into many rolls and records, that though the task was at first very dry and irksome yet he at length took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. Let no man be discouraged with that

kind of life in which the choice of others, or his own necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be disagreeable to him at first, but use and application will not only render it less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory. The same observation may suggest the particular care required, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any of the most innocent diversions; since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees exchange that pleasure, which it takes in the performance of duty, for inferior and unprofitable delights.

Those evil spirits who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of sensuality, malice and revenge, and aversion to every thing that is good, just, and laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have already taken root in them. They cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will in a manner create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. This shows how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven, will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must in this world gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the world to come. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this, her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

THE DEATH BED.

There are many hearts which can respond to the sentiment so feelingly and beautifully expressed in the following stanzas:

We watched her breathing through the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life,
  Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak—
  So slowl. moved about—
As we had lent her half our powers
  To eke her living out!

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died!

For when the morn came dim and sad,
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
  Another morn than ours.

THE TRUE LADY.

No girl can become a true lady without knowledge of household duties. Whatever may be her literary proficiency and her social qualities, without the ability to do housework, if necessity demand, her education is defective.

Mrs. Washington, the mother of the General, always attended to her domestic affairs, even in the presence of the most distinguished guests. Lafayette paid her a visit before his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1774. He was conducted to her mansion by one of her grandsons. "There, sir, is my grandmother," said he, as they approached the house. Lafayette looked up, and saw at work in the garden, "clad in domestic clothes, and her gray head covered with a plain straw hat, the mother of his hero." She gave Lafayette a cordial welcome, observing —"Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman; but, come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress."

Mrs. Martha Washington, the wife of the General, was no lest distinguished for her management of household affairs. She was a good seamstress, a good cook, and a good mother. She understood every department of domestic labor, and was ever ready to do what circumstances required. Mrs. Troupe, the accomplished wife of a captain of the British navy, once visited her, and she gave the following account of Mrs. Washington's appearance:

"Well, I will honestly tell you I never was so ashamed in all my life. You see, Madame ——, and Madame ——, and myself, thought we would visit Lady Washington; and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And, don't you think, we found her knitting, and with a check apron on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were, without a stitch of work, and sitting in state; but General Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for her own husband.'"

LOVE'S MINISTRATIONS.

Many pictures warm and glowing,
  Thrill the heart with vivid power,
Where pure love is overflowing,
Freely all its sweets bestowing
On the dear ones who are growing
  Dearer every hour.

In the family circle blending
  Words of deference and truth,
Kindly to each want attending,
Till we wish their was no ending
To the moments we are spending
  'Nea ththe homestead-roof.

DREAMS OF THE BIBLE.

BY R. P. T.

THE CHIEF BUTLER AND BAKER'S DREAMS.

1. And the chief Butler told his dream to Joseph, and said to him, "in my dream, behold, a vine was before me: and in the vine were three branches; and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes. And Pharaoh's cup was in my hand: and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand." 2. The chief baker said unto Joseph, "I also was in my dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head; and in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bake-meats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head."—Gen. XI: 9, 10, &c.

Hitherto we have been confined to dreams which conveyed the will of Heaven directly to God's chosen and faithful servants. Here we have an exhibition of the same divine purpose communicated in an *indirect* manner. God is not restricted in this respect, any more to men than to times and places. Hence, the characters before us are to be considered more as the *occasion* or *means* through which to effect a design altogether ulterior to themselves, than as being of chief importance in giving significance to the history involved. God did not design to make any special revelation to these men, because they stood in no such communicative intercourse with Heaven. So far as we know, they were strangers to the true God; yet the Almighty could operate upon their minds through the medium of dreams as well as upon those of Jacob and Joseph—and that too for the accomplishment of the same ultimate object.

Accordingly Joseph is so connected with the whole scene as to play a most conspicuous part, and to set forth at once the unmistakable design of all that transpires. Once a prophetic dreamer himself, he was the better prepared now to act the part of an interpreter of dreams. In both instances the indications of Providence are equally clear in relation to the significance of his own wonderful history. He is still emphatically the *hero* of the story, while the attending characters appear only to play their minor, but, in their place, equally important parts. He had dreamed of great honor and distinction, and the present crisis was only to show him that the road to such preferment lay through the regions of the seducer and the death-damp of an Egyptian prison.

How strange the occasions and means selected by Providence to elevate Joseph from the pit to the throne! Yet steadily, but surely, he was all the while advancing towards the position indicated by the dreams of his youth. He is now a companion of Egyptian prisoners—condemned without a cause, and humble without measure. Under these circumstances two of Pharaoh's discarded officers dreamed, and their sad countenances at once elicited his tenderest sympathies. They were troubled,

both on account of the extraordinary nature of their dreams, and because they supposed themselves entirely cut off from all diviners of dreams—little thinking that he with whom they were in daily intercourse held such intimacy with the revealer of all secrets as to enable him to speak as an oracle of God. But an appeal to the proper source was not long delayed; and they urged their plea for an interpretation, according to Josephus, with the complaint, "that besides the afflictions they underwent from the king, God did also add to their trouble from their dreams."

The truth and faithfulness of Joseph's interpretation was proven within three days, when, on the occasion of celebrating the King's birthday, the butler was reinstated to his office of cup-bearer, and the baker was executed, (crucified, says Josephus) and his body left to be devoured by the ill-omened birds seen in his vision.

What the offence was, for which these chiefs of the several household departments was incarcerated, we are not informed. Some conjecture tha it was nothing less than an attempt upon the life of their sovereign, whilst others, perhaps for equally good reasons, suppose it to have been one of those simple accidents over which men have no control. But whatever it may have been, it is but reasonable to suppose that they were deeply concerned to know the ultimate issue of their imprisonment. And this anxiety in itself might naturally have filled their minds with frightful dreams amid the disturbed slumbers of the night. But Providence had another and higher aim in all this, as we have already intimated, than the simply grouping together such an *ordinary* combination of circumstances.

The whole transaction, indeed, seems to furnish but another of those unmistakable evidences, that the All-wise dispose rof events "can bring good out of evil," and that "He will cause the wrath of man to praise Him," whilst "the remainder of wrath He will restrain." It was the unmitigated wrath of Joseph's brethren that caused him to be sold as a slave—the wrath of Potipher consigned him to protracted imprisonment—and it was the wrath of Pharaoh that doomed two of the chief officers of his court to a similar fate.

Yet how necessary, though entirely undesigned on the part of the principal actors, were all these occurrences for the final accomplishment of that praise and honor which shone forth so brilliantly in the sequel. How true that, "man proposes, but God disposes." But while we may deplore the sad fate of one of the criminals, we will not call in question either the wisdom of God, in the perfecting of His inscrutable and mysterious plans, nor the integrity of a naturally haughty and tyrannical king. Perhaps the sentence of each was just. Yet "one shall be taken and another left."

So it was with the two malefactors that hung upon either side of a dying Saviour—the one was saved and the other lost, because the one believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and the other did not—was an infidel. So that whether righteousness always controls the judgment of men or not, we are sure, at least, that God will render unto every man according to his deeds. Even as guilty offenders and convicts, if we comply with the conditions of salvation, no one shall receive condemnation of

death; for "He delighteth not in the death of the sinner, but would rather that all should turn unto Him and be saved."

Like the angel that came down to trouble the waters of Bethesda's pool, so here we have a troubling of the murky waters of dream-land: the first that felt its potent influence obtained liberty and was restored to his former dignity—the other was left to a most terrible fate; while Joseph, the companion of both in their troubles, remained a prisoner, through forgetfulness and ingratitude, until the waters should be troubled again by the angel whose visits at best are but "few and far between."

Notwithstanding he here comes before us as an interpreter of dreams, Joseph's condition is far more pitiable and helpless than when we saw him as a mere dreamer. But we have now advanced only one more step in the development of his history—the Divine purposes are not yet fulfilled—but we shall see him again with every promise made good, in the clear vindication of the justice and honor of "Him who doeth all things well."

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES.

"MOTHER, I wish Mr. C—— would preach here all the time. I don't like to have Mr. P—— come."

"Not like Mr. P——, my son? I thought everybody liked him; he is an excellent man. Why do you dislike him?"

"Why, mother, when he preached here last, he stayed here all the time from Saturday to Monday, and I was just as still as I could be, and he did not speak to me, or look at me once; but Mr. C—— always puts his hand on my head when he comes, and he says,

"How does Charles do, to-day?' just as though he loved me."

I have a choice rose-bush in my garden presented by a dear friend. This year it had but few buds, and my little ones could only have one rose each.

"I will save mine," said little Carrie, "and carry it to my teacher. Do you think she ever saw such a beautiful tea rose?"

Day after day she watched her little bud, till it was half opened, and then it was plucked in the morning early, all fresh and dewy, and placed in water ready for school time.

When she returned from school, a cloud rested upon her unusually sunny face; and, upon inquiring its cause, she cried as though her little heart would break.

"You know my beautiful little rose. Well, I suppose the teacher didn't want it. She had a whole vase full of flowers, but none of them half so sweet as that; and when I carried it to her, she just laid it upon her desk, and didn't look at it once, and said, 'Take your seat, Carrie.'"

How easy to have said, "Thank you, Carrie," and smiled upon the child, and filled her little heart with grateful love, instead of grief.

Remember the little ones.

JOY OVER THE RETURNING.

THE following affecting tale of a lost child is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Eddy, editor of the Chicago *Advocate:*

Monday evening of last week, after a hard day's work, we left the office and started homeward. In the room below we found Mrs. E. in waiting, and together we started up State street. About half-way we met our oldest son, and saw that he had some tidings of evil. He could only say, "Little Ramy is lost, and we cannot find him anywhere." The little one is the lamb of our fold, a bright-eyed boy, between two and three years of age, with fair hair hanging in sunny ringlets. Dear child—his little feet always patter on the hall when we ring the bell at noon, his arms have always "a hug," and his rosy lips a kiss for papa.

We hastened home, and ascertained that he had been gone nearly an hour. The immediate neighborhood had been searched in vain. We started instantly—the streets, alleys, etc., within reach, were traversed, but no tidings. Night was at hand, and evidently our child was beyond our neighborhood, and that cold night was lost in the midst of this great Babel.

Notice was sent to the police, and to some of the churches having service that evening. A friend procured the crier. We have often heard that bell, and the cry of "lost child—a little boy not three years old, lost from 112 Edina Place—bare-headed, light curly hair, had on a red dress, stockings and little slippers."

Oh, those cries! We have heard them ever since. Kind friends came to our aid, strangers came with tearful sympathy; parties were formed, who patrolled the streets and alleys in all directions, but came back with the sad word, "No tidings."

The hours wore on, and near midnight the search was given up for the night.

Dear reader, may you never pass a night of such suspense! We sat by the fire, and how our hearts would bound as a footstep neared our gate. Perhaps it is some one from the police station with our child.—No; the steps sound on. The door is passed!

We did pray, we did commit our child to the All-Father, and that alone sustained us. But we could not shut out the visions that crowded upon us unbidden.

Now we imagined we heard his wail above the moaning of the tempest and sighing of the waves: now we saw him lying upon the cold ground, those locks frozen to the earth; then again we saw him caught in the net-work of railroads on Clark street, and crushed to a shapeless mass.

Slowly passed the hours. Will daylight never come! It came at last. Ere we began our search again, we went into the breakfast room, and there, lying upon the sewing machine, was his little hat. We turned from it, and in the corner stood his rocking horse, with the reins drawn over his head, just as he left it; while on the table was *his* plate, with his high chair beside it. Up to that moment we maintained our firmness, but we could no longer.

Friends came to assist us. God bless them! Never did we need them more—never did we appreciate them more highly. The authorities placed the police at our service, to make the search thorough.

Still no tidings. Nearly eighteen hours had passed, each hope had been crushed, and the prospect grew darker.

At this juncture came a German to the house, and said that if our child was the one described in the morning papers, he was safe, and would bring him. We did not see him, and on learning the news, drove to the place we supposed he designated, but found no child. Homeward again he did not come. The friends in search had in part returned, and were waiting the result of this intelligence ere they should go again. The anxiety was too deep for words.

At last we saw some one coming—how far one can see who looks for a lost child–nearer and nearer. It was our child! God be praised, he was safe! Sacred be the mother's emotions; mothers can imagine them!

Our friends gathered with swimming eyes about the child. There was no need to call them to come and rejoice with us! They came unbidden. There were three other children who had not been in peril; three who had not wandered; three whom we loved as we loved the fourth, but oh, there was in our hearts, there was among our neighbors, more joy over the one, than over the three that went not astray! More—aye, more! We did not love them less, but the joy was over the rescued!

The honest German had found the little wanderer a long distance from home, and saw that he was lost. He took him up and carried him to his house, placed him in a crib, and rocked him to sleep, had washed and fed him and restored him to our arms. We asked him to accept a pecuniary recompense, but he refused, saying in broken English, "I have children too; If one of mine was lost I would want some one to take him up. No, no—no money," and he buttoned his coat over his noble Teutonic heart, and bade us good bye.

Will our readers pardon this personal detail! It has taught us some lessons. Never before did we fully know the import of that word, suspense. Never did we feel the terrible meaning of the word, lost! Never did we so read the declaration of joy in heaven over the repenting.

And never did we so appreciate the kind attention of friends, whom we thank from the depth of our most inmost nature, and devoutly do we pray that we may never have occasion to assist them in a similar trial.

FITFULNESS OF SPRING.

Spring is but the child
Of churlish winter, in her forward moods
Discovering much the temper of her sire;
For oft, as if in her the streams of mild
Maternal nature had reversed its course,
She brings her infants forth with many smiles,
But once delivered, kills them with a frown.

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?

CAN a mother forget? Not a morning, noon or night, but she looks into the corner of the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusœ, and thinks of you as yet a boy. Mothers rarely become conscious that their children are grown out of their childhood. They think of them, advise them, write to them, as if not full fourteen years of age. They cannot forget the child. Three times a day she thinks who are absent from the table, and hopes that next year, at the farthest, she may have "just her own family there;" and if you are there, look out for the fat limb of a fried chicken, and that coffee which none but everybody's own mother can make. Did Hannah forget Samuel? A short sentence, full of household history, and running over with genuine mother-love, is tellingly beautiful. "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to the yearly sacrifice."

A mother mourning at her first born's grave, or closing the dying eye of child after child, displays a grief whose very sacredness is sublime. But bitterer, heavier than the death-stroke, is the desperation of a son who rushes over a crushed heart, into vices which he would hide even from the abandoned and the vile.

Napoleon once asked a lady what France needed for the education of her youth; and the short, profound reply was, MOTHERS!"

THE STUDY.

THIS sweet sonnet, which many a quiet nook, consecrated to study and devotion in our dear New England, might have suggested, is from the pen of a pastor's wife in one of our mountain parishes. It is a genuine drop of the Parnassean dew. The Portsmouth *Journal* has the honor of its publication.

A slumberous silence—a charmed, dreary hush
  Pervades the room. The flowers from their urn
  Breathe fragrance. Book-lined walls and ceiling burn
In the bright glory—the warm sunset blush
Of parting day. There, thou beloved one!
  Dost sit—light beaming from thy serious eye—
  Pursuing some large theme, etherial, high.
Meanwhile I weave my fantasies, and shun
The graver thought, that so, when twilight shades
  Steal o'er the scene, I may with joyous mood
  Beguile the hour, and fill thy solitude
With pleasant cheer. The flowers, when sunshine fades,
  Their sweetest incense pour; like them I'd bring,
  At evening hour, some gracious offering!

[M. L. S.

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HE IS A FINE YOUNG MAN.

BY J. V. E.

THIS is an expression of commendation and esteem. It is not a general phrase, with a common signification; but when used, embraces a special and respectful sense. It is only a few in every community, that are the esteemed objects of its praise. In reference to those to whom it truly applies it is freely spoken by old and young, male and female, rich and poor, married and unmarried. Wherever there is found one worthy of it, it comes from every point of the compass, centering its love and honor undivded, and free upon him. Nor is it made with regard to kin, by partiality. It is real worth alone that gives cause to its use. Whether rich or poor, high or low, wherever, and in regard to whomsoever it is made, it is a free, voluntary expression of esteem, and a testimony to real worth.

To the word *fine*, of course there is necessarily a peculiar sense attached. It may not always mean *good* in the deep scriptural sense of that word, but it generally has *some* of the hallowed savor of it. What is usually to be understood by it is, First, That the young man is admirable; that is, lovely—worthy of love—deserving of affection. There is something about his general character and conduct which wins and holds our affections. The more we look at him, and enjoy his social intercourse, the more we love him. Nothing in his conduct is found to be unbecoming or repulsive. We *cannot* love what is destitute of any lovely qualities; therefore to love the rude, disorderly rowdy, is an impossibility, on the part of the virtuous and truly honorable. And because the young man, under notice, is the opposite of him whom the pure-minded cannot love, we are attracted by him, and love and esteem him.

Again, he is accomplished in his manners. We do not mean by this, that he is altogether *fashionable;* for we cannot conceive of any characteristic of man, more thoroughly repulsive and insulting, to a good heart at least, than fashionable *absurdity,* in the form of a young man. But what we mean is, that his manners are so complete, that, whether in the presence of the young or old, poor or rich, learned or unlearned,

in private or public, at home or abroad, night or day, Sabbath or week day, at Church or at business, he is always honorable, polite, respectful, and pure. These are the accomplishments which will commend and secure esteem. And it is not necessary to them, that we possess much science and book-knowledge. Any young man can be respectful, honorable and pure. And he that is so, will secure from a hundred hearts the commendable phrase, He is a fine young man.

Such a young man will select his *company.* He will not be so easily pleased in his associations, that he can be at home anywhere.

The gaunt animals that howl around the bawdy—the toady batrachian reptiles, of the genus Bufo, who crawl about the grog-shop—the slippery slimy, and empty looking larvæ, that prowl about in the midnight hour—nor even the gentleman rogue, or light fingered gentry, have any attractions for him. Their poisonous fumes, and corrupting influences, are to him as death-stings to the heart and character. He cannot associate with serpentine allies, and *enjoy* their funny foul-mouth language, nor their hissing, stingy sneers and mockery. His exalted spirit and manly habits lead him among kindred souls. Hence he is found only among honorable men, and where the moral air is pure. As we judge the man by the company he keeps, so his associations induce a repetition of the phrase, He is a fine young man.

How has he become so worthy that name? The answer is easy and plain. He has not given loose reins to his depraved passions—he has not neglected the cultivation of his heart—he has not walked in the counsel of the ungodly—but as Paul exhorts Titus, he has been "sober-minded"—discreet He has profited by the experience and reproof of the aged; his father's corrections and warnings have not fallen upon his ears in vain, but remembering the fifth command of God, to "Honor thy father and thy mother," he has the prospect of living in peace, safety and honor. Such have been, at least, some of the ways by which he came to be called a *fine young man.*

Mark, he is a fine *young* man. A fine or good old man is, it is true, deserving of commendation; but how much more so, when this can be said of the young. There is an inward, natural impulse or feeling, that persuades us to expect *all* old men to be good—however, experience and observation tells us otherwise—therefore a fine or good old man, while we love and respect him, does not awken in us the same peculiar feeling of special praise, as when these qualities are found in the young. It is a praise of great force and meaning, when a young man has drawn from many lips, He is a fine young man.

As it is a voluntary expression of praise and honor, so it is full of prophecy for the future. We picture to our minds for him, future peace, prosperity and honor. We see him go up, step by step, the grades of success and worth, until he stands on the platform of earthly power, learning, usefulness, honor and glory. Such a young man, if he carries out in faithfulness the elements of character that *now* induces the commendable phrase, can never stand beneath the most noble of his kind. May every young male reader of the Guardian, so live, that he shall draw upon himself from others, the laudable expression, He is a fine young man.

DREAMS OF THE BIBLE.

BY R. P. T.

PHARAOH'S DREAM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the forgetfulness and ingratitude of the chief butler, Joseph was destined, in the wonder-workings of Providence, to be brought to the favorable notice of the king. Though he had to suffer as a criminal for two whole years, he bore his unrighteous imprisonment with a true christian spirit, and waited patiently for the glory of the Lord which should be manifest in his deliverance. This was eventually brought about by the seemingly accidental dreams of Pharaoh.

1. "And it came to pass at the end of two full years, that Pharaoh dreamed: and behold, he stood by the river. And behold, there came up out of the river seven well-favoured kine and fat-fleshed; and they fed in a meadow. And behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill-favoured and lean-fleshed; and stood by the other kine upon the brink of the river. And the ill-favoured and lean-fleshed kine did eat up the seven well-favoured and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke.

2. "And he slept and dreamed the second time: and behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good. And behold, seven thin ears and blasted with the east wind sprung up after them. And the seven thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and behold, it was a dream."—Gen. xli. 1 : 7.

In the simple fact of the repetition, we trace a similarity between this circumstance and the dreams of Joseph; yet as in the former case, and as the young Hebrew afterwards declares, "the dream of Pharaoh is one." Being, therefore, so deeply impressed upon the King's mind, it is but natural that he should be filled with anxiety, especially after all the magicians and wise men of Egypt, to whom he was accustomed to appeal in every trying emergency, were unable to give him any satisfaction. The dreams in themselves seem to be simple enough, and we would be inclined to think almost suggestive of their own interpretation, as were those of Joseph to the minds of his father and brethren. And why the laws of divination made use of in other cases, failed in their application to this, we can perhaps only understand as we regard the same divine agency which has troubled the spirit of the king, likewise troubling the minds of the magi with bewilderment, so that the "weak things of the world might be made to confound the things that are mighty."

It was only in the midst of such embarrassing circumstances that Joseph was thought of, and, as a dernier resort, was summoned to try what he could do towards revealing the mystery that had so completely baffled the skill of all the wise heads of the nation. Thus it was also in the case of the young Hebrew prophet, Daniel—all to show the su-

perior wisdom and glory of God, as contrasted with the ignorance and folly of men.

In this we have a miniature type of the world, in which we have exhibited the disposition of men when occupying positions of imagined superiority. Like Joseph, who was only permitted to show himself to an ignoble king of earth when it was supposed his services could be turned to good account; so individuals in the more humble and retired walks of life are oftentimes unnoticed and unsought, until they can be used as tools to further the interests of their superiors; or until by the power of genius and the force of true moral, upright characters, they become the honored of the earth. So selfish do pride and riches make the human heart, that all must be treated as slaves and inferiors who are not equally cursed with the one and regarded as sufficiently fortunate in the possession of the other. Just like Pharaoh, if anything is to be *made* by such association, then men will stoop not only to the prison of an innocent victim, but to the very lowest grades of Society.

But Joseph, again the type of the true man, ever faithful to his character and to his God, was always the same, whether men fawned or frowned upon him. He knew that God alone could interpret dreams; yet when challenged to speak in His name and for His glory, he could do naught but obey. His obscurity and silence had continued under a long and trying suspense, but now he was about to appear to the world again in his character of true greatness.

The dark cloud that had gathered around him in the land of his exile, portentous with dire calamities, was about to be pierced with rays of light that should dissipate it forever. And now behold him in humble posture before the king, still desiring to throw himself into the back ground in order that God might have the glory, as he answers his sovereign's request for an interpretation of the mystery, "It is not in me: God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace."

The dreams signified, in brief, both the greatest plenty and the greatest want. The seven well-favored and fat kine (or cows), and the seven full ears, betoken seven years of plenty, which should be swallowed up in turn by seven years of famine, so dreadful and devastating, that scarcely a trace of the years of plenty should be left behind them.

The wisdom displayed in this interpretation not only elicited the highest encomiums of the King—while, we may suppose, it utterly confounded all the wise men of his court,—but it, at the same time, secured for Joseph the highest honor and dignity in the land, with the single exception of sitting upon the throne.

No man was regarded better qualified than he to carry out the suggestions offered to the king in view of what was so soon to transpire; for he was recognized and acknowledged as "a man on whom the spirit of God is."

The sequel is too well known to need repetition here. The preeminence he had now attained was but the fulfilment, in part, of his own prophetic dreams. And though the pathway that led to it was rugged, and the time was long delayed; yet, by faith, Joseph knew that the Almighty would make a clear vindication of His truth, power and wisdom, from the imputations of ungodly men.

Now it is that Joseph shines as a Sun in the firmament, while his fa-

ther and brethren appear as so many attending luminaries brought into notice again, as members of the same family group, only as the borrowed light is caused to shine upon them. And now it is that his sheaf stands erect, whilst those of his brethren do obeisance to it. Who can sufficiently admire in all this the wonderful and inscrutable wisdom of God, and the unswerving fidelity of Joseph!

How wonderful the successions in the plans of Israel's God in bringing Joseph into Egypt as a forerunner of his nation's bondage—and how still passing wonder their miraculous deliverance from a cruel captivity of four hundred years!

Like the dreams of Pharaoh—which form again but a connecting link in history—so also the whole life of Joseph teaches that, to all men and at all times there is an admixture of good and evil. This is characteristic of all things terrestrial. The years of plenty were succeeded by an equal number of famine—typical of the constant ebb and flow of plenty and scarcity in every cycle of quick revolving years,—so the night of Joseph's misfortunes were succeeded by a day made more brilliant by the darkness preceding.

Let us here learn lessons of humble submission and trust to that Almighty Ruler "who doeth all things well," and who will in His own good time translate us from this world of darkness and misfortune to that celestial sphere, where the ill-favored years of our earthly pilgrimage will be forgotten in the full and perfect fruition of heavenly joys. Let us learn to express anew our faith in the *Providence of God*, "whereby, as it were, He upholds and governs heaven, earth, and all creatures; so that herbs and grass, rain and drought, fruitful and barren years, meat and drink, health and sickness, riches and poverty, yea, all things, come, not by chance, but His fatherly hand."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort for his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be dearer to her from his misfortunes; and if disgrace settle on his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Can anything be found in the English language prettier than the following:

"The eye that shuts in a dying hour
May open the next in bliss—
The welcome may sound in a heavenly world
Ere the farewell is heard in this."

THE RIGHT TRAINING OF WOMEN.

THE Church of England *Review* has an article on female education, from which we take the following passage:

Much remains to be done in winnowing out of people's minds ridiculous ideas of a certain purely factitious style of living, without which it is impossible to keep house. There are plenty of young men who have to unlearn the foppery of expenses disproportioned to their means, and the sordidness of luxuries which feed, not self-respect, but gluttony and pride. The possibility must be secured to daughters and younger sisters grown to be rational, appreciative companions; girls who, if they ever married, will choose and value their husband for what he is, and be interested in his calling and his opportunities of observation—women who will estimate the grave and sweet realities of wife and motherhood, beyond any accident of precedence, of superfluity. By dismissing false and foolish notions of respectability, by refusing the cheap fascinations of a paltry education of display, by discountenancing restraints misdirected or too rigorous, by cultivating an intelligent and unassuming mode of intercourse, by a careful foresight in assisting young people to prepare themselves for the exertion and cost of one day being the centre of a peaceful, hospitable home; in these and other ways much may be done to remove obstructions to that gradual acquaintance and that unaffected respect and attachment which lead on to happy marriage.

In the mean time it will be well to think, with not only the sympathy, but the veneration they deserve, of many among those who will never marry, to assist in multiplying the too few occupations suitable to woman, or open to them; above all not to preach, by implication or otherwise, that woman's life need never be dwarfed to a negation, or consumed miserably away, by causes completely out of her control. There are women strong enough to keep their footing in the world singly, without a loss of womanly dignity and sweetness, and to organize around them the moral elements at all events, of an independent existence. They whose steps are feeble need the more to be helped rather than hindered in the struggle with their fainting and more yielding self. If they fall here, is it at all certain that in wedded life their lot would have been auspicious? Alas! how many a faltering will has been bent and "given" beneath sanguine, unfulfilled resolutions, to reclaim and humanize the husband who has pulled the wife down instead to his own mean and wretched level. Marriage is not a lottery, but it is mere wilful blindness to forget that in all its higher aspects it may be wofully inverted or apallingly debased. Not all the grand provisions of tender ties and gracious instincts which surround one of the greatest of divine ordinances will make people pure or happy who insist on being peevish or frivolous, or worldly, sensual, or devilish.

Wedded life is a great and holy mystery, and a source of power for good, often far beyond estimation; but unless there be at least one soul filled with unselfish love, and strong in an unflagging faith, the formal union between two persons is no guarantee whatever for a will ennobled, or affections enlarged or cleansed. And the faith which so works by love can make a sunshine in a shady place without an infant's or a husband's

eye to look into. The harmonies of a developed and transfigured womanhood have been set many a time to other music than that of wedding-bells. She who is enthroned never, under any roof, in a mother's holy sovereignty, may earn the right, in many a house, of compelling every soul to love her. She will create or find an atmosphere in which to keep unwithered "the heart out of which are the issues of life." Her hands will redeem the time, and her brain not be idle. Living single, yet not solitary, when she dies it will not be till "smote" by many a touch of gratitude and cheerful, reverential sympathy "the chord of self has trembled past in music out of sight."

"MY MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

A party of little girls stood talking beneath my window. Some nice plan was on foot; they were going into the woods, and meant to make oak leaf trimming, and pick berries. Oh! it was a fine time they meant to have.

"Now," said they to one of their number, "Ellen, you run home and ask your mother if you may go. Tell her that we are all going, and you must." Ellen with her white cape-bonnet, skipped across the way, and went into the house opposite. She was gone some time. The little girls kept looking up at the windows very impatiently. At length the door opened, and Ellen came down the steps.

She did not seem in a hurry to join her companions, and they cried out, "You got leave! you are going, are you?" Ellen shook her head, and said that her mother could not let her go. "Oh," cried the children, "it is too bad! Not go! it is really unkind in your mother. Why, I would make her let you. Oh, oh! I would go whether or no!"

"*My mother knows best,*" was Ellen's answer, and was a beautiful one. Her lips quivered a very little, for I suppose she wanted to go, and was much disappointed not to obtain leave; but she did not look angry or pouting, and her voice was very gentle but very firm, when she said, "My mother knows best."

There are a great many times when mothers do not see fit to give their children leave to go where and do what they wish, and how often they are rebellious and sulky in consequence of it. But this is not the true way, for it is not pleasing to God. The true way is a cheerful compliance with your mother's request. Trust her, and smooth down your ruffled feelings by the sweet and dutiful thought, "My mother knows best." It will save you many tears and much sorrow. It is the gratitude you owe her who has done and suffered so much for you, and the obedience you owe her in the Lord.—*Christian Treasury.*

MUSIC.

"Most surely, Melody from Heaven was sent
To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life."

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

XXXIX—THE COLLIER AND THE BLEACHER.

A collier said to a bleacher, who was going about to rent a house: "Brother, remove to me, into my house; it is large enough for your work and mine."

But the bleacher said: "It will never do, brother; for the linen that I should whiten with much toil and care would be blackened again from your coal."

Then the honest collier laughed and said: "You are right—white and black go not well together. Yea, as the white linen would fare among the coal, so fares a pure soul among men of black hearts and vulgar manners."

Would you be innocent, then say
To evil souls, "Away, away."

XL—THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

Two travellers, Albrecht and Burkhard, went peacefully with one another on their journey. Albrecht spied a bag of gold lying in the road. At once he sprang toward it and picked it up.

"Brother," said Burkhard, "let us honestly divide the money between us." But Albrecht said: "No; that I will not do; I found the bag, and hence it is mine." Smiling, he put it into his pocket, and Burkhard travelled on with him sadly.

After some time, a robber, with unsheathed sword rushed into the road toward them. Albrecht grew pale as death, and said: "Brother, we will faithfully stand by one another; one man will not so easily overcome two. Hasten and draw your sword with me!"

But Burkhard said: "That I will not do; the robber can take nothing from me. You kept all the money for yourself, and hence you may also fight for it alone."

Albrecht was overcome by the robber, and instead of bearing from the conflict his gold, came off with nothing but wounds!

In time of luck share with your friend
Then in misfortune he will thee defend.

XLI—THE LITTLE BASKET MAKER.

Young Edward had very rich parents. He depended on their wealth, and refused to be taught any useful employment. But the son of a poor neighbor, little Jacob, with great diligence learned to make baskets.

One day Edward sat at the sea shore, fishing for pastime. Jacob had cut a bundle of willow, and was just ready to start for home, when suddenly several pirates sprang out of the brush-wood, and carried away both boys to their ship, in order to sell them as slaves.

The ship was carried about long and far by storms, and at last wrecked on the rocks of a distant island. None escaped death but the two boys, who, amid much suffering, swam to the land, which was inhabited by fearful negroes.

Little Jacob immediately bethought himself that his art of basket making might be the means of bringing him into favor with these Moors. He took out his knife, cut off willow shoots, and began to plait a neat basket. Many black men, women, and children, gathered around him, and looked on with great curiosity.

When the basket was finished he presented it to the chief among them. Then all of them, big and little, wished to have such baskets made. They provided little Jacob with a neat hut, shaded by many fruit trees, that he might work undisturbed at his baskets. They also promised faithfully to furnish him as much food as he should need.

Then they asked Edward also to make a basket. But when they found that he had learned nothing, and could not do it, they whipped him severely; yea, they would have killed him had not little Jacob interceded for him. They also compelled Edward to give Jacob his nice velvet coat and himself put on Jacob's cassock made of ticking, and made him become the servant of the little basket maker, to wait upon him, and carry his willow bundles to the hut.

Thus industry will honored stand
And win its bread in every land.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it,
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,
The saddest heart is not all sadness,
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair;
Nor life nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of Care,
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

DEATH OF THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Oft, oft beside the solemn bed of death,
  Where anxious friends sat silent in their cloud of fears,
The faithful Pastor watched the feeble breath,
  And there, with others mourning, drop'd affection's tears.
The scene is changed! In grief his heart must bow;
Beside his own belov'd he weeps and watches now.

Within the parsonage dread stillness reigns;
  And in the room of death but looks, not whispers speak;
And, as advancing death the victory gains,
  Warm tears are coursing ever warmer down his sadden'd cheek.
Chide not his grief; such tears e'en faith may shed,
Since Christ at Beth'ny wep't o'er His beloved dead.

'Tis o'er! We mournful say that she has gone,
  But angels on the other side say, she has come;
Her life has pass'd from view but joyeth on
  In a far higher flow of bliss, and in a happier home.
Oh joy! when Christians die Heaven greets the earth,
And what we mourn as death the angels hail as birth.

Close her eyes for sweetest rest,
  Earthly things she sees no more;
Fold her hands upon her breast,
  For her work is o'er.

Dress her in the purest white,
  That it is the sainted wear;
Place white lilies on her shroud,
  Rosebuds in her hair.

Bear her to the church for there
  She has learned to live and love;
Round her offer praise and prayer
  She will join above.

Lay her gently to her rest
  'Neath the church-yard's shaded sod;
Wait, as her own spirit waits,
  Round the lovely dead.

Deck her grave with lively green,
  Plant a flower at its head;
Hopeful, lovely be the scene,
  For the trump of God.

See her not as when she died,
  Nor as sleeping in the tomb;
Think of her as glorified
  In the heavenly home.

Speak not much of her heart's love,
  This the world can little bear;
Angels knew her well above,
  They will tell it there.

In your heart's deep silent love,
Let her sacred image lie;
'Tis a secret bliss you bear,
That can never die.

Joined in faith and holy love,
Christian hearts are sundered never;
Ours on earth are ours above,
One in Christ forever!

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost. The drop of dew,
Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost. The tiniest seed,
By wild birds brought, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown;
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not!
So with our deeds; for good or ill
They have their powers scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good!

HOW TO LIVE.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

SOLEMN THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG CHURCH MEMBERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WITNESS ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we do not break:

That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from this cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

There are periods in the life of every one upon which he looks back with peculiar interest. There are, as travellers tell us, in the midst of the hot sandy deserts of the east, here and there green and shady spots, where it is joy to rest when weary, and upon which memory often dwells with pleasure after they are left behind. So, there are spots in the past part of our earthly pilgrimage, where we would fain have tarried longer —where we, like the delighted disciples on Tabor, would have been willing to build tabernacles, and to have remained for life. Such a spot was that at which we knelt to make our first public vows unto God, and where in the spirit of full self-dedication, we said,

"Here Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do!"

Though years have since passed away—though time has wrought his mournful changes on us, and in us, and round us, yet how fresh in our recollection is that impressive season. Even now we almost hear again the minister's voice, and feel the pressure of his hands upon our head; and at the remembrance of that blessed time, all the feelings which then swelled our penitent bosoms, are ready to start up again in all their freshness. Oh how broken and melted were our hearts—how willing were we to be the Lord's! how ready, like Mary, to wash our Saviour's feet with the tears of our penitence. How happy were our hearts! how glad were we that restraining grace had brought us into such a blessed fellowship with Christ. Then our feelings were like those expressed in the Hymn:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sing, and bear herself away
To everlasting bliss!"

There is no doubt that these are to some extent the feelings of all those who have received the solemn rite of confirmation, and have become full members of the Church. Oh that the same willingness to be the Lord's may follow them all to their latest hour; that they may have reason to cherish it as among the happiest recollections of their life.

We feel sure that the solemn occasion referred to itself cannot easily

be forgotten by them, and hence we have reason also to hope that a few words said in reference to it will be laid to heart and remembered. For this reason we desire to direct your attention, young friends, to some solemn truths—truths, that should impress themselves indelibly upon your minds and hearts—truths, that should come up in your memories in the hour of temptation, and which should be associated in your minds with your confirmation till life's last enemy is conquered, and you shall be sweetly released from warrings of earth in the rest of a life everlasting.

For this purpose we can think of nothing more suitable than to remind you of the words of warning spoken in reference to Judas. Listen! are not these solemn words? "Wo unto that man by whom the son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born!" These are not only solemn words in themselves, but they are peculiarly so as the words of our Saviour, uttered in reference to an unfaithful and wicked disciple, in that last doleful night, when for our sakes, he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies. They are especially suitable to be thought of by all who have taken on them solemn vows of faithfulness to Jesus Christ, in view of the fact that many in like manner betray Him after their vows, and all are strongly beset with temptations so to do. Let us behold the rock on which he was wrecked, and avoid it for our life.

Who was he that betrayed the son of man? Was it not one of the twelve. The very nature of his crime presupposes him to have been an intimate friend of the Saviour professedly. It was not a persecution of Christ—neither was it a denial of him,—but it was a *betrayal.* Judas never opposed Christ, and he never denied his connection with him. On the contrary, he always professed to be his warm and faithful friend. He lay a very serpent in the Saviour's bosom! In the Saviour's most confidential intercourse with his disciples, he mingled as one of them. He heard His words—knew His plans and schemes—he knew always where He was, and what He intended to do. Even in that lonely company in the upper room, there is Judas partaking with them of the solemn passover. He is therefore the right man, to aid his enemies in planning his ruin—all that is needed is, that he should be sufficiently wicked to do the work.

It is just as if you should, in kindness take some one into your family, admit him into all the secrets of your heart, home and business, whilst he should, at the same time be in league with some persons who are bent on your ruin. Is any one wicked enough to do this? And if there is —is there any name sufficiently black by which that act may be called? Yes, call him a *betrayer!* This is the very spirit of Satan. He came to our first parents in the character of a friend; and so he still appears, as the arch deceiver, in the robes of an angel of light.

See our Saviour's Betrayer! He goes out silently in the night from the room in which He and His disciples were eating the last supper—he wends his way to the High-priest's palace, and soon he communes with those who sought our Saviour's life. There he stands before "the Chief priests and captains," and—hear him!—"What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?"

It is but a short time after, and the betrayer with a band of men, is

drawing up towards Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane. Now hear him once more—"Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; hold him fast!" A little while longer, and the deed is done; for we read: "And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master; and kissed him."

This is the *Betrayer!*

You are horrified and incensed at the blackness of the deed. But wait; let not our indignation rise too high against this open friend, but secret enemy of our adorable Saviour. In condemning him, we may condemn ourselves, or some that are near us. The children of Judas are not yet all dead. Behold, are not those who tread in his footsteps still alive and with us unto this day? Are there not those who walk with Christ professedly who are his betrayers at heart. Are there not those, who once sat with him at his table—who once mingled with him and his people in the most confidential fellowship, who are now with his enemies, and are every day disgracing that holy religion which they once so ardently professed. Who are all those backsliders—those who, instead of adhering closely and affectionately to Christ in all his ordinances, as they vowed to do, are now walking in the counsel of the ungodly, standing in the way of sinners, and even sitting in the seat of the scornful? Did not they once bend at his altar and there record their vows of faithfulness to him? Were they not once among his children, at his holy Table, the professed followers of Him whom they now betray?

Ah, yes, the world is yet full of the children of Judas; and it is these false and unfaithful friends of Christ who do him the greatest harm. It is among those who are by profession his, that we must seek for his worst enemies. It is in the heart of him who cries, "Hail Master," that we must look for the blackest treachery. It is behind the friendly kiss, that we must seek for the viper's tongue, and for the fangs which conceal poison and death. Those who are crying, "crucify him, crucify him!" are the very same ones who a short time before spread palm-branches in his way, and cried Hosanna!

Does not the same still take place. How often are those lips and tongues, which profane the sacred name of Jesus, which sing the songs of the drunkard, and which make merry with fools over holy things—how often are they the same which once vowed at the altar, and received the emblems of the Saviour's body and blood! Is not this Judas-like? How often has our Saviour reason to complain, in the language of David, who was his type, "yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me. For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him: But it was thou, a man, mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."—Ps. 55. 12 14.

To this same danger, you young friends are also exposed. Will you not jealously guard your hearts against it? When the solemn transaction of your public dedication to Christ is over, will you steal away, and join again the enemies of the cross; exclaiming, like Peter, "I know not the man; or like Judas, "This is he; hold him fast."

Nay; we hope better things of you. Surely you will not forget vows so solemnly made.

When any turn from Zion's way—
Alas! what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
Wilt thou forsake me too?

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THE following passage from a speech of Wendell Phillips is at once full of beauty and great lessons. We especially commend it to young men who have not learned the importance of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors:

I was told to-day, a story so touching in reference to this, that you must let me tell it. It is the story of a mother on the hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand a son only sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate, one sunny morning, she said: "Edward, they tell me that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink—Promise me before you quit your mother's hand that you will never drink." And said he—for he told me the story—"I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole and the South–I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquors, that my mother's form by the garden gate, on the green hills of Vermont, did not rise before me! and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word. Yet that was not one half. "For," said he, "yesterday, there came a man into my counting room, a man of forty, and asked me," "do you know me?" "No." "Well," says he, "I was once brought drunk into your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me to your berth and kept me there until I had slept the sleep of intoxication; you then asked me if I had a mother; I said I never knew a word from her lips; you told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am the master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to call and see me." How far that little candle throws its beams! That mother's word on the green hill side of Vermont! Oh, God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

"'Tis folly in the extreme to till
Extensive fields and till them ill;
Shrewd common sense sits laughing by,
And sees your hopes, abortive, die,
For more one fertile acre yields,
Than the huge breadth of barren fields."

THE WIFE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"MA, Why don't *you* ever dress up?" asked little Nellie Thornton, as her mother finished brushing the child's hair, and tying her clean apron. There was a momentary surprise on Mrs. Thornton's face; but she answered, carelessly, "O, no one cares how I look."

"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?" persisted the child. The mother did not reply, but involuntarily she glanced at her slovenly attire, the faded and worn calico dress and dingy apron, both bearing witness to an intimate acquaintance with the dish-pan and stove—the slip-shod shoes and soiled stockings—and she could not help remembering how she had that morning appeared with uncombed hair, and prepared her husband's breakfast before he left home for the neighboring market-town. "Sure enough!" mused she, "how I do look!" And then Memory pointed back a few years to a neatly and tastefully dressed maiden, sometimes busy in her father's house, again mingling with her young companions, but never untidy in her appearance, always fresh and blooming, and this, she knew full well, was a picture of herself when Charles Thornton first won her young heart. Such was the bride he had taken to his pleasant home—how had mature life fulfilled the prophecy of youth?

She was still comely in features, graceful in form, but few could call her handsome or an accomplished woman; for, alas! all other characteristics were overshadowed by this repulsive trait. Yet she loved to see others neat, and her house and children did not seem to belong to her, so well kept and tidy did they always look. As a housekeeper she excelled, and her husband was long in acknowledging to himself that he had married an incorrigible sloven.

When, like too many young wives, she began to grow negligent in regard to her dress, he readily excused her in his own mind, and thought "she is not well," or, "she has so much to do," and perceiving no abatement of his kind attentions, she naturally concluded he was perfectly satisfied. As her family affairs increased, and she went less into company, she became still more careless of her personal appearance, and contented herself with seeing that nothing was lacking which could contribute to the comfort of her husband and children, never supposing that so trivial a matter as his own apparel could possibly affect their happiness. All this chain of circumstances hitherto unthought of, passed before her, as the little prattler at her side repeated the query,—

"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?"

"Yes, my child," she answered, and her resolve was taken; she would try an experiment, and prove whether Mr. Thornton were really indifferent on the subject, or not. Giving Nellie a picture book with which to amuse herself, she went to her own room, mentally exclaiming, "at any rate, I'll never put on this rig again; not even on washing day."

She proceeded to her clothespress and removed one dress after another,—some were ragged, others were faded, all out of style, and some unfit to wear,—at length she found one which had long been laid aside as "too light to wear about the house." It was a nice French print, rose-colored white, and she remembered had once been a favorite with her husband. The old adage, "fashions comes around once in seven years," seemed true in this case; for the dress was made in the prevailing style.

"This is just the thing," she thought, and she hastened to perform her toilette, saying to herself,—"I must alter my dark ginghams to wear mornings, and get it all ready before Charles comes home." Then she released her long dark hair from its imprisonment in a most ungracefnl twist, and carefully brushing its still glossy waves, she plaited in the broad braids which Charles used so much to admire in the days of her girlhood.

The unwonted task brought back many reminiscenes of her long-vanished years, and tears glistened in her eyes as she thought of the many changes time had wrought in those she loved, but she murmured, "What hath sadness like the change that in ourselves we find?" In that hour she realized how an apparently trivial fault had gained the mastery over her, and imperceptibly had placed a barrier between her and the one she best loved on earth. True, he never chided her, never apparently noticed her altered appearance, but she knew he no longer urged her going into society, nor did he care about receiving his friends at his own house, although he was a social man, and had once felt proud to introduce his young wife to his large circle of acquaintances.

Now, they seldom went out together, except to church, and even dressing for that was generally too much of an effort for Mrs. Thornton; she would stay at home "to keep house," after preparing her little ones to accompany their father—and the neighbors soon ceased expecting to meet her at public worship or in the social gatherings—and so one by one they neglected to call on her, until but few continued to exchange friendly civilities with her. She had wondered at this, had felt mortified and pained heretofore; now she clearly saw it was her fault, the vail was removed from her eyes, and the mistake of her life was revealed in its true enormity. Sincerely did she repent of her past error, calmly and seriously resolve on future and immediate amendment.

Meanwhile her hands were not idle, and at length the metamorphose was complete. The bright drapery hung gracefully about her form, imparting an unusual brilliancy to her complexion—her best wrought collar was fastened with a costly brooch, her hurband's wedding gift, which had not seen the light for many a day. Glancing once more at the mirror, to be certain that her toilette needed no more finishing touches, she took her sewing and returned to the sitting-room.

Little Nellie had wearied of her picture book, and was now playing with the kitten. As Mrs. Thornton entered she clapped her hands in childish delight.

"Oh, Ma, how pretty—pretty!" and running to her, kissed her again, then drew her chair close to her side, and eagerly watched her as she plied her needle, repairing her gingham dress.

Just before it was completed, Nellie's brothers came from school,

and, pausing at the half-opened door, Willie whispered to Charlie, "I guess we've got company, for mother's all dressed up."

It was with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain that Mrs. Thornton observed that her children were unusually docile and obedient, hastening to perform their accustomed duties without being even reminded of them. Children are natural and unaffected lovers of the beautiful, and their intuitive perceptions will not often suffer from comparison with the opinions of mature worldly wisdom. It was with a new feeling of admiration that these children now looked upon their mother, and seemed to consider it a privilege to do something for her. It was, "let me get the kindlings,"—"I will make the fire,"—"may I fill the tea-kettle?" Instead of, as was sometimes the case, "Need I do it?" "I don't want to;" "why can't Willie?"

Nellie was too small to render much assistance, but she often returned from her frolic with her kitten to look at her mother, and utter some childish remark, expressive of joy and love.

At last the clock struck the hour when Mr. Thornton was expected, and his wife proceeded to lay the table with unusual care, and to place thereon several choice viands of which she knew he was particularly fond.

Meanwhile let us form the acquaintance of the absent husband and father, whom we find in the neighboring town, just completing his day's traffic. He is a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with an unmistakable twinkle of kindly feeling in his eye, and the lines of good humor plainly traced about his mouth—we know at a glance that he is cheerful and indulgent in his family, and are at once prepossessed in his favor.

As he is leaving the store where he has made his last purchase for the day, he is accosted in a familiar manner by a tall gentleman entering the door. He recognizes an old friend and exclaims—

George Morton, is it you?"

The greeting is mutually cordial; they were friends in boyhood and early youth, but since Mr. Morton has been practising law in a distant city, they have seldom met, and this is no place to exchange their many questions and answers. Mr. Thornton's span of horses and light "democrat" are standing near by, and it needs but little persuasion to induce Mr. Morton to accompany his friend to his home, which he has never yet visited. The conversation is lively and spirited—they recall the feats of their school-days, and the experience of after life, and compare their present position in the world with the golden future of which they used to dream.

Mr. Morton is a bachelor, and very fastidious in his tastes—as that class of individuals are prone to be. The recollection of this fact flashes on Mr. Thornton's mind as they drive along toward their destination.

At once his zeal in the dialogue abates, he becomes thoughtful and silent, and does not urge his team onward, but seems willing to afford Mr. Morton an opportunity to admire the beautiful scenery on either hand—the hills and valleys clad in the fresh verdure of June, while the lofty mountain ranges look blue and dim in the distance. He cannot help wondering if they will find his wife in the same sorry predicament in which he left her that morning, and involuntarily shrinks from introducing so slatternly a personage to his refined and cultivated friend.

But it is now too late to retract his polite invitations—they are

nearing the old "homestead"—one field more and his fertile farm, with its well kept fences, appears in view. Yonder is his neat white house, surrounded with elms and maples.

They drive through the large gate-way, the man John comes from the barn to put up the horses, and Mr. Thornton hurries up the walk to the piazza, leaving his friend to follow at his leisure--he must see his wife first, and if possible to hurry her out of sight before their visitor enters.

He rushes into the sitting-room—words cannot express his amazement. There sits the very image of his lovely bride, and a self-conscious blush mantles her cheek as he stoops to kiss her, with the words of joyful surprise—

"*Why*, Ellen!"

He had time for no more; Geo. Morton has followed him, and he exclaims—

"Ha, Charley! as lover-like as ever; hasn't the honey-moon set yet?"

And then he is duly presented to Mrs. Thornton, who, under the pleasing excitement of the occasion, appears to far better advantage than usual. Tea is soon upon the table, and the gentlemen do ample justice to the tempting repast spread before them. A happy meal it is to Charles Thornton, who gazes with admiring fondness upon his still beautiful wife. Supper over, Mr. Morton coaxes little Nellie to sit on his lap, but she soon slides down, and climbing her father's knee, whispers, confidentially—

"Don't mamma look pretty?"

He kisses her and answers, "Yes my darling."

The evening passes pleasantly and swiftly away, and many a half forgotten mile of their life-pilgrimage is recalled by some way-mark which still gleams bright in the distance. They both feel younger and better for their interview, and determine never to become so like strangers again.

Mr. Morton's soliloquy, as he retires to the cosy apartment appropriated to his use, is—

"Well, this is a family! What a lucky fellow Charley is—such a handsome wife and children—and she so good a housekeeper, too! May be I'll settle down some day myself"—which pleasing idea mingled with his visions.

The next morning, Mr. Thornton watched his wife's movements with some anxiety; he could not bear to have her destroy the favorable impression which he was certain she had made on his friend's mind, and yet some irresistible impulse forbade his offering any suggestion, or alluding in any way to the delicate subject so long unmentioned between them. But Mrs. Thornton needed no friendly advise—with true womanly tact she perceived the advantage she had gained, and was not at all inclined to relinquish it.

The dark gingham dress, linen collar, and snowy apron, formed an appropriate and becoming morning attire for a house-keeper, and the breakfast table afforded the guest no occasion for altering his opinion in regard to the skill or affability of his amiable hostess.

Early in the forenoon, Morton took leave of his hospitable friends, being called away by pressing affairs of business. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton returned to their accustomed avocations, but it was with renewed energy, and a new sense of quiet happiness, no less deeply felt because unexpressed.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Thornton invited his wife to accompany him to town, saying he thought she might like to do some shopping, and she, with no apparent suprise, but with heart-felt pleasure, acceded to the proposal.

The following Sabbath, the village gossips had ample food for their hungry eyes (to be digested at the next sewing society), in the appearance of Mrs. Thornton at church, clad in plain but rich costume, an entire new outfit, which they could not deny "made her look ten years younger."

This was the beginning of the reform, and it was the beginning of a brighter day for the husband and wife of our story. True, habits of such long-standing are not conquered in a week, or a month; and very often was Mrs. Thornton tempted to yield to their long-tolerated sway, but she fought valiantly against their influence, and in time she vanquished them. An air of taste and elegance before unknown now pervaded their dwelling, and year after year the links of affection which united them as a family grew brighter and purer, ever radiating the holy light of a Christian home.

But it was not until many years had passed away, and our little Nellie, now a lovely maiden, was about to resign her place as pet in her father's household, and assume a new dignity in another's home, that her mother imparted to her the story of her own early errors, and earnestly warned her to beware of that insidious foe to domestic happiness—*disregard of little things*—and kissing her daughter with maternal pride and fondness, she thanked her for those simple, child-like words, which changed the whole current of her destiny—"*Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?*"

FAITH.

Faith is the eyesight of the trusting soul—
  The knowledge of the good and pure in heart;
An anchor when all earthly fast'nings part,
  And waves of sorrow swift and fiercely roll.
It is the golden chain of truth and light,
  Sure fasten'd to the Mercy-Throne above,
Which he who clings to knows no fading love,
  But has a hand to guide through sin's dark night.
On it all men must build who seek to gain
  A home of joy in brighter climes than this—
Where streams of sweet and never falling bliss
  Eternal flow along the golden plain.
There is a CONQUEROR of sin and death,
  The trusting know Him well—His banner-word is "FAITH."

THE DIVINE LAW.—The more men love the law of God, the more they will see the guilt of violating it.

YOUR PASTOR.

BY THE EDITOR.

In seeking to understand your duty as a member of the Church, forget not the solemn duty of holding up the hands and encouraging the heart of your Pastor.

Any course of conduct which weakens the influence, or diminishes the respect due a pastor, injures and cripples the energies of a church. "This is the heir," says the enemy, "let us kill him and the inheritance is ours." On the other hand, whatever sustains and encourages him, promotes the welfare of the church.

The pastor in the church is as the leader in the army. His prominent position, as holding a solemn office from Christ himself, entails on him heavy responsibility, and for this reason great deference and respect are due him. Hence our Saviour requires for his ministers such high and solemn honor from the people, saying: "He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me." (St. Luke, x: 16.) Ever bear in mind the solemn warning of the Lord: "Touch not mine annointed, and do my prophets no harm." (Ps. 105: 15.) How excellent also is the exhortation of St. Paul to the members of the church of Thessalonica: "We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." (Thess. v. 12: 13.) To the Hebrews the holy Apostle also addresses these words: "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for this is unprofitable to you." (Heb. xiii: 17.)

What so well sustains a ruler as the virtue of the citizen? What so much encourages a teacher as the progress and kind spirit of his pupils? In like manner the joy and success of a pastor depends greatly on the good spirit of those to whom he ministers. He feels strong in them. By their kindness he ministers with joy, by their neglect with grief.

No one but a pastor knows the disheartening effects of coldness, inconsistencies, or ungratefulness in members. He prepares a sermon with deep anxiety and weariness of mind, and they are not present to hear it. He breaks their bread, but they come not to the altar to receive it. He lays his hands on them in confirmation, after many exhortations, prayers, and tears, and they go forth to dishonor their profession, to wound their Saviour and to betray the church. He bears them on his heart in public and in private, by day and by night, and receives ingratitude in return. It is this that dampens his zeal, breaks his courage, and turns the cup of his joy into wormwood and gall.

Remember that your pastor is a public man and as such is exposed

to the uncharitable private judgment of many minds. Besides it is part of his commission to reprove and condemn the sins of the people; and hence it cannot be expected that he should be without enemies. No faithful minister can please all men. Even Christ could not. St. Paul could not. The Prophets, Apostles and Martyrs could not. Indeed our Saviour says: "Wo unto you, when all men speak well of you." St. Paul says: "Do I seek to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ." Do not therefore expect this of your pastor.

Remember also that your pastor, though highly honored of Christ, and sincerely devoted to his cause, is yet not an angel. He is a man "of like passions with yourself," and exposed to all the imperfections and infirmities which cleave to christians in this life. Even St. Paul could say: "Not as though I had already attained either were already perfect." The same Apostle, speaking of the ministry, says: "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." (I Cor. iv: 7). Regard, therefore, with great charity whatever faults and failings may appear in his spirit and life. To err is human; to forgive is divine. All eyes are on him. His position is delicate. His resposibilities are many. His perplexities are great. Much is expected of him, and his mistakes are readily magnified. If you see an occasional open fault in him, remember that you see him not in private, where he writes bitter things against himself, and weeps over his imperfections, and rejoices in the pardon which he has received of God, even while men are still severely holding him to account.

The children of this world especially, who are most heavily laden with guilt, are prone to be most severe in their censures of his little defects. With beams in their own eyes, they profess to discern keenly a mote in his. You must take his part when assailed; defend him when he is misrepresented. In this way will you sustain his character, and enlarge the circle of his influence. In proportion as you inspire respect for him in heart, do you increase his power of doing good.

Study how you shall be kind to your pastor. Words of kindness, acts of kindness, marks of kindness—these are the earthly sunlight of a pastor's life, and the nerves of his strength. It is by these that he is encouraged in his numerous cares, heavy toils, and responsible duties.

Seek to cultivate your pastor's love toward yourself. This is a duty too generally overlooked. We say cultivate his love, because it is in your power to do so. The holy Apostle exhorts: "Let us consider one another, to *provoke unto love.*" (Heb. x: 24) It is plain that one person is capable of drawing the spirit of another toward himself—to incite him to love. We can do that which will awaken love in the bosom of another toward us.

God makes it the duty of your pastor to love you; but remember that he also enjoins on you to *provoke* him to love you. Why are we more inclined to some persons than toward others? The answer is easy: Because we see more that calls forth our love in some than in others. This is the reason why even Christ was drawn peculiarly toward John, Mary, Martha and Lazarus. They were lovely, and provoked His love toward them.

Love is not arbitrary. It cannot be produced by force of will. It presupposes some attractions in those to be beloved. We see this law of attraction everywhere, even in nature. Attractions are ever toward that which, by its congeniality, attracts. The birds love the leafy grove. The lambs love the green meadow. The wild beasts love the deep wild forest. In human society, like seeks its like. Sinners love sinners. The gay love the gay. All are drawn after the attraction which provokes them toward itself.

It is just so in religion. The pure are drawn toward the pure—saints to saints—because they discover in each other, that moral likeness, and congeniality of taste and feeling which meets outgoings of their own hearts, and thus imparts happiness. Your pastor's love is under the same law. He is a human being like all others, and can only love what is lovely and what attracts him. It is plain then that he is drawn toward you just in proportion as he finds in you attractive traits of character; and he must be repelled from you just in proportion as he discovers the opposite in you.

All christians are imperfect, and have consequently more or less about them which repels love; but this the kind pastor takes into charitable consideration, because he does not claim perfection himself, and is therefore dependent on the same kind charity. But, as he is, so are you, bound in duty to cultivate a lovely spirit and character, not merely for the reward which goodness secures, but in order that it may be possible for him to love you.

We have all observed how easy it is to love some christians. They are so firm, so consistent, so regular and decided in all their christian acts, that we must see an excellence about them which commands our esteem. On the other hand, we have all felt how difficult it is to keep up an exercise of love toward others. They are so cold, so inconstant—there so much lack of all the finer feelings of the christian life, we must be ever making apologies to ourselves for their inconsistencies and unkindness; and when we have put the best possible construction upon their acts and christian characters, we must still stand in doubt of them, and find ourselves ever repelled instead of attracted.

Pastors are sometimes blamed for confiding more affectionately in some than in others. Whose fault is it? Do not blame your pastor for the absence of special love toward you, when there is so little special in you to love. First blame your Saviour, the Chief Pastor, for his special love toward John and the family of Bethany. Make yourself like them—act toward your pastor in all kindness and love, as they did toward John and the family of Bethany. Make yourself like them—act toward your pastor in all kindness and love as they did toward our Saviour, and then, as John was to Christ, so you may be to your pastor, a "beloved disciple'.'

This is a point of great importance. We would impress it deeply on your mind. Your own comfort, as well as the pastor's happiness and power of benefiting you in his ministrations greatly depend on it.

Do you ask how you are to cultivate his love toward you, your question has already been substantially answered: By cultivating your own christian character, and thus making yourself worthy of a christian love. Nor must you overlook the influence of what, by an unreflecting person, might be regarded small matters. Show toward your pastor little acts

of kind remembrance. That circle of lovely female disciples which we find so constantly near our Saviour, and toward whom He was drawn in such special holy love, "ministered unto him," with unceasing attentions. She who anointed his feet with the alabaster box of ointment, "very precious"—Martha who so kindly "received Him into her house"—they who hastened to His tomb so early "with spices which they had prepared, to show such touching love to His sacred body—could not fail to cheer his weary way, in all His ministerial life, with little gifts of love, tokens of their affectionate remembrance, and grateful offerings to His comfort. Tradition says—perhaps truly—that "the coat woven without seam from the top throughout," was the work of the hands and the gift of the heart of Mary! Of whom more likely! Can any one doubt that such like acts of love affected the heart of even the Son of God, and served to draw forth that strong holy human love, the special manifestation of which the Evangelists incidentally, and yet so touchingly, represent as characterizing His conduct toward these ministering disciples. Do not think for a moment that your pastor's heart is either too dull or too etherial to be affected by such delicate touches of kindness and love.

Do not trouble yourself as to the pecuniary value of the gift you bestow. Its virtue does not consist in its commercial worth, but in the evidence of affectionate remembrance and kindly wishes which it furnishes. Your pastor sits in his study in weariness and care; what a sunlight comes into his heart, with even a bunch of flowers which some thoughtful and kind-hearted parishioner has sent to him by a child. By that small token, the sender quite delicately says: "I have thought of you—I have been comforted by your ministrations in the past—grateful feelings well up in my heart—the Lord cheer you in your toils and cares!" This, and much more which cannot be told in words, is the language of the smallest token of kind remembrance and christian affection coming to a faithful pastor from a grateful member of the church.

If your gift of kind remembrance be of a more substantial and valuable kind, it will only evidence in yourself a stronger feeling of gratitude and love, and may serve to lessen the pastor's worldly cares, while in an increased degree, it cheers his heart and lightens his labors.

TRUE PRAYER.

True prayer is not th' imposing sound
That clamorous lips repeat;
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

WISDOM.—Every other quality is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan, and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs

APPLES OF GOLD—No. 8.

BY ECLECTICUS.

ON STUDY.

THE light of a cheerful spirit, is as necessary to enable one to perceive the just proportions of moral truth, as the pure light of day to see the dimensions and true color of natural objects. *Seneca* exhorts to study by the consideration, that if you devote your time to it, you will avoid all the irksomeness of this life, nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society insupportable to others; while *St. Evremond* urges, that study has something cloudy and melancholy in it, which spoils that natural cheerfulness and deprives a man of that readiness of wit and freedom of fancy, which are required for polite conversation. Meditation has still worse effects in civil society; wherefore, says he, let me advise you to take care, that you lose not by it with your friends what you think to gain with yourself.

Such opinions are to be reconciled by the distinction between the use and abuse of the best things.

Of studies, some serve for pleasure, some for ornament, and others for use. The first are chiefly enjoyed in privacy and retirement; those for ornament are employed in improving discourse and style; and studies for use, are such as strengthen the judgment and qualify men for affairs of life and business. For expert men may execute and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; and to judge wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities, are like plants, and need pruning by study: and studies themselves, give forth directions too much at large, unless they be bounded by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them—for they teach not their own use; that is a wisdom beyond and above them, half won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are only to be tasted, that is, read but in parts, and not curiously; and some few to be read thoroughly and with diligence and attention. Some may even be read by deputy and extracts made of them by others; but that should be only in less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books;—for distilled books, like common distilled waters, are flashy things. Reading makes a full man; conference, a ready man; writing, an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he should have a great memory; if he converse little, he should have a ready wit; and if he read little, he has need of much cunning, that he may seem to know what he does not. History makes men wise; the poets, witty; the

mathematics, acute and subtile; natural philosophy, profound; moral philosophy, grave; logic and rhetoric, able in debate. *Abeunt studia in mores.** There is, indeed, no dulness or impediment in the wit that may not be worked out by fit studies. As diseases of the body, have their appropriate remedies and exercises; shooting being good for the lungs and breast; gentle walking, for the stomach; riding, for the head, etc., so if a man's wit be wandering, let him study mathematics; for in demonstrations, if the mind be called away ever so little, he must begin again. If the mind be not apt to distinguish, or find differences, let him study the logicians, for they are "Cyminc sectores;" able to divide

"A hair twixt south and south-west side."

If he is not ready in comparing one thing with another, and calling upon one to prove and illustrate the other, let him study the lawyers' cases: So every defect of the mind, may have a special receipt.

*Studies change into habits.

VANITY OF EARTH.

"GENERATION after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for ourselves. Yet a little while and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be still, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and the prayers will be said, and then we shall be laid in silence and darkness for the worm. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and songs will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eyes that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again for joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name."

Touchingly and plaintively to the same effect, is the sonnet of that too early lost and true poet, Henry Kirk White:

"Yes, twill be over soon. This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest glow,
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh when I my youthful friends caress,
They laugh in health and future evils brave;
Them shall wife and smiling children bless,
When I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just—thou gavest the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest and drink it up."

FORTUNE TELLING.

BY SELDOM.

For the sake of those who are not too much of the fool to learn wisdom, we give to the readers of the Guardian, another expose of a "common cheat." Some people will allow themselves to be humbugged, no matter how much care is taken in their behalf. For others there is still hope. We have lived long enough to be able "to foretell" the certain failure of all such traps for the simple. It does not take a long life, either, to note examples enough of this kind, to enable any one's common sense to form a rule of wisdom in regard to all such humbugs.

In this case we felt sure the end would come—but it was sooner than could be reasonably anticipated. The woman who was so wonderfully wise, because she was the seventh daughter of another seventh daughter; who could tell of the past, present and future; who could point the way to fortune and happiness; who could detect thieves and enemies; who could show girls their lovers; who could help you to shun disasters and escape troubles—could not foresee or foretell that the officers of the outraged law were after her.

In all her books of necromancy, in all the revelations of her diablerie, she saw no phantom, huge as the mist-form on the Hartz Mountains, with a star on its breast and a warrant in its hand, approaching her domicil. Her spiritual eyes were closed, and the seventh daughter of a seventh mother of a seventh grandmother became even as the first daughter of a first mother. So the officer went unawares and took the most renowned of modern astrologers, the far-seeing clairvoyant, healing medium, and psychometric delineator of character, with all the "mysteries" of the Pythoness, to the Mayor's office.

An affidavit was made against her charging that she is a common cheat. The police went to the house and there they found such piles of all sorts of things! There were books which tell the fate of all luckless or happy lovers; books on palmistry, on fortune-telling, on dreams, on marriage, and others of more questionable character even. In a drawer they found a couple of dollars or so, in counterfeit halves and quarters, for which doubtless, some body has learned his or her future fate. There was a bundle of bills or posters, at least half a bushel, which gave the various names under which Mad. Willis has practised upon the credulity of the gullible in various cities and States in the Union, and set forth her rare and wonderful powers.

A large box was found, into one end of which the curious visitor looked through a magnifying glass at the picture of the future husband or wife. The picture introduced at the other end of the box, the mistress of ceremonies, having prepared herself, flashed upon it some colored flame, such as is seen in show pieces on the stage, and the anxious body having seen the 'elephant,' paid the fee and was content.

We doubt whether Saul was more intensely agitated when the Witch of Endor called up the venerable form of the great judge in Israel, than were the young ladies who were permitted to gaze through the vista of a cheap box and a cloud of smoke, on the features, of their to-be lovers and husbands. It is to be doubted whether, of the thousand and one ladies who visited Madame Willis, provided they were unmarried—a single one left without talking a squint through that mysterious box. And some were rendered very unhappy thereby. One young lady saw, or thought she saw, the features of a person she detested–and he was foreordained to be her husband. She could not doubt it. Had not Madame Willis foretold the death of a near friend, and had not that event happened as predicted? It must be so, and the young lady felt strongly tempted to go into a convent.

The arresting officers had laid irreverent hands upon the talismans of her power, and there, piled up in admirable disorder, were the foretelling cards—"the Fortune-teller's own Book,"—"Secret of Love and Beauty"—"the Wheel of Fortune," and a formidable array of handbills and placards, announcing Madame in various cities as Madame Wright, Madame Caprel, Mrs. Black, Madame Levante, and various aliases which we do not now recall. All over these papers was the unmistakable odor of camphor, for which Madame or her favorite devil must have an undue partiality.

There were visible on cheap pasteboard the visages of the husbands of an indefinite number of sighing maidens. There they were and are, bona fide pasteboard husbands, at which any young lady can have a satisfactory look by calling at the Mayor's office. They are four in number—one with a decided crisp in his hair, and a skin several shades darker than an olive, another a shade or two lighter, with one optic distended as though it had been rubbed with belladona, and a nose flaring up at the base like a pyramid of putty too suddenly squatted—a third that looks midway between a simpleton and a knave, and a fourth, fair-haired and blonde the very counterpart of a "nice young man." A young lady had but to express her desire for a husband, describing what his complexion, &c, should be, and presto! it was there. If prospective crime were actionable, what numberless indictments for bigamy could be entered up against these unfortunate and low-priced young men.

As Cæsar often tells us, a man easily believes what he wants to believe. So here doubtless those lovesick girls thought they saw their intended husbands. I know a man, who is no fortune teller, who yet has tact enough to tell the general character of a girl's love. He has been tried in the social circle where different ones were made to wonder how he knew.

By acute observation and a tolerable acquaintance of characters and temperament, almost any one, he says, can learn to tell the generalities given by those who pretend to tell such things which silly or curious people delight to hear. These are only given in very dim outlines, and the excited imagination of the inquirer fills up the particulars.

It is easy to tell, for instance, whether the girl who asks has been in love; what kind of a one it is who has been the object of her affection; dark or light hair. What kind of eyes; large or small; thin and spare, or full and ruddy, &c.

Madame Willis held daily levees for silly girls in want of lovers, and exhibited to fading maiden ladies, who feared they should die without the

sight, the shadowy-outlines of their longed for husbands. Madame flourished, too. She consulted cards, she told fortunes, she interpreted palmistry, she affrighted witless maidens by her familiarity with memories of their pap-spoon days, she painted for them such pictures of the future as accorded with their desires; she administered counsel to the anxious, consolation to the disappointed, and medicine to the sick. Madame is simply an ancient Pythoness, descended of astrologers, and adopted into the great circle of spiritual mediums. With such diversity of supernatural accomplishments, who can wonder that her rooms were thronged, or be surprised that she took in in a few days some five hundred dollars in sums of fifty cents each.

Some girls were in the house at the time of the arrest, one of whom crawled out of a back window and hid, or tried to hide in an ash hole in the back yard. Madame Willis was the person wanted, and the others were not molested. She had $300 in cash, a splendid outfit of rich jewelry, and a double handful of pieces of rich ear drops, finger rings, brooches, etc. These are probably stolen goods, paid to her by serving maids who levy upon their employers to gratify their taste for the marvellous.

But let us hear the end of this case. A woman in South Carolina sends $5 "to form a speedy marriage" for her. A young man also writes, proposing in his letter to employ Madame Willis to marry him to some young lady of fashion. His object is to better his fortune, and on condition that she would do what he desired, he will pay her *one per cent. on the fortune of the lady whose hand she shall obtain for him.*

The way in which all the above came to light was on this wise. A couple of young ladies in this city went to Madame Willis, on Thursday. She told them of certain friends of theirs, whom she described, and who were about to die; there was to be great trouble in the family, and terrible things were to happen. The foolish girls, whose names, we will not give, were frightened so much at their impending fate that they were in a miserable state and unable to sleep all night. So a young man, who happened to learn the facts, made an affidavit before the Mayor, charging this woman to be a common cheat. When brought before the Mayor, she admitted that she knew the whole thing to be a cheat. He fined her $25, and discharged her, she giving her promise faithfully, to leave the city within 24 hours.

One of the papers says: "Madame has been an astrologist these many years, and if reports be true, has amassed quite a fortune. She can see as far into the future as a blind man can into a millstone, and knows as much of the future as an idol knows of the events of next year."

Wisdom may be won by turning such examples to the profit of those who need experience and caution.

THE events of the revolution in Tuscany have greatly encouraged the friends of the Protesant cause in Europe.

"I QUITE FORGOT IT."

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

A GOOD friend of mine, who has helped my pen to many a subject, is in the habit of adding to his communications the words, "Try what you can make of this, if the subject bites;" meaning that if the topic should lay hold of me, moving me to write energetically, I should at once enter upon it, and not otherwise.

A correspondent, who appears to be all alive to the importance of this subject, writes to me thus:—"I am a shopkeeper, with two shopmen and a son behind the counter; I have also a servant and a housekeeper, besides a family of five children. I say to James, 'Have you done so and so?' 'No, sir; I quite forgot it.' Charles, have you been on that errand?' 'No, sir; I quite forgot it.' 'William, have you taken that letter to the post-office?' 'No, sir; I quite forgot it.' 'Susan, have you sent to the store for that article I wished you to get?' 'No, sir.' 'Why have you not?' 'Because, sir, I quite forgot it.' 'Ann, did you call at Mr. Thompson's, and tell him I should not be able to meet him to-day, as I proposed?' 'No, sir; I quite forgot it.' Servants and children, as well as masters, are very forgetful; and the reply, 'Oh! I quite forgot it,' comes so readily and so frequently, that I determined to drop a note to Old Humphrey, to draw his attention to it, that he might give us a chapter on the subject of forgetfulness, or from the words, 'I quite forgot it;' thinking that it might rouse the memory of some who quite forget, not only to such things of this world as they ought to remember, but to those also of the world to come."

Now, there is such an apparent singleness of purpose, such an honesty of intention, and withal so much that may be made practically useful in the remarks of my correspondent, that I am quite inclined to add to them a few brief observations, with the hope that, together, they may induce some to remember what now they are too much in the habit of forgetting.

On the first view of the case, it seems hard to blame any one for a defective memory. Are we not all in the habit of forgetting things, in spite of our best resolutions to remember them? Can we forget half of what we would willingly bury in oblivion? or remember half of those things which we desire to be ever present to our recollection? A bad memory, surely, is an affliction heavy enough of itself, without reproach being added to the burden.

I am afraid, however, that this kind of reasoning, though it serves our purpose excellently in apologizing for ourselves, is far from being satisfactory when offered to us as an excuse for others. When we have neglected an important letter, we may be satisfied in making the observation, "It was an oversight of mine, I quite forgot it;" but when any one neglects to deliver an important letter or communication to us, and offers us such an unsatisfactory apology, what heart-burnings, what un-

charitable thoughts, and what bitter words does it not unfrequently occasion!

You must allow me to strip the phrase, "I quite forgot it," of all the false reasoning that is usually attached to it, and to show it up in all its naked deformity. I admit that a bad memory may often be made better by a judicious and persevering effort, that it is sometimes an infirmity, and that those who have a bad memory, and cannot help it, are not fit objects of censure; but I do not admit that a bad memory is the cause of, or has, of necessity, anything to do with the frequent observation, "I quite forgot it."

If I am told that a man, whom I am in the habit of seeing with a bag of flour on his back, is weak in the body, or that another whom I frequently meet walking at the rate of four or five miles an hour, can hardly creep along, I do not believe what is said of them. It may suit the purpose of the one to be thought weak in body, and of the other to be considered almost incapable of walking; but I have positive proof that the contrary is the fact. Is not this clear? Can we arrive at any other conclusion? I think not.

But what has this to do, say you, with the matter? How do you apply this reasoning to the case of those who are in the habit of saying "I quite forgot it." In this manner. If I observe that such as most frequently excuse themselves on account of a bad memory, in things in which others are interested, have no deficiency of memory in things in which they themselves have an advantage, I am as much justified in asserting the strength of their memory, as I am in declaring the man who carried the sack of flour to be a strong man, and he who walked at the rate of four or five miles an hour to be a fast walker.

We now, then, come to the root of the matter, and must perceive that though the habit of quite forgetting things appears to spring from the want of a good memory, it really arises from the want of a good principle. This may sound harshly in the ears of my readers; but as I would apply it to myself as freely as to others, I must be at liberty to repeat my observation, that the habits of excusing a neglect of duty by the remark, "I quite forgot it," is much more to be attributed to a deficiency of principle than to a deficiency of memory.

If the same "Charles," who quite forgot to go on the errand of his master, is in the habit of forgetting to go on his own errands; if the same "William," who quite forgot to take the letter to the post, is in the habit of forgetting to send his own letters; and if the identical "Susan," who quite forgot to go to the shop for the article wanted, is very much accustomed to forget to go shopping herself when she requires, or thinks she requires, a new bonnet or fresh ribands, why then I shall be quite disposed to admit the plea of a bad memory; but if, on the contrary, they never do forget these things, then I am compelled to ascribe their errors to a defective principle, and not to a defective memory.

"I quite forgot it." Indeed! I have no patience with such an idle excuse. Where things which ought to be remembered are forgotten once through a bad memory, they are forgotten half a dozen times for want of a disposition to do to others as we would have them do to us.

One or two questions would I fain put to those who are in the habit of neglecting a duty, and of apologizing for it with the pitiful excuse,

"I quite forgot it." Do you *try* to remember it? No doubt, when a thing has been important to yourselves, to your pleasure, to your profit, you have, before now, made a memorandum of it, or asked those around you to remind you of it. You have tied a knot in your pocket-handkerchief, or fastened a riband round your wrist, or a thread round your finger; and resorted to other contrivances to assist your memory. Now, are you in the habit of doing the same things to assist you in the discharge of those duties which you so frequently quite forget? Be honest to yourself in replying to these questions.

My readers must remember that this hackneyed phrase, "I quite forgot it," is not confined to any class of people or grade of life. The child and the parent, the husband and the wife, the master and the servant, where conscience is not lively, and where principle sleeps, are too much accustomed to bring it into daily use.

I knew a kind-hearted husband, whose services (he being in a public situation) were required to be rendered with great exactness in regard to time, so that it was absolutely necessary to his comfort and peace that his meals should be prepared with great puuctuality. His wife knew this, and yet it was a rare thing for the good man to sit down to his dinner at the appointed time. His wife was often from home, or very busy, or prevented from attending to it, or one thing or another, but generally the ready excuse that reached the husband's ears was this, "I quite forgot it." Constant dropping wears away stone, and continual neglect will diminish the truest affection. No wonder that his temper was soured, and his love changed into severity. The man died, leaving his widow, among other things, the unwelcome remembrance that for years, by a culpable inattention to his comfort, she had robbed him of much peace, and helped to fill up his cup of bitterness to the brim.

I knew a son who, when at a distance from an afflicted mother, always forgot to write to her, when a letter would have given her comfort, and always remembered to write when he wished her to supply him with the means of extravagance. Was this, think you, a proof of a bad memory or of a bad heart?

But I need not multiply instances to prove that the commonplace saying, "I quite forgot it," is, in general, nothing more than the poor, thin, flimsy, transparent veil with which we try to hide our neglect of duty; and that whether we are, or are not, we ought to be, altogether ashamed of it. If we forget either what we owe to our heavenly Father, for the yearly, daily, and hourly manifestations of his goodness, or what is due to our fellow beings of all classes around us, a time is coming when we shall have too much cause to remember it. Let, then, fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, masters and servants, with Old Humphrey and all his readers, looking upwards for help, determine together from this time henceforward, to have nothing at all to do with the sentence, "I quite forgot it;" not doubting that this resolve will improve our memory, our integrity, our affection, and our peace.

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THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE first and highest business and mission of every individual man is to glorify God by his own physical, mental, and moral elevation—to seek the perfection of his nature, by becoming all that he may become for himself, for others, and for God.

Whenever any one is found earnest, by endeavoring to attain to this, his course commends itself to all men, and is openly praised as noble by the good, and silently acknowledged as such even by those who have not the will and the courage to attempt it for themselves.

It is pleasant to see even a seed that is planted unfolding itself to the full extent of its native capacity in the symmetrical plant and the perfected fruit; on the other hand, it is pitiful and painful to behold it enfeebled in the germ, pining in its growth, and falling short of its fruit. There is something in us which instinctively says: "Well, and bravely done," when in anything—be it plant, insect, bird, beast or man—we behold all its possibilities becoming actualities.

In man, the highest, this endeavor is the noblest, and its success the grandest. Would it not be strange were such an end reached without care and conflict. Even a grain of wheat in unfolding the possibilities that are in it, maintains the siege against the drought, the wet, the frost, the fly, the weevil, the rust, the hail—and only when it has kept the field against all these successive phalanxes of enemies lying in wait, and rushing upon it, does it present its golden ear to the joy of the reaper.

The hindrances to our development are yet more and greater. To overcome them is greater than to take a city. To know how to accomplish this is the highest knowledge; actually to attain it is the highest victory; to fall short of it is the most deplorable of failures.

What is the source or power by which individual man is, and may be elevated, so as to become what it is possible for him to be? We have been careful not to say, "How does he elevate himself?" because it is our design to show that his elevation requires a power beyond and around himself—that he needs a backing and support to his individual purposes

and endeavors—a power underlying and surrounding his individual life in the element and energy of which alone the possibilities that lie in his nature are called forth and actualized. This power, whatever we may, in the course of our present investigation, find it to be—we figuratively call *the power behind the throne*—indicating thereby that a man in the highest earthly position, is not necessarily elevated in that which constitutes the perfection of his individual nature. A Herod on the throne was eaten by worms! He elevated himself, but he was not elevated. Greater than the King, which is an office, is the man, which is a being; and when this being is unfolded to all that it may be, it has attained to what a King cannot attain as a King, but only as a man—by a power, therefore, behind the throne, and greater than it.

Human life, like all life, can only grow toward its full development, when it has its proper soil and surroundings. A seed may include in itself all the posssbilities of growth, but they are latent till it is brought into connection with the proper outward conditions of growth—without these it remains forever a seed only. So the capability of excellence lies in every individual being; but it will never be developed unless it is nursed and incited by its proper outward conditions. A grain of wheat in the granary or in the dry sand has no power to put forth; so an individual being has no power to unfold his possibilities of himself, except as backed and moved by powers around, behind and beneath him. The latent power of will, the energies of mind, on the inmost throne of our being, are as helpless as lungs without air, or as a heart without blood, if not themselves vitalized by a power that is not inherent in them. When once a man shall lift himself over the fence by laying hold of his own boot-straps, then may an individual unfold his own being without external conditions. Every Archimedes must have a fulcrum beyond the world which is to be raised.

Take any number of children, and when they are one month old—let them be of the same capacity—place one in the wigwam of the Indian, one in the cave of the Hottentot, one in the tent of the Arab, one in a peasant's family in Spain, one in some boorish family in America, and one in some refined Christian family, rich or poor—and after twenty years mark the difference between six children once inherently alike!

Does not the soil make the plant? Do not the surroundings—that which lies beyond our individual life—mould us into what we are? Is there not something outside of ourselves on which we are dependent for our individual elevation?

What is this soil? You say at once, society. But you have not answered the question. Society makes us what it is itself. You say society; and I ask *what* society? Indian? Hottentot? Spanish? Arab? You say the highest order of society. Very well—what makes the highest order of society? What is it that works, and has wrought back of society, that makes it what it is, or that will make it what it ought to be? What is it that elevates society? The same power that through it elevates the individual. But what is it?—what is the power behind the throne?

Look for a moment at society in its smallest elementary circle—the Family. Is it not a power of elevation or degradation *according to its kind?* "As is the mother so is the daughter"—as is the family so is

the child. Is a child elevated above the moral level of the family to which it belongs; this has been done, not by the family, but by some foreign influence. The family itself plainly can furnish no power of elevation above its own level. Families differ; and they do so because one is elevated above the other by a power behind it. Then the same question recurs, and is unanswered, what is that elevating power?

Take society in a wider circle, as a community. That the individual is silently and powerfully moulded by the bosom of that social life in the midst of which he lives and moves, is most sure. But after its kind and grade, ignorance nurses ignorance—vice begets vice; so intelligence begets intelligence, and virtue cultivates virtue. But why does society here remain as it is—why there does it sink—and there rise? What makes society good? What is the vitality that energises it to the noble and the pure? It cannot be a power inherent in society itself or it would be in all places alike. It cannot be the result of a longer period of development, for society is as old on the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates and the Nile, as it is on the Rhine, the Thames, or the Delaware.

Take society in its widest circle as national social life. The spirit of a nation is in its people. It exerts a powerful influence on its social and individual life. But here again, after its kind—as evil as it is evil, and as good as it is good. Nor is the difference of nations explained by the period of time they have had for social development; for some of the oldest are the darkest and most effete. Nor is it to be accounted for by their form of government; the Monarchy and the Republic of Rome alike sustained the most barbarous and corrupt social practices, and are together buried amid the ruins of a civilization that has been outstripped and left far behind by nations whose chiefs they once bound to their chariots. There must be a power deeper, and broader, and more potent than nationalities which makes them what they are. A power literally behind Thrones.

As we cannot find the true source of human elevation in the sphere of social life, but find it retreating behind it, let us look for it in mental cultivation and development. There is a power and a glory in mind. It is born for masteries. The visible and invisible powers of the air, earth, and sea, come at its call, crouch like tamed lions at its feet and say, "Here are we! Speak, for thy servants hear!"

"Knowledge is power." But here the same difficulty meets us. What kind of power is knowledge? Power after its kind. Good or evil according as he is who possesses and wields it. Good as a sword is, to defend the king or to stab him—good in the hand of Washington, bad in the hand of Arnold. Knowledge is one thing in the head of Fenelon and another in that of Voltaire. Knowledge will enable a man to defend the right, and it will enable him to defend the wrong. A polished financier can manage a Bank; he can also manage a defalcation. A genius can engrave the Last Supper, or he can engrave a counterfeit note—he can plate spoons, or he can plate bogus coin—he can preach a sermon to a Christian congregation, filling them with high hopes and holy purposes, or he can harangue a mob, inflaming them for sedition and riot. In short, knowledge is a nose of wax, which he who has it, turns into the lane which he himself desires to travel—and whether

he is going for man or against man, for God or against Him—heaven-ward or hell-ward, it alike serves His purpose and helps him on! It simply makes him a greater saint or a greater sinner—nothing more.

Something must lie back of knowledge which makes its possession elevating. What is it? Do you say Goodness. Right. But what makes him Good? What is the power behind the throne?

It cannot be knowledge, for we have seen that is neither good nor bad—and that it is both good and bad according as it is used. If knowledge had power to make men good, then all learned men would be good; but they are not. Then all ignorant men would be wicked; but they are not. Knowledge in a man's head has no more power to make him good than money in his pocket has that power. With the money in his pocket he can buy a Bible or a bottle of whiskey; with the knowledge in his head he can bless or curse his race!

Shall we try again, and seek the source of human elevation in the wonderful improvements which characterize our time; by which every power aud activity is facilitated and every capacity multiplied? Here we meet the same difficulty.

Is the press Good? We must ask, who is behind it? Whose soul is it? What sheet is that that drops from it, at the rate of one hundred in a minute? The improvement is simply this, that it enables a good man to do good faster, and a bad man to do evil faster.

So it is in regard to steam. Who is behind it? It speeds the pirate ship and the slaver, as well as that of the merchant and missionary. The rail car will bear a man in a few hours to a distant point, alike to preach a sermon or to steal a horse! Threshing machines afford the Farmer Boys leisure in the winter to learn science in school, or to learn bad habits out of it.

These are mere particulars referred to, to illustrate the general principle, that all physical, mechanical improvements are related to human elevation and degradation alike—may be made, and are made, to serve the one as well as the other, according to the spirit of him who wields them.

We may at least, in this connection, submit the question whether a sharp devices in evil—keen and cunning schemes of rascality—frauds on superior scale—have not kept full pace with material progress in all other respects? Try it—make two pens, gather the smart rogues into one and the dumb rogues into the other, and see which will contain the largest number. You say perhaps that the inmates of our prisons are generally ignorant criminals. So they are; but the scientific ones never get there! It would affect their standing in society. The well-known verse in Gray's Elegy might be altered thus:

> Full many a rogue, of rich and scientific mien,
> The dark unfathomed dens of cities bear;
> Full many a scamp slips through the net unseen,
> And breathes pollution through the social air.

The same difficulty is met in the problem in relation to the relief of pauperism. To relieve and elevate the suffering poor is a blessed work. But how is it to be done so as really to elevate them. Not by giving, in itself. The quarter you give will buy bread or liquor, as he may please who receives it. Your gift may relieve distress, and it may encouraeg

idleness. Perhaps one third of those who are fed in our poor-houses in the winter, are loafers instead of paupers. They feel encouraged to spend their summers in idleness and profligacy by the very hope of food and shelter which they may sure expect of the county, or at the hands of the generous. Whether giving will prove a good or an evil to the recipient depends on his own character. If such a character as charitable contributions cannot give belongs to a person, your charity is a blessing; if not, it is a curse. Whence is this difference of character? What is it in the poor that sanctifies the gift? What is the power behind the throne, which is the source of all physical, mental and moral elevation?

It must be something lying back of social life—back of mental cultivation—back of material improvements—back of philanthropic benevolence. What is it? There are two ways in which we may obtain an answer to this important question. By a view of the nature or constitution of man, or that in him which is to be elevated; and then also by looking at the history of the manner in which he has attained his present degree of elevation.

What is man—and what is in him to be elevated? He is a unit, and the whole man must be symmetrically elevated. Though a unit, there are three grades or spheres in his being, as all sound philosophy and common observation teach—body, soul and spirit. His body is the lowest side of his being, which is formed out of the matter of the material world beneath him, and through which he is allied to it, and dependent on it. His spirit holds a corresponding place on the highest side of his being, and through it he stands related to the world of spirit. His soul is the intermediate intellectual nature, which on the one side is allied to the body and the world of matter through the senses; on the other to the spirit and the spiritual world, through the moral or spiritual faculties. Thus man forms the link between the material and spiritual worlds—belongs wholly to neither, but alike to both—answering thus to his formation from the earth beneath and the breath of the Almighty from above.

Now it is plain that man cannot be elevated by that which looks only to his body—however important is to care for it—because, if the higher parts of his nature are bad, his body must and will suffer injury. The will to strong drink, the affections of lust, for instance, which are in the higher, will frustrate all hope of bodily elevation.

It is equally plain that anything that looks only to his soul or mind, cannot be successful in elevating him; because there are powers in the higher sphere of his spirit which control all beneath. Thus the will—which is moral—controls the understanding, and reigns over all the intellectual nature. Do you say the will is purely intellectual—then we say no, because we often see that an ignorant man has more will than the most intelligent. The will is over the intellect as its master, and if it is bad it will frustrate all endeavors to elevate the man through his intellect. Do we wish illustrations; take Poe in the gutter, or Byron in his lusts—with all their intellect. Take hundreds of learned men who swim in the vilest dregs!

We must also carefully avoid the idea that the elevation of the lower spheres in man—physical and mental—can come first as stepping stones to the higher. That is the very mistake we would avoid. The eleva-

tion of these lower is a result, not a cause. The very fact that they are lower, shows that they are under the control of the higher. The reservoir must fill the hydrants. In the loftiest part of our nature must be the throne from which power and law proceed for all beneath. The high sun must first shine before there can be reflections to his light, or responses to his genial warmth, from the worlds which lie beneath him.

We are driven back then to the spirit as the first and highest, and the ruling part in man. As it is, so is his mind and his body. On this summit of man's being must the light first touch, before it can descend to illuminate the regions of his being which lie beneath.

The will, the conscience, the affections—in short, the entire moral nature must be purified and elevated, first of all, or there can be no hope of man's elevation. This must be done by a power lying behind them, and greater than they—the power behind the throne.

We may come still nearer to the answer sought for—and perhaps obtain one full and satisfactory—by looking at the history of human elevation.

The endeavor after human elevation is nothing new. It has been sought after in all ages and in all lands. History must record the varied failure or success. It must be possible from history to ascertain in what nations or ages the highest attainments have been made; and it must be possible also to trace these differences to their causes—for that which elevates nations must be a power wider and greater than nationalities themselves, or the cause would be inadequate to the effect. So that this cause can not be an obscure factor, but must be a great, visible, tangible power. We would respectfully commend this feature of the subject to the earnest consideration of the reader, as in it we must find the true source of civilization.

Only one general fact we would notice. It would seem from a general view of the history of our race that it has been felt in all ages and nations, that the power in which man hopes for the elevation of himself is believed to be in a higher world, with which it is necessary to come into communion through the highest side of our being. Thus what history intimates, would correspond with what we have just educed from the nature of man's physical, mental, and moral constitution. Thus our two independent and unbiased witnesses would agree that the power behind the throne is the power of a higher world—the supernatural working in the natural, and energizing it by its high, ever victorious life.

In striving after the needed communion with this ultimate elevating power, three efforts are manifest in history, all tending to one point.

All the oriental nations lying eastward from Palestine believed that this communion could only be effected by the coming down of the gods into our nature, and thus all their gods are incarnations—gods taking the form and nature of man.

All the nations of the occident, laying west from Palestine, believed that it could only be effected by the opposite order, of raising men into the sphere of gods, and thus they had deifications of men—heroes and wise men elevated to gods from whom they now expected help.

Between these two systems, in Palestine, originated another, which professes that in it the wants and endeavors of both are met and fulfilled —in God coming down into the form and nature of man, by which man

also is raised into union with God. This system professed to be the light of the world, and the leaven that should silently transform and elevate men and nations. Though humble in origin, and silent in its deepest operations, as all great things are, it proved itself a power behind thrones. It soon gave laws in the Areopagus of the Greeks, and in the palace of the Roman Cæsars. Grecian and Roman civilization fled before it like clouds before the rising sun. It subdued the rough and nervous barbarism of the Teutonic hordes of Northern Europe and created them into refined and powerful nations. It crossed the channel, calling the rude Britons from the stupor of ages, and clothed a benighted Island with glory as with a garment. It outrode the waves of the Atlantic and created this wonder of the nations in the West. The wilderness and the solitary places were glad for it, and the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

Certain it is that millions have regarded, and do now regard, this as the power behind all earthly powers. They say, and seemingly at least with great reason, that its history is the history of good government, of arts and sciences in the highest form, of the greatest refinement in family and social life; in short, of peace on earth and good will to men.

That it has produced mighty convulsions and revolutions in the history of the world, only proves its deep and leaven-like workings. What it has overturned perhaps needed overturning; and ever through the noise and confusion of its conflicts with opposing powers came the sweet voice of peace, the victorious shout of progress, and the joy of a higher freedom.

EVENING BEFORE A WEDDING.

"I WILL tell you," continued her aunt to Louisa, "two things which I have fully proved. The first will go far towards preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage; the second is the best and surest preservative of feminine character."

"Tell me!" said Louisa, anxiously.

"The first is this—to demand of your bridegroom, as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow—and promise yourself—never, even in jest, to dispute, or express any disagreement—I tell you, never! for what begins in mere bantering, will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is the one great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession costs you some tears. Further, promise faithfully and solemnly never, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secrets or concealments from each other; but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, sister, brother, relations, and the world. Let them be known only to each other and your God. Remember that any third person admitted into your confidence becomes a party to stand between you, and will naturally side with one or the other. Promise to avoid this, and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence, that union, which will indeed make you one. Oh, if the newly married would but practice this spring of connubial peace, how many unions would be happy which are now miserable."

THE RAINBOW.

BY AMELIA.

I sometimes have thought in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud in its haven of rest,
On the white wings of peace floated off in the West.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze
That scatter'd the raindrops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unroll'd
Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold;
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean, how gentle its swell,
Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it fell,
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down to the shore;
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angels that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I look'd on the sky, 'twas suspended in air,
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole,
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of the rose;
And thus, when the rainbow had pass'd from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
Fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like the bow of the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
Yet O! when death's shadows my bosom uncloud,
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

APPLES OF GOLD—No. 9.

BY ECLECTICUS.

ON RICHES.

To purchase Heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendships pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.

Riches cannot be better described than as the *Baggage* of virtue, or by the Roman word, "*impedimenta;*" for, as the baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue. It can neither be spared nor left behind, but it hinders the march; and the care of it sometimes loses or lessens the victory. Of great riches there is no real utility except it be in the distribution; the rest is but fancy or conceit: "Where much is," says Solomon, "there are many to consume it; and what hath the owner, but the sight of it with his eyes?" The personal fruition in any man cannot reach the point of sensible enjoyment of wealth; you cannot feel great riches; the owner has the custody, a power of dole and donation, the fame; but no solid use of them.

The aged man that coffers up his gold
  Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasures to behold,
  But like still pining Tantalus he sits,
  And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no pleasure of his sordid gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

You observe what fictitious prices are set upon little stones and rarities, and what works of ostentation are undertaken, in order that there may seem to be extraordinary use and consequences in riches.

Nor is it certain, that more persons are saved from dangers and troubles than are plunged into them, by their abundant riches. Whoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it; for all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of licentiousness. Seek then such riches only as you may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly; like the wise Roman, of whom, according to Cicero, "In his exertions to increase his fortune, it was evident that he did not wish to satiate his avarice, but to provide means to gratify his beneficent disposition."

"*Qui festinat ad divitias, non erit insons;*" He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent. The poets say, that when Plutus is sent from Jupiter, he limps and goes slowly, but when he is sent from Pluto, he is swift of foot; meaning that riches got by good and honest

means, are slowly gained; but, when obtained by fraud, oppression, and wrong, they come upon wings of speed.

The ways to wealth are many, and most of them foul. Frugality is one of the best; and yet too readily runs into parsimony, which is not innocent; for it withholds men from works of liberality and charity. The tilling of the ground is the most natural means of obtaining riches; for it is the blessing of our great mother, the earth; but it is slow though sure. Yet it has been observed where men of great wealth apply themselves to husbandry, their riches are multiplied exceedingly. I knew, (said Lord Bacon,) a nobleman in England, who had the largest income of any man in my time; he was a great grazier, a great sheep owner, a great timber man, a great collier, a great planter, a great lead-man, iron master, and so of a number of the like points of husbandry. The earth to him was like the sea to the merchant, in respect of the perpetual importation.

It was said by one, without any paradox, that he acquired with much difficulty a little wealth, and obtained most easily great riches. For when a man's capital has come to that amount that he can command the market, and secure such bargains as are beyond the means of others, and can also make himself partner to the industry of younger men, he cannot but increase rapidly.

The gains of ordinary trades and vocations are honest, and are advanced chiefly by diligence and by a good name for upright and fair dealing. But the gains of bargains are of more doubtful nature, when men shall wait upon others, necessity, broken by servants and instruments to draw them on to ruin; when they put off others cunningly that would be more liberal purchasers, and the like practices, which are crafty and contemptible.

As for chopping of bargains when a man buys, not to hold but to sell again—that commonly grinds double—both upon the seller and the buyer. Sharings in speculation, do greatly enrich, if the hands be well chosen that are trusted. Usury is the most certain means of gain, though one of the worst, for a man thereby eats his bread *sudore vultus alieni*, in the sweat of *another man's* face; and besides—as the proverb goes—he ploughs upon Sundays. And yet certain though it be, it has its flaws in the false value of unsound men and the revulsions of commerce and business, inducing general bankruptcy. A fortunate invention or discovery is sometimes the foundation of extraordinary wealth; and if the inventor have prudence and judgment as well as invention, he may build up for himself a great fortune, especially if the times be propitious.

He that depends upon certain gains will hardly grow to great riches; and he that commits all to adventures, sometimes breaks and comes to poverty. It is good therefore to guard adventures, with certainties of profit, that may uphold against losses. Monopolies and coemption of wares for re-sale, are great means to enrich, especially when the party has intelligence as to what commodities are likely to come in request, and shall provide himself with them beforehand.

Riches obtained by service are commendable for their origin, the service being laudable, while those which are gotten by flattery, feeding humors, and other servile conditions, may be ranked among the most despicable.

Be not penny-wise: riches have wings and sometimes they fly away of themselves; and sometimes they must be set flying to bring in more. Men leave their riches either to their kindred or to the public; and moderate measures prosper best in both. A great estate left to an heir, is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize on him, if he be not well established in years and judgment. Glorious gifts and foundations, are like sacrifices without salt, and but the painted sepulchres of alms, which soon will putrify and corrupt inwardly. Therefore portion not your advancements by quantity, but frame them by measure: and defer not your charities till death; for surely if a man weigh it rightly, he that does so, is liberal rather of another's property than his own.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
  Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
  I'd better not grow up."
How many a weary traveller
  Would miss its fragrant smell;
How many a little child would grieve
  To see it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
  Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
  I'd better roll away"—
The blade on which it rested,
  Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
  Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
  Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
  The traveller on his way—
Who would not miss the smallest
  And softest ones that blow,
And think they make a great mistake,
  If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
  A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
  And little wisdom, too!
It wants a loving spirit
  Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
  For others by his love.

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN BY THE EDITOR.

XLII—THE PIOUS SHEPHERD BOY.

On a beautiful evening in May, when all nature stood forth in beauty and bloom, little Wendelin was watching his sheep. Though all around was so beautiful, he stood in sadness beside a blooming thorn-bush, and the clear tears flowed down over his cheeks.

At this moment little Alois, the hunter's son, came to him out of the wood, and said to him sympathisingly: "Why do you weep?" "Alas," said Wendelin, "I have just seen a disgusting toad creep in under the bushes." "Ho!" "said Alois, "how can you weep about a matter like that?"

Wendelin said: "As I looked on the toad I thought within myself, this creature looks so vile, creeps so weariedly on the ground, is chased by all men, knows nothing of its Creator, and paeses most of its life in bogs and dark holes of the earth, till at last it dies and rots away. And you, I said to myself, have an erect human form, and a beautiful human face; you can walk about in freedom, contemplate heaven and earth, and take delight in green grass and lovely flowers; you know your Creator, and have an immortal soul, and yet you have never heartily thanked God for these unspeakable gifts. This ingratitude of mine so pained me that I was compelled to weep."

Alois was greatly moved by these words, and through his life never forgot them. In his old age he often repeated them to his grand-children, and added: If these hateful creatures are even useless in every other respect, they are still of great use in this, that they teach us better to estimate the blessings we enjoy as men whom God has made to be the noblest of his creatures on earth."

Whoever does not rejoice in the blessings of his Creator, and is not humbly thankful for them, does not deserve to be a human being.

XLIII—THE WONDERFUL LITTLE BOX.

A certain housewife had all kinds of ill luck in her house affairs, and became poorer every year. Then she went into a deep wood to a Hermit, and related to him her sad condition, saying: The affairs of my house get along badly; do you know of any means by which the evil may be remedied?"

The Hermit, who was a cheerful old man, told her to wait a short time, and went out. In a little while he returned with a small box carefully

shut up and sealed. "This box," said he, "you must use for a whole year, carrying it three times every day, and three times every night, through the kitchen, the cellar, the stable, and all places in and about the house, and then you will find that your affairs will mend. When a year has passed bring the box to me again."

The good housewife placed great confidence in the virtues of the little box, and diligently carried it about as directed by the Hermit. On the first day as she carried it into the cellar, she met the hireling who was in the act of secretly carrying away a jug of beer. The same night as she bore the box into the kitchen at a late hour, she found the maid engaged in making an egg pudding for herself. As she passed through the stable she saw that the cows stood in filth, the horses were uncurried, and instead of oats had merely a bit of hay to eat. Thus every day she discovered some new evil to remedy, and thus matters were greatly improved.

When the year had passed round, she carried the little box back to the Hermit with great joy, and said: Every thing now goes better. But let me have the little box another year; it contains most excellent remedies."

Then the Hermit laughed and said: "I cannot let you have the box; but the remedy that it contains you shall freely have." He opened the box, and behold! there was nothing in it but a slip of white paper, on which was written,

"Would you have your affairs go right,
Then take yourself the oversight."

XLIV—THE LITTLE CROSS.

Theresa had received as a present a beautiful little cross. It was made of black ebony wood, and the four ends of it were encased in gold. She carried it on a blue ribbon as an ornament on her breast.

Once the small cross-piece broke out, and Theresa asked her father to have it made whole again.

"That I will cheerfully do," said her father; "yes, and besides this, I will also teach you how you may manage that no suffering which meets you in the world shall be a cross to you.

"See here: Without the short cross-piece, the long piece is not a cross; it only becomes a cross when the short cross-piece is put in. So it is with every sorrow, which we call a cross. The will of God is as the long piece; and our own will, which is disposed ever to cross the will of God, is as the short cross-piece. Hence, in every cross of suffering which meets you, take the short cross-piece out, and then it will be for you a cross no longer."

To yield our own short-sighted will submissively to the will of God takes away every sorrow, and causes our cross to be a cross no longer.

HOSPITALITY.

To receive and entertain strangers is a Christian duty as well as a dictate of humanity. The man of the world cheerfully extends a hospitable hand to those who promise to do him honor or afford him entertainment, and to those who come to him recommended by their rank, their elegant manners, or their pleasing conversation: nay, to the praise of whatever is least blighted by the frosts of sin, be it said, he sometimes shows the most cordial generosity to the unpolished, the unbefriended, and the obscure. But the Christian is moved to this duty, not merely by the kind impulses of nature, but by the dictates of disinterested charity, by the divine command, and by those illustrious and unequalled patterns of hospitality which are exhibited in sacred history. These being the objects of his frequent contemplation, call forth his admiration and provoke to imitation. He observes how well the hospitalities which Abraham and Sarah habitually used to all strangers, were suited to the heavenly messengers they unwittingly entertained;* and how courteously Lot afterwards received them at the gates of Sodom, how respectfully he pressed them when they refused his offers, and how much he proposed to sacrifice to their security. Nor can he less admire the generosity and delicacy of the princely Boaz in giving first his hospitalities, and then his marriage vows to the widowed and defenceless Ruth, or the kind attentions of the noble lady of Shunam to the prophet Elisha, when she invited him to dine at her table whenever he passed that way, and caused to be built for him a chamber, and placed in it a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick.

The Christian has most frequent occasion to offer his hospitalities to his brethren. To those, no less than to others, he should be ever ready to show every attention which kindness and propriety can suggest. At anniversary and other meetings, when large numbers of them are assembled from distant places, it is not to be expected that many of them can come bearing letters of introduction to resident brethren. The latter, therefore, ought not to stand upon ceremony, but make the first advances to their brethren, offering them entertainment according to their ability. Our Saviour, almost at the beginning of his ministry, gave a beautiful instance of this open-hearted and informal hospitality. John the Baptist seeing Jesus pass by, said to the two disciples who were with him: "Behold the Lamb of God!" whereupon they, being desirous of an acquaintance with the Messiah, followed him. Christ turning and seeing them following him, asked them: "What seek ye?" They in turn asked, "Rabbi, where dwellest thou?" He replied, "Come and see." They then accompanied him to his abode, and tarried with him the rest of the day.† A mode of address so brief and abrupt would be in ill-keeping with the intercourse of modern society; nevertheless,

* The Mahommedans have a legend that Abraham was so hospitable, that on one occasion he invited even the Angel of Death to dine with him.

† John 1: 35-39.

it shows us the excellence of a frank and unaffected hospitality towards strangers and brethren.

In our search after guests on such occasions, we should address ourselves first to the timid, the retiring, and especially to strangers. We are commanded to be careful to entertain strangers. Men are sufficiently hospitable to friends, relations, and acquaintances, but they are slow to welcome to their homes the unbefriended and the unknown. Hence the Christian should prove the impartiality of his benevolence by receiving under his roof the stranger; not desiring to boast distinguished and far-famed guests, but contented with enjoying the secret satisfaction of reflecting that perhaps he has entertained some angel unawares. Brethren "whose praise is in all the churches," will rarely lack offers of this kind, and however much you may covet them as guests, consider how selfish is that sort of hospitality which seeks not to entertain, but to be entertained. For such services, if services they deserve to be called, no reward is promised. Our Lord does not say: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the *greatest* of these my brethren, you have done it unto me. Our love to Jesus is best tested by our conduct towards "the least" of the brethren.

There is one case, however, in which duty requires us to withhold our hospitalities, even from professors of religion. When a person comes into the city, village, or neighborhood, to advance heretical, visionary, and pernicious opinions, we may not receive and lodge him. To entertain fanatics is to identify ourselves with their cause, at least in appearance. To have the reputation of encouraging them, even though we should not design to do it, is injurious to our Christian influence. The apostle John, in writing to "the elect lady and her children," directs them not to bid such a God-speed, or suffer them to enter their house; since by so doing they would be viewed as "partakers of their evil deeds."

The pious stranger should, unless special reasons to be rendered prevent, accept the first offers made to him, especially when made by a poor brother. To refuse his invitation, and accept another's afterwards made, leaves no very agreeable impression on the mind of the person offering the first. Nor should he be surprised to find those most competent to entertain him omitting to do so.

Many persons, "who seem to be somewhat," are apparently afraid, by introducing a stranger into the interior of their dwellings, to allow him to discover what they really are. Others live in so expensive a style that they cannot afford to lodge a stranger, and others are too much at ease to trouble themselves with a few civilities. In general, the stranger will find the truest hospitality among what some are pleased to call the middle and lower classes of society. Oftentimes to the invitations of such he may confidently reply in the words which the lady addressed to Comus:

> "Shepherd, I take thy word
> And trust thy honest offered courtesy,
> Which oft is sooner found in lowly shade
> With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls,
> In courts of princes, where it first was named
> And yet is most pretended."

The apartments consecrated to hospitality ought to be provided with

whatever contributes to the comfort of guests. The furniture, however, should always be in keeping with the resources of the host. People reluctantly take lodgings with one whose expenditures for their benefit are likely to be burdensome to him.

At the hour appointed for the arrival of our friends, we should go out to receive them, and after saluting them, take care of their baggage. If the guests are strangers bearing letters of introduction, or accompanied by our acquaintances, we should receive them at the door as soon as it is announced to us that they have arrived. If they come in a carriage, we should go out to the street and cordially welcome them. To remain within doors, and especially to continue seated, when strangers are announced, is only allowed to persons of distinction and public officers, when persons call on them for purposes of business, or on occasions of ceremony.

To bestow on our guests every kind attention, will do more to assure them that they are welcome to make our house their home, than all our declarations to that effect. Any neglect of our guests, such as resuming our occupations without asking of them the liberty to do so, or rendering any excuse for such behavior, to entertain them with bad fare and lodgings, and to grudge the loss of time requisite to gratify their wishes, will show our guests that our regrets for not being able to entertain them better, for their early departure, and our urgent invitations for another visit, is only the language of dissemblers.

The rites of refined hospitality require us to show our guests whatever is interesting in the city, village or neighborhood where we reside. But we should never direct their attention to any piece of furniture, statuary or painting we may have in our house. It belongs to the guests to discover such things. It is a poor compliment to the discrimination and taste of our guests, as well as to our specimens of art, to be obliged to point out, eulogize, and appraise them. When you are a guest at the house of a man who speaks in high terms of his house furniture, paintings, statues, lands, or other possessions, you would betray a want of sensibility not to be interested in what pleases him ; if he expresses extravagant opinions, with respect to them, you need not deny his assertions unless he is deceiving himself and others in these matters, but point out to him such excellencies as suggest themselves to you, carefully avoiding assent to what you do not believe to be true. Should he ask your opinion of a thing upon which he has already passed a too favorable judgment, you ought gently to convey him your sincere sentiments, or beg that your ignorance of the subject or other reasons may excuse you from complying with his request. Parents should avoid obtruding their dear children upon the notice of their guests. Hosts may, however, make parties in honor of their guests, composed of their relations, and such other persons as they may suppose to be agreeable to them.

We should not allow our assiduity to our guests to become officious. We should not do for them what they prefer to do for themselves ; such as engrossing the conversation, instead of leading them into it, and advancing our own opinions, instead of discussiug theirs. If we would encourage the bashful and make them contented, we should not allow them to think they are the objects of our painful anxieties. By allowing

them to act freely for themselves, we shall leave them more at ease than when they are annoyed by our wearisome attempts to please. We should not seek to call forth their applause for us or for ours, nor drag them about till they are fatigued, only that they may see and praise what gives them no pleasure.

If a clergyman is sojourning with us, we ought to give him time for retirement and study. When he has only a few hours to stay with us, after which he has public duties to perform, we should not enter into a long conversation with him, but after spending a suitable time in his company, offer to him apartments for study, dressing and repose. It is scarce necessary to say that such apartments should be secure from intrusion and noise. If we accompany him to church, we should avoid conversation by the way, unless he introduces it. After the service, we should wait for him, and take him home with us, offering him refreshments, and permitting him to retire early. If it is the custom of the family to defer prayers to a late hour, a clergyman who is ill, or who has been preaching, should not be asked to conduct the exercises of devotion. He would, however, rather do it than witness its omission.

Guests, on their part, should be contented and happy. They should not express a wish to be elsewhere, nor show great anxiety about those whom they have left at home. They should not express a desire for anything they know their entertainers cannot procure for them, or which can only be obtained at great expense. In conversation they should eschew censures, denominational opinions, and allusions to absent persons, except to speak of their virtues. They should treat the servants courteously, and upon taking leave, if they are wealthy, it is sometimes best to make presents to them or the family.

The entertainer should courteously defer the time which his guests have appointed for their departure, but if he finds them resolved to take leave, he should concern himself in everything that may assist their setting out. It is customary to solicit of guests another and an early visit.

These directions would be far from complete were we not to mention what has already been intimated, that those who are used to entertain guests ought not to neglect the family altar. Those who have been frequently cast upon the hospitalities of their brethren, must have observed that they have been least served and respected in those families which are not wont morning and evening to offer to the God of the stranger their homage and praise. If they have not the disposition or the time to perform this duty which they owe to their heavenly Guest, the earthly guest cannot hope that they will cheerfully perform the more minute and frequent duties they owe to himself. And then how grateful it is to the soul of the agent, missionary, or other sojourning child of God, to be permitted to swell the band of kindred and happy youths, and the domestics, as they gather round the family altar, to listen to the sacred oracles, to sing a hymn, and bow the knee in heartfelt prayer to the Father of all. It is from the services of these domestic sanctuaries that the wayfaring Christian gains spiritual strength for the journeys of each successive day. He hails them as fountains which are opened along his desert way to refresh and gladden his soul.

GROWING DISTASTE OF FARMING.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is not easy for us to understand fully any tendencies in which we are ourselves involved, or which characterize the particular place or time in which we live. In a vessel in the midst of a fleet, where all move alike, we cannot tell by looking at the rest, that either they or our own are moving at all. So there may be strong tendencies around us of which we are not aware, and the full extent of which we will only truly learn from their results.

There has been and is now, we are fully convinced, a strong tendency in our country—at least in many parts of it—away from farming and rural pursuits in general. This may sound strange to some. They think it cannot be so. They will point us to our State and county agricultural fairs, held every year—to the large number of agricultural papers that have sprung up of late years—to the fact that almost all our weekly papers, secular and religious, have a department for farmers—to many books published and speeches made on subjects connected with agriculture—yea, to our State agricultural colleges and model farms. They will point us to all these facts, and say: "Behold! never have the farming interests of our country received so much attention, and never has there been such a prospect of advance in all agricultural pursuits.

Nor would we deny that there are many in our country who have of late years taken an increased interest in all that pertains to the tilling of the soil. Moreover, there were never perhaps so many in our country who have taken such a real and intelligent interest in elevating the art of farming, and in establishing the principles which must underlie the greatest success. Yet while the few have continued, and even increased their zeal in this interesting, most healthful and independent pursuit, there has been nevertheless, among the many, an increasing disinclination to farming, a disposition to forsake the fields and the farm, for the streets, stores and offices of our cities, or for the roving—what shall we call it?—civilized freebooting, chance-watching prowlings of speculation.

The thoughts which we have long entertained on this subject, and frequently expressed to friends in a private way, are so sensibly embodied in a late editorial of the Lancaster Evening Express, that we cannot refrain from quoting the entire article:

"Time was, in the good days of "Auld Lang Syne," when the farmers of Lancaster county were noted not only for their industry, economy, and general prosperity, but also for their commendable prudence in keeping clear of fancy speculation, in all its various and insidious aspects. A few years ago, to find a speculator among the Lancaster county farmers, would have been as great a curiosity as it would be now to find a lady of fashion opposed to crinoline and flattery, When we were a boy a trite proverb of the day was, "as *honest* as a Lancaster

county farmer," and anything to which it was applied in illustration, was considered honest indeed.

To say a man was a "speculator" was to pay him no compliment—as speculators, who are supposed to "live by their wits," are not considered the most honest people in the world—besides, a man's wits is a very uncertain capital, and likely to fail him and betray him into ruinous speculation at the time when he is least able to endure reverses. Hence, men of discreet business judgment, are always shy in reposing confidence in a professional speculator. Loaning them money, or endorsing their paper, is considered a risky business, as a sudden and unexpected fluctuation in the market value of the article speculated in may ruin the most apparently prosperous man in a day.

As we have before stated, our farmers would have nothing to do with "speculation" or "speculators." They taught their sons to beware of them as of a contagious disease. They stuck to their legitimate and noble calling of tilling the soil, and "eating their bread in the sweat of their face." Their "stock in trade" was their good old mother earth, their fine Conestoga horses, (not "fast horses,") their cattle and their implements of industry. Then the first object of the farmer was to have a big barn—no matter if the dwelling was small, it would do until the farm and the big barn yielded enough to pay for building a better one. Then the evidence of a man being a farmer was sufficient evidence of his "word" being "as good as his bond," because his capital was in his lands, his industry and his prudence.

The same, we are proud to state, is still true of a large majority of the farmers of Lancaster county; but we see indications among many of their sons which do no credit to the fame of their fathers. There are young farmers in this county who are practically ashamed of the toil-hardened palms of their more worthy sires. They hate hard work, and love fast horses. They are ashamed of blistered hands, and proud of a fashionable hat, a "love of a moustache." They have allowed the foolish apology for an idea to enter their heads, that farming is either too hard work or too mean for modern young gentlemen, and they begin to devise ways and means of "getting rich easy." They become infatuated with the glare of the brilliant financial exploits of some speculator in stocks, in grain, or in fast horses. They *advance*—they "get their foot in it." Their credit suffers, because sagacious business men see that these young men are fancy speculators in the disguise of farmers—a kind of crockery ware that may be easily *broken*. The suspicion is well founded. For where one speculator succeeds ten fail and become bankrupts, while those who do succeed are entitled to no particular glory for their achievements, their success being generally built upon the misfortunes of others.

Our advice to all farmers' sons in Lancaster county is, to stick to the soil. Our noble county has acquired a world-wide reputation through her honest and thrifty farmers. The only serious damage she ever sustained has been through her bank swindlers, her stock and coal speculators, and the horde of *gentlemen* who were too lazy to work and too proud to be honest. Some of these speculators, who now bear the brand of swindler on their brows, and who escaped the penitentiary by judicial accident, came from the farm—allured from a life of honest toil

by the blandishments of a life of ease. How much better for them had they stuck, like true sons and noble yeomen, to the glorious pursuit of their honest farmer fathers! Nay, how much better for this community, which has been cursed, and still suffers, from the financial disasters brought about through the instrumentality of these stuck-up, live-without-working, bank and stock speculators. Young Farmer! You on your "fast horse," with disrespectful words on your lips about the "old man" and the "old woman," ashamed of their plain clothes and their plain habits—look out for breakers ahead! You are ashamed of the noblest occupation on earth—you want to get rich fast without work—but you are in danger. Better take the advice of "the old man," and listen to the words of "the old woman," and let speculations alone. Stick to old Mother Earth, and she will stick to you while there is a drop of rain to fall, or a ray of sunshine to warm. Above all, maintain the honor of good old Lancaster county, and vindicate the reputation of her honest farmers. Beware of the insidious spirit of Speculation."

True, every word of it, and what is thus justly expressed in regard to a single county, is more or less applicable in any part of our country. The late financial revulsion has shown how many branches of business had been inflated and overstocked—and as a result thousands of persons in almost all departments of business, have been thrown out of employ. Rural districts and rural labor alone have mostly escaped the shock and been enabled to go steadily on amid the wreck which the "stormy wind" has left behind.

This moment almost the only, perhaps the only rank of secular business which needs filling up, is that of the farmers. There are too few farmers, and too little produce is raised in our county. Prices of the produce of the soil, grain, fruits, and vegetables, are much higher than they ought to be, or need be. Farmers are, at this moment, more steadily and speedily advancing to wealth, than any other class of citizens.

Why does all kinds of produce command so high a price? Why has it done so for years past? Not because there is a scarcity of good soil to cultivate. Not because there has been any particular foreign demand. But simply and alone for the reason that from some cause or other, whatever it may be, too large a number of our citizens have had their attention diverted from faming to other pursuits. The number of farmers is not in due proportion to the population.

The fact is evident. What the cause of it may be, it might be more difficult to point out. There is no doubt that many young men have been carried away by the foolish notion that farming is not so high and respectable a vocation as many other pursuits. "Fast young men" desire a faster business. But how silly, to say the least, it is to depend upon our business to make us respectable. Any lawful business—and farming is such emphatically—is respectable, if respectably pursued. Indeed we know of no secular business in which an honorable man commands a more unreserved confidence, and has awarded to him, from all classes, purer honor than the honest, industrious, intelligent christian tiller of the soil.

There may be also a growing disposition to get on faster and easier than farm life can promise. Though it be true that it is a healthy business and leads to sure independence, yet men grow by it, not in haste, like

the gourd, but gradually and firmly, like the oak. Nor does the earth yield its increase without "the sweat of the face." This is perhaps too much to endure for such as regard idleness as bliss, and foppish indulgences as the height of gentlemanly dignity. Thus some may be allured away from a pursuit, not the least of whose rewards it is, that it gives health and vigor, both of body and mind, for the toil which it demands; and which, in a pecuniary point of view, more than makes up in certainty what it loses in speed.

Perhaps, too, part of the fault of the unpopularity of farming may lie at the door of farmers themselves. They are sometimes blamed—how truly we leave it to them to say—for being behind the age in many respects; for making themselves too much of slaves to their business, and thus neglecting to cultivate as they should social, intellectual and christian refinements. We see no reason for this being so. Any farmer not too greedy for gain, can command leisure, and has all the resources for every kind of improvement of himself and family, and to enable him to enjoy all that is pleasant and desirable in social life. Indeed, who does not know many farmers who are in this respect beautifully at ease, giving themselves dignified leisure, and holding themselves ready at all times to join in auy enterprise of a public character, and whose pride and joy it is to make their families and homes models of leisurely comfort and of social refinement.

Whatever ground there may be for the censure alluded to, sure we are that it does by no means properly apply to all, and need necessarily apply to none. As "God made the country," He has also made all its resources of such a character as to subserve the true social, mental, moral and religious elevation of all whose taste or circumstances may incline them to dwell amid rural scenes, and to engage in rural pursuits.

As for ourselves, we often wonder what there is in dusty streets, in a dull, impure air, in hot brick walls, and in all the smothering, swilling, swindling and swearing of cities to attract toward them. How homesick we often are for the fresh, free, green, glad and glorious country. Do not say that it is because

"Distance lends enchantment to the view;"

for we know better. We know all about the country. There is not a sight or sound, thought or feeling peculiar to it, but lo! we know it altogether. The virgin snow of winter, the swollen rivulets of spring, the first greening of the sod and the modest peep of the early violet, the blooming orchards of June, the red rosy clover fields aud the rich golden roll of the harvest—and then the yellow autumn, with its kindly fruits, the rattling of the nuts, the friendly blush of the ripe apple and peach, and the gushing of the presses—these scenes as they pass before us through the changing year, with all that is before them, with them, after them, and that belongs to them, lo! we know all well. Were we now on some of those hills from which we often made our boyhood surveys, when we could still "dance to see a rainbow in the sky," and when to our inexperienced spirit there had as yet "no glory passed away from earth," without the fear of any kind of dignity before our eyes, how would we swing our hat and give three cheers for the country—three more for the happy people who in it do abide—and a last

loudest three, for the blessed remembrances of country life which are still flush in our hearts, and which we hope to carry with us down to the grave---if not call to mind in heaven!

THE PRISON THOUGHTS.

The following lines were recently found in one of the convict's cell at Sing Sing prison:

The last golden beam of the sunlight has fled,
It kissed my pale cheek in my dark, lonely cell,
And I thought of my mother, who sleeps with the dead,
And brothers and sisters and home where they dwell.

I fell on my couch and wept bitter tears,
(For a convict can weep o'er the bright scenes of youth)
And the loss of loved ones in earlier years,
Was told in the still dying whispers of truth.

I thought of the hours when my heart was as pure
As the tear-drops that fell on the stones of my floor;
And the bride of my youth, whose love none was truer,
And her grief and her death—ah! what could be more?

I thought of all these as the last golden beam
Left my cell and the world, on its mission forever,
And I tried to believe 'twas a horrible dream
From which I awoke—but oh! never—no, never!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY GEORGE W. COOK.

Buried deeply in the bosom
Of the Orient Indian earth,
Gems of richest ray are shining—
Gems of beauty, gems of worth!
'Neath the billows of the ocean,
Hidden treasures wait the hand
That again to light shall raise them,
With the diver's magic wand!
What to me the wealth of India?
What the gems beneath the sea?
What the riches of the wealthy?
What the gold of kings to me?
When beside one only treasure
These in gaudy vestment move,
Then, ah then, tho' poor, I'm wealthy—
Wealthy in a mother's love!

THE SONG OF THE TREES.

BY THE EDITOR.

TREES, trees, trees,
O how many trees,
They cover o'er the mountains, they line the vales and leas;
They make the wide, wide forests, that roll like mighty seas.
I've often sat and pondered
Beneath their shade, and wondered,
That the poets fond of singing,
Have not set the woodlands ringing,
With the song of trees.

Trees, trees, trees—
O ye slighted trees,
Gladly would I now become a poet, should you please
To send me inspiration upon the pleasant breeze.
Let the storms that thundering roll
From the forest on my soul,
And the wind that joys and grieves,
As it gently lifts the leaves,
Sing me of the trees.

Trees, trees, trees—
Every kind of trees,
Little tiny, tiny things, and huge tremendous trees;
Some bend before the zephyr, some bear the storm with ease;
Various as are human faces,
Useful, pretty in their places;
Love we not the humblest, smallest,
Ever as the proudest, tallest,
Of these pleasant trees.

Trees, trees, trees—
Young and growing trees.
How tender is the leaf, and how smooth the bark of these,
In long and icy winters their tops do often freeze;
The cattle break and clip them;
The worms oft bore and nip them;
Fresh to-day and crushed to-morrow!
Often have I looked with sorrow,
On these struggling trees.

Trees, trees, trees—
Ancient, mighty trees,
I feel like taking off my hat whene'er I meet with these;
They are often hung with mosses, and are hollow for the bees.
By day the sap-bird's drumming,
And by night the hoarse winds humming,
Maketh music low and lonely,
Which is nowhere heard save only
In the song of trees.

Trees, trees, trees—
The fruit-bearing trees;
How many rich varieties are all around of these;
They charm the eye and tempt the taste of every one who sees;
How the fragrant blossoms blow,
How they fall like flakes of snow;
And the fruit so red and yellow,
Hangs luscious, ripe and mellow,
Smiling on the trees.

Trees, trees, trees,
Cool and shady trees;
Amid the quivering heat when there searcely stirs a breeze,
How grateful to the weary the shadow is of these;
Round the spring or round the pump,
They are nestled in a clump;
And the leafy, bushy mass,
Throws its shadow on the grass—
Bless the shady trees.

Trees, trees, trees,
Rehearse the song of trees;
Arrange yourselves in choirs, ye forests and ye leas,
And swell the mighty chorus till it soundeth like the seas,
Joy-notes for the sighing bring,
Dirge-notes for the dying sing:
Breathe, ye zephyrs, soft cantations;
Roll, ye storm winds, jubilations—
Swell the song of trees.

MY CHILD.

A light is from our household gone.
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant at our hearth
Which never can be filled:
A gentle heart, that throbbed but now
With tenderness and love,
Has hushed its weary throbbings here,
To throb in bliss above.
Yes, to the home where angels are,
Her trusting soul has fled,
And yet we bend above her tomb
With tears, and call her dead.
We call her dead, but ah! we know
She dwells where living waters flow.

TEARS, idle tears I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields
And thinking of the days that are no more.—TENNYSON.

THE SIGHINGS AND SEEKINGS OF HUMANITY.

BY IZZI.

> "Oh where shall rest be found,—
> Rest for the weary soul?"

> "O that I had wings like a dove!—for then would I fly away and be at rest."

The round world can never fill our cornered hearts. The finite that is above, below, and around us, can never satisfy the infinite within us. "Man's life is a stream whose source is hidden." One side of our nature lies in another world, beyond the finite and perishable, in the bosom of the infinite and eternal. We need not wonder then that our being is a mystery; we need not wonder that we cannot understand the strange emotions to which the heart is subject—a heart tossed hither and thither by alternate hope and fear; now going out in longings and aspirations after some unknown good, rising higher and higher as if to grasp the very infinite; and now clinging tenaciously to the sordid earth, as if *that* were *its* everlastiug portion. Our life is an unbroken series of mysteries: immensity without, and infinity within; heights of joy, and depths of sorrow; great hopes, and great fears, in the same heart and almost within the same hour.

The heart in its outgoings—pendulum like—oscillates between the extremes, heaven and earth: and these outgoings, infinite longings and unsatisfied yearnings, are the sighings and seekings of our common humanity. They are the expression of the deepest wants of our nature—they are solemn undertones of the spirit, betraying its origin; they are

> "Stirrings of deep divinity within."

Like the spark that ascends as if to seek the great luminary whose nature it seems to share, the heart rises in aspirations and yearnings, as if to seek the great Being in whose image it was created.

In our present state we are hemmed in on every side, embarrassed and impeded; the spirit seems shackled and earth-bound; there is a certain measure of freedom, but the great soul within struggles mightily for a wider range—these limitations, these narrow surroundings, become irksome; and the heavenborn spirit, looking forth from the bars of its prison-house, sighs and longs for unrestrained liberty in the boundless realms of its upper home:

> "Sighing, seeking, longing, weeping,
> Wishing for wings, that it might go
> Out of this shadowy world below,
> To that free, glorious element."

It is a striking and beautiful peculiarity of these yearnings of our nature, that their tendency is *upward*, away from self and away from earth. Man is the only anthropos—the only uplooking one—in all God's visible creation. He alone "turns his face upward;" the brute looks down, is downward in its tendencies and seeks the Earth all its days; but man is from above, seeks the higher and finds himself only

in his original. All the hopes and aspirations of his better nature lead him upward. It is true, that amid the enticing influences of the world, men sometimes grow weary of thus looking up; and seek to satisfy the infinite wants of their nature in science, philosophy or pleasure; but soon grow weary of these poor comforters, and again look up in joyful hope, convinced that

> "The thirst that from the SOUL doth rise
> Requires a drink divine."

These longings of humanity are as varied as the different dispositions of mind which God has given us,—as varied as the states and circumstances in which we are placed. One sighs for wealth, another for fame, a third for pleasure, and still another for knowledge—the pilgrim sighs for home; the exile for his fatherland; the boy for the future, and the aged man for the days and associations long gone: yet all these are but the strange perversion of a heavenborn principle that reaches out after the highest good; and all our aspirations, all our yearnings, finally center upon GOD. Whatever else may satisfy them for a time, He is their ultimate end.

They are mysterious and undefined. They cannot be understood, because they are themselves infinite and terminate in an object that is infinite and incomprehensible. Only in divine revelation is light thrown upon them, and there alone can they be satisfied. Reason cannot grasp them, else long since had the problem of their mystery been solved. The soul of Plato *felt* its immortality much more clearly than his reason could demonstrate it; and Socrates just before drinking the fatal hemlock was calm and satisfied in regard to the destiny of the soul so long as he gave himself up to the sentiments prompted by his heart; but when he began again to reason upon that destiny, cold philosophizing intellect cast a chilling gloom upon his dying moments, and he could only fall back upon the deep promptings of his earnest heart, assured that these would not deceive him.

So in ths case of humanity. It understands not the meaning of the voices and soundings that call from afar. Like the blind man who feels and knows the existence of objects around him, though he cannot see them, it knows that there *exists* the counterpart of its longings, though hidden by a mystic veil; it does not yet comprehend the infinite yearnings that rise in the heart of the boy, nor the great thoughts that swell and struggle in the heart of man: it vainly sighs and seeks to know the mystery; and then rises from its broad bosom the touching prayer, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

Whence are these longings of the soul, these aspirations of our better nature? It needs not the wisdom of a philosopher to answer. Shall the exile in a foreign land sigh for home, and shall not the spirit yearn after kindred spirits in its own genial clime.

We can explain them only by our *Divine origin.* As we are from God in our creation, so must we be to him in our life. We have not lost all trace of our origin, but are yet strongly allied to our great source; and although estranged from it, yet the drawings of home act powerfully on our hearts. As the mother's image is indelibly impressed on the eye of the child, so Eden and purity and God were impressed on the heart of humanity; and neither child nor humanity can ever lose those

images; hence heathenism has two golden ages—one lying far back in the past and another in the future; hence even in heathenism—that nightside of humanity—even there do we find blind prophecies of all that is good and holy. As the magnetic needle, following its own nature, turns to its polar star, whether that star shines clear and full, or is dim and beclouded; so humanity ever turns to its controlling power—some supreme being—whether seen clearly as in christianity, or dimly as in Paganism.

The longings of the soul vary; now they are clear and distinct; we know what will satisfy them; then again they are vague and undefined; nothing seems to comfort, nothing to give rest. They are called forth not by noise and confusion, not by the din of business nor by the excitement of the dance; but are more distinctly heard and more keenly felt when all, without and within, is peace and quiet; hence they are stronger in the boy than in the man, stronger in old age than in infancy, and always strongest when the voice of the spirit is heard above the voice of the world.

There are also powers of nature that excite these yearnings of the spirit; wooing voices that call from afar; sounds that come from a distant shore, "calling the wanderer home." Those voices of nature seem to be the echoes or underchimes of voices in the heart. What a soothing, gentle influence evening exerts! when amid the gathering shadows there is heard the cooing of the dove, and the music of distant waters; when in the stillness of departing day we hear voices unheard before, and gazing into the western sky, look through the golden vistas of evening, into the bright morning land beyond;

> When the stars that ever sprinkle
> All the heavens seem to twinkle,
> With a crystalline delight:

at such a time earth seems a very little thing, and the homesick spirit longs for the wings of a dove, that it may fly away and be at rest.

These evening longings are no mere fancy: they are earnest voices, deep underchimes of the spirit, true prophecies. They are not vain dreams, the deceptive whisperings of more deceptive spirits, but quiet powers lodged in our nature to draw the heart upward, that man may not be wholly under the influence of the world.

The gay, busy world may laugh at all this, and call it sentimentality; but go from the counting-room and the festival to your home; and in the quiet of your chamber when business is hushed and no hurried step disturbs—when the festal lights are out and the music gone, think seriously on life, death and immortality—give the spirit free range, and laugh, *laugh if you can; then* call these aspirations of the soul, these whispering voices of the spirit, sentimentalism, *if you can.* There is no room for such *mood of levity* when the heart thus speaks.

These longings are not a national peculiarity, they belong neither to a limited realm nor to a single heart; but are widespread as humanity and everywhere essentially the same. The exiles of Eden first felt their power; they have filled every heart since, and will continue so to do until exiled humanity itself shall be gathered home. We find them in every sphere of life, in every department of human activity; in Philosophy and in religion, in Christendom and in Heathendom: in the work-

shop of the peasant, and in the palace of the Prince, See them for example in the writings of the noble-minded Plato! How he struggled and strove to reach a stand point from which he might know, God and man as they are! What earnest, mighty efforts he made to transcend the finite, to grasp the infinite!—to break the shackles that bound him, and understand the mysterious workings of the immortal part within him! What is the Platonic philosophy from beginning to end, but the outreachings of a great soul after that higher and better destiny for which it was originally created?

If we turn to the sphere of religion, the same truth meets us. What are the sacrifices and deifications of heathenism—what are all its religious rites and ceremonies, but unconscious prophecies of man's wants and destiny? They arise in circumstances, in which there is no room for deception; and their universality declares them to belong not to a single nation, but to humanity at large. They express the deepest wants of our nature. The pious Hindoo has already been blessed with nine descents of the deity whom he adores, and expects yet a tenth manifestation: but the hope of even this tenth avatar does not satisfy, and he longs for entire absorption in the bosom of the Great All. What is this but the comforting idea of losing himself in the higher world, for which we all sigh? What are these things but earnest witnesses from the night-side of humanity; sighings and seekings for the distant, doubtful dawn?

In christianity these yearnings of the spirit, are not only stronger and less vague than in heathenism, but also infinitely more general. It is only in a christian community that man comes to a full knowledge of himself in all his relations and capacities: elsewhere he learns not the profound depths of his nature, feels not his wants and woes. Here, however, these come to full view; and here there are the deepest longings, the most earnest voices.

For six thousand years has humanity thus sent up to heaven its unspoken prayers, its unutterable longings, its deep, silent yearnings. For six thousand years has generation after generation passed away, each sighing and seeking for some vague, undefined, great good—struggling on in hope, and finding comfort only in looking up. Humanity, like the dove of old, finds no rest. Like a pilgrim, it is under the sweet influence of the voices and spirits of home: and as the journey shortens, these grow more attractive. As ship-passengers, far out at sea and long on the voyage, peer into the hazy distance, anxious to catch a glimpse of the land of their hopes: so we, sea-sick and home-sick, long to catch a glimpse of the unseen shore. As birds of passage, when the summer days are over, obey the instincts of their nature and seek a more genial clime, so in us, too, there arises the strong desire after a sunnier land, with softer skies and balmier air: far off melodies fall upon the spirit's ear, familiar voices invite, we feel

> "Some unseen world's control
> Strong in our inmost soul,
> And bidding us be gone."

Our whole life is but a humble confession of that beautiful sentiment of Augustine: "Thou Lord hast created us for thyself, and our hearts are without rest, until they rest in Thee."

PROCRASTINATION.

BY G. G.

"Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live."
Forever on the brink of being born,
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own, their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er shall lead!"

Procrastination is the putting off to some future time of duties which should be performed now. It is a fault to which all men are in some measure addicted. It is natural to love ease, and therefore to be deluded with the hope that the future will be a better time for action than the present, and that we will then be better fitted for it. The evil influence which this false hope exerts upon men cannot be estimated. Many nobly contend against it, and meet with success in life; but more are overcome by it and spend their existence for naught.

On this subject much has been said and written. Maxims censuring the fault and warning against, have fallen upon men's ears so frequently that they brand them as "stale and common." Yet nothing is lost by confessing them to be so. They are "stale" only to ears vitiated by diseased minds; good advice is ever pure and fresh for those whose minds are pure enough to heed it. The charge of "common" derogates not the least from a thing in itself excellent. There is, indeed, nothing more common than to hear the advice, "Beware of procrastination," and the proverb, "Procrastination is the thief of time." But the proverb and the advice are good, and worthy the most serious consideration of every individual truly awake to his interests, and conscious of man's high destiny. Procrastination is a disease preying upon the energies of the mind. *Beware*, is the infallible cure.

Beware of it on account of its company. It is the inseparable attendant of idleness and the host of vices that follow in her train. It constantly whispers to the man of idle disposition, "Take thy ease today, thou hast yet much time before thee; why weary thyself now? tomorrow will afford thee sufficient time for all thou hast to do." Thus insidiously, and with the fairest pretences, it steals from man his golden hours in which might be accomplished deeds conferring upon him the highest dignity, and uniting as diadems to form a crown of imperishable honor. It squanders his days in idleness, by which the body is enervated, and the soul, which is adapted to soar heavenward, is kept chained to earth.

"Year after year it steals till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene."

The habit of procrastination will render life a failure. Every day and

every hour we have duties to perform. If the duties of one day are deferred, we crowd too much upon the next; therefore something must be neglected, or everything will be done in a hurried and imperfect manner. The whole of life is made up of single actions, and will be successful only to the extent that our single actions shall have been well done. Life and its duties may be compared to a river. So long as there are no impediments in the channel, the waters will flow freely and majestically onward until they reach the mighty deep. If by any means the waters are obstructed in their course, they will soon so accumulate as to overflow their banks and thus be forever prevented from reaching their destined goal. Life is the channel; its duties are the swiftly gliding waters; procrastination is the obstruction that causes neglected duties to accumulate until we find it impossible to perform them all. When, in addition to present duties, those of the past gather upon us, some of them must remain forever unperformed, as surely as the water of the torrent that overleaps its banks can never, in its accustomed channel, reach the sea. If, then, the habit of idling away the present, and waiting to act in the future prevails, the true end of life can not be realized. Instead of being cheered at the close of life with the consolation of having acted well our part, the bitter cup of regret will be our portion.

The habit of procrastination brings its victims to shame and disgrace. How strange that "very thoughtful man" should, in spite of sad experience, be allured time after time, with the insiduous prompting, "There is time enough yet." But such is the painful truth. Too often it occurs that we put off duty to the very last, and fail in accomplishing that in which we might have succeeded by commencing in time. How often we break promises we could have easily fulfilled, and must meet with shame those who have claims upon us, and whom we have deceived. It is truly a lamentable spectacle, to witness, as evidence of inward shame, the flushed face and downcast eyes of those confessing a wilful neglect of duty.

It is of the first importance to be on our guard against this evil. To prevent being led astray, we should form and faithfully adhere to the resolution to do everything in its proper time. In this way nothing will be left undone, we can act without hurry and do everything well. The waste of time, the broken promises, the ruin of body and soul, and the bitter regrets which procrastination has caused, eternity alone can tell. It then becomes us, in order to insure success in life, to avoid this fair-pretending but treacherous enemy, and to act well our part in the living present. If we are faithful now, a glorious future, a good name, and a peaceful end will be our lot.

TIME.

"He that is choice of his time," writes the ever-to-be-revered Jeremy Taylor, "will also be choice of his company and choice of his actions."

"A moment is a mighty thing,
Beyond the soul's imagining;
For in it, though we trace it not,
How much there crowds of varied lot;
How much of life, life cannot see,
Darts onward to eternity."

SOLEMN THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG CHURCH MEMBERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

In former article we drew a lesson of instruction and warning from the life and acts of Judas—the Betrayer. Let us draw another lesson from the same source. It is against betraying Christ in your profession that we are warning you.

Why did Judas betray the Saviour?

The immediate motive which actuated him to this deed was "thirty pieces of silver!"—about fifteen dollars! What a price for Him that was valued. What a commentary on the love of money. How true is it, as the Holy Apostle declares: "They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which, while some coveted after, they have erred from faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." No wonder that he adds the earnest exhortation: "But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness, Godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."

Thirty pieces of silver is the price at which one of his disciples valued his Lord! and for this paltry sum he was willing to sell his Master into the hands of sinners, and his own soul into endless perdition. But here let us beware, lest in condemning Judas, we condemn ourselves, or those near us. His children are still alive, and have inherited his covetous and miserly propensities. The honor of Christ and of religion, together with the soul of him that does it, have often been sold for much less than thirty pieces of silver, by professed friends of Christ. Every sin which a professed follower of Christ commits, especially those open sins, which cast reproach upon his holy religion, is in an important sense a dishonoring and betraying of Christ. Christ is wounded when his cause is wounded—he is betrayed when his cause is betrayed. Has not often a christian profession been disgraced for a glass of liquor? Has not many an one been allured to drink, and thus to take his first step in his fall, for a sixpence? Has not the cause of Christ been made to bleed for the sake of a few hours, silly amusement in the ball room or at the card table? Has not many a man been dishonest, and thus disgraced his religion before sinners, for less than one dollar. Hear it, O heavens! this is the price at which the modern Judases value their Saviour, and the honor of His holy religion!

Though the immediate cause of his betrayal was his desire after the money, yet there was a deeper cause. Judas was unconverted—he never had been a true friend of Christ and his religion. He was a son of perdition, all the while that he outwardly walked with Christ and His apostles. That covetous spirit which ended finally in the betrayal of Christ, had been working for a long time before in his heart—long be-

fore he "was a thief and had the bag." Though a professed follower of Christ, he was inwardly renewed, and dead in trespasses and in sin. When the devil entered into him to urge him to the final deed, he found in Judas a man, in all respects prepared by previous life of sin, of averice, and of deceit, for such an awful and daring deed. His wicked heart had long been laying snares for his feet, and now they have all fallen upon him suddenly. He had all his life been gathering fuel for this final fire, and treasuring up for himself wrath against this day of wrath.

We see how dangerous it is to hide an unrenewed heart under cover of an outward profession of religion. It is like covering fire with fuel; for a time the flames and coals may be hid, but at last it will break out the more fearful in proportion as it was previously hidden.

It is with all those whose professions of religion are merely outward as it was with Judas; it will lead them to constant betrayals of Christ. What is in their hearts will break out into open acts, to the shame of their own professions, and to the disgrace of the church. Look at those who once knelt and vowed at the altar of confirmation as you, young friends have done; look at those whose names stand for many years recorded in the church-books, but who now live wicked and shameless lives. Why do they thus disgrace their professions and dishonor religion? Why are they now sons of perdition? The answer is plain—they never were changed in heart; they never had inwardly turned unto the Lord. They trusted in a mere profession, and when temptations came they had no grace in their hearts to enable them to withstand their fierce assaults.

Let this remind you, young friends, that your work is not done when you have once united with the church. Seek not merely for the lamp of an outward profession, but seek also the true oil of grace. Be not satisfied, like Judas to be *among* the disciples, but seek to be yourself a disciple in heart and in life. Seek not only the form of godliness, but seek also its power. Let your prayer be that which you have no doubt often sung:

Oh for a heart to praise my God,
  A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
  So freely shed for me.

A heart in every thought renewed,
  And full of love divine;
Holy, and right, and pure, and good,
  A copy, Lord, of thine.

BOOK NOTICE.

The Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia: being a condensed translation of Herzog's Real Encyclopedia, with additions from other sources. By Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D. Assisted by distinguished Theologians of various denominations. Part IX. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston.

The present part of this important work is a very interesting one. The first article is Exra, and the last George III. It contains lengthy, elaborate and highly interesting articles on Festivals, Fasting, Franke, Freedom, French Catholic Church, French Reformed Church, French Reformation, Gallicanism, Geography, besides many others equally interesting. These articles are all originally prepared by celebrated German Theologians who are proverbial for their learning, patient research, and impartial spirit; and the substance, much condensed, seems to be nevertheless faithfully given in this translation. It is published very neatly, in double column pages, 128 pages in each part, at 50 cents a part.

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GLEANINGS ON A WESTERN TOUR.

BY THE EDITOR.

To have brothers and sisters a thousand miles off whom you have not seen for fourteen years, is adequate cause for a desire in your heart to see them. But then "you cannot get off." So we thought year after year, but found at length that one *can* get off if he will—not by "taking the cars"—for that is better and more easily done by the Locomotive—but by meekly letting the cars take you. So we found it. The day set—the preparations made—the time arrives—and behold! the Editor goeth West. It may not be unpleasant to you, kind reader, to hear a little of whither we went, how we fared, and what we saw. You shall be gratified. We left Lancaster in the first morning train west, on the Fourth of July, just as the first waves of patriotism were beginning to break upon the still air of night in those brave powder noises, to which we are so well accustomed in the Inland city. If letting off "Chinese thunder" is the measure of love of country, the Lancasterians are number one in this respect; for, except a pretty fair echo in Mount Joy, as we rolled westward, this kind of demonstration "grew smaller by degrees, and beautifully less," till we arrived at Pittsburg, where (mirabile dictu!) that whole business is positively and wholly prohibited by the powers that be. As we are not wont to express our patriotism in that form, we felt no curtailing of our liberty by the ordinance.

Sweeping along the levels and around the graceful curves of "the blue Juniata," and winding over the lofty Alleghenies, we preferred to employ ourselves with sights rather than sounds. What beautiful scenery, often rising to the grand, and even the sublime! We need not attempt a description. Thousands of our readers have seen it for themselves; and all "the rest of mankind" have heard the sound thereof, and will endeavor some time or other to see it. The great Central Pennsylvania Railroad has opened this world of nature's charms to the world. The myriads of western merchants and others whom business or pleasure calls to the Atlantic sea-board, know of this fine stretch of mountain scenery, and on that account, as well as on account of the excellent make and management of the road, take this route in preference

to any other. This is decidedly the pleasantest road in the country, especially in Summer. The whole distance is ballasted—that is, filled up between the cross-ties with broken stones, which not only gives it solidity, but also prevents any dust being started up by the train. Any one who passes from other roads to this in Summer, will at once see the difference in point of comfort. The Pittsburg *Post*, in an article commenting upon the recent fatal casualty on the Southern Michigan Railroad, in the course of which it refers to similar occurrences on other lines, within six years, resulting in the death of 393, and the wounding of 612 persons, has well said, that it is a remarkable and note-worthy fact, which speaks volumes for the management of those roads, that not one of those terrible accidents have occurred upon either the Pennsylvania, or the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago roads. These two roads compose the longest line in the country. Both are under the direction and control of a man who is admitted to possess the greatest administrative ability in railroad matters of any man in the world, J. Edgar Thompson, Esq. His controlling intellect regards with almost superhuman power the details of the immense iron line which connects the East with the West, and so admirably are the subdivisions of direction and authority apportioned among men of exact adaptation, each to his position, that the whole thing appears to move like a vast and perfect machine. As a consulting engineer, Mr. Thompson's great talents are rendered useful to half the railroads of the country. His judgment, his prudence, his great regard for the safety and welfare of the traveling community, are most successfully shown in the whole history of the roads over which he at present presides He has built up and perfected the best and largest railroad in the world, the safest to travel upon, the best managed for the interests both of the stockholders and the community. In railroading he has done for the public an inestimable benefit in showing how exactly all things can be reduced to a perfect system and governed by rules equal and just to all, and at the same time inuring to the public wellfare.

As long as we were east of the Alleghenies we had occasion to admire the "golden harvest" which so richly cover the fields; but as we got west of the mountain—how changed! There it was, "the copper harvest;" for that was the color presented by the grain fields. Sadly has the frost done its work! The fields, well covered, presented a dark red, rusty appearance, indicating that they were entirely ruined by the frost of the 5th of June.

Pittsburg, you know, is a smoky place. The citizens, knowing this fact, take the opportunity afforded by such days as the fourth of July, to go into the country. You will be glad to learn that the Editor, as fond of rural life as any one, was fortunate to fall into the very best of hands immediately on his arrival in Pittsburg. Be it known to you then, that directly east of Pittsburg there is a lovely region of country called "the Colony," in which are located scores of the most charming country residences. Into this Paradise we were hurried in company with generous social men, cheerful ladies, and prattling children. There, at the rural residence of Mr. Faber, the afternoon was spent in delightful social intercourse, and the evening in the sending off of various balloons and a grand display of fireworks. Besides, there were other things there,

not sent into the air, which were enjoyed with an equal relish, if not in honor of the liberties of our country, still for the support of the (physical) constitution. Long live Mr. Faber and his kind lady—and long shall we remember that pleasant fourth of July at his rural country home. Passing on our return to the city the numerous revelling crowds that swarmed the lager beer saloons and low hotels, we could not help praying that the time may soon come, when to the many other blessings we enjoy in our happy land, shall be added this—that our national festal day shall be rationally celebrated in the sweet peaceful circles of happy, sober, social and domestic life, instead of amid the froth and fumes of low and rude dissipation.

The following day after a ride of forty miles on the Allegheny Valley Railroad, we found ourselves, in the pleasant afternoon, on a packet, floating on the quiet water of the Allegheny. What charming rural pictures do its hilly shores present! If ever you come to Pittsburg, and have a few hours to spare, do not fail to take a ride on the rail up this beautiful river. The Allegheny Road is finished to Kittanning, quite a considerable town on the river, forty miles above Pittsburg. It is in nice running order, and managed by a careful and polite corps of officers and employees. We shall never forget that calm and peaceful afternoon spent rounding the romantic bluffs of this clear and lovely river while the eye fed at each turn on scenery "ever charming, ever new." This calm and pleasant floating came, however, soon to an end. Having been landed at the mouth of the Mahoning, quite a different kind of travel began. Placed in a stiff, springless stage, we were carried, amid much tribulation, over ten miles of up and down, to the inland village of Reimersburg.

Next day, July 6th, was a pleasant time for the citizens of Reimersburg and vicinity. The corner-stone of the Clarion Collegiate Institute was laid with appropriate solemnities. This institution has been founded by the Clarion Classis of the Germam Reformed Church. The Classis includes the congregations located in that and four or five surrounding counties, and this Institute is designed to furnish to the sons and daughers of the members (and of course to all others who may avail themselves of the privilege) an opportunity of a liberal education—and to prepare such as desire to take a full collegiate course for one of the higher classes in College. There are some here now, and there will be many more when the Institute shall have gotten into complete operation, who expect to finish their educational course in Franklin and Marshall College. The people in this region are far more intelligent than is dreamed of in the eastern counties, where this western part of the State is very incorrectly regarded as "back woods" and behind the time. In good, fresh, solid sense, and especially in vigorous intellectual nerve, this region yields to none in our State. This Institute will do wonders in developing this excellent mine of mental wealth. It is entirely under the control of the Classis, is based on the Christian idea of Education, and is to be conducted with the religious element underlying it in all respects. What a blessing must accrue to that whole region from talent thus developed, and consecrated to the earnest service of God and man! The building itself, will be a noble specimen of architecture. It is being put up by Mr. Gilbert, architect and builder, and a talented and enter-

prising young man. The address on the occasion was delivered to a vast crowd. The subject of it was—"The relation between Christianity and mental development." As to the character of the address, we forbear to speak, out of delicacy, being somewhat nearly related to the one who delivered it. The Clarion Collegiate Institute is under the care of Rev. Prof. Lucian Cort, and Prof. Nix, who graduated at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, a few years ago. It was a matter of surprise to us to find that the best of boarding is afforded to students at Reimersburg, in private families, at $1.50 per week; and we were informed by the citizens that this can be afforded. This is an item for young men of limited means.

The reader well knows how one is transferred from one place to another by rail in great haste. What takes place on the way is generally common-place, and though interesting to the traveler, is not worth putting down for the reader. A very brief period has intervened, and here we are at Mendota, Illinois, 88 miles west of Chicago, and over 600 west of the new literary village of Reimersburg, of which we have just spoken. On being suddenly set down beside the track, after such a long rail-road trip, one feels as if he had been dropped out of a storm. However well acquainted we may be with the geographical extent of this vast West, it is impossible to form any conception of its vastness except by passing over it. We think, for instance, of the Lakes, when we are at a distance from them, and in so doing imagine them large, it is true, but still we seem to ourselves to see the shores all around. Only when we stand on the shore and look into the dim blue distance, are we practically convinced of what we knew before in theory—that the end lies beyond our vision. So it is here. We think of the west—we let our mind's eye run hastily along its main boundary features, and have it all in reach, bounding it, and looking over it as we do a field whose fences are all in sight. But, how different is the fact? On we go—over county after county—prairie after prairie—State after State—whistling, whirling, jolting, jostling, on—on—on—night and day—and still before you are new prairies, new States—on—on; and as you enter a depot on the east side, behold a rail and a train, still waiting for you on the other, and the familiar cry of "All aboard," greets you as before. What farms, homes, hearts, joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, lie spread over the wide, wide extent of surface we leave behind! And such is our country—or rather a small part of it; for leaving out of reckoning the small strips which we call "the East," (for so it seems when viewed from here, and so it really is when compared with the whole) what a world lies West. We could not have credited it, did we not know it to be so, that two hundred miles west of the Mississippi river is only the centre of the United States, and that after all the space we have been whirled over, we are yet about four hundred miles east of the middle! What a platform for a nation! to be the pride of the world, or to be a piece of cheese for political mice to nibble at.

The best point to steer for when one wishes to get *into* the West, is Chicago—that wonder of the West, and the best way to get there is by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, which is a kind of extension of the Pennsylvania Central of which we have already spoken, and is under the same excellent supervision. We found the road in the

best running order; and over that long stretch of road we moved along with a steadiness which makes a traveler always feel comfortable. We left Pittsburg at one o'clock at night; and our car being provided with berths for sleeping, we went to bed and made ourselves at home. So comfortable was our ride that the first thing we knew was the streaming into the car of broad daylight, and hearing the call: "Massillon." The washing and dressing-room, with its marble basin, glass and all other hotel dressing-room fixtures, were at hand in an adjoining apartment. We soon came out fresh and finished, saying within ourselves, "what next?" The road west lies through a beautiful country, which keeps one constantly engaged in viewing the ever new objects of interest which present themselves.

Have you ever seen a prairie? We do not mean one of the small three or five, or even ten mile over meadows, such as we see in the north western part of Ohio, and other places, but one of the great, grand, glorious prairies which lie in silent grandeur, like vast grassy lakes, in the great bosom of the mighty West. Here is this immense Illinois prairie in the midst of which we spent about a week exiled from almost every vestige of that kind of scenery to which we have been ever accustomed. Whatever may be the effect of such a location on others, for our part we feel all the time as if we were in mid-ocean, and were ever saying within ourself: "Take me to the shore that I may land!" A dime for the sight of a tree, and a dollar for the sight of a hill or mountain!—that is the way our taste and desire ran all the while. Though it is one hundred and thirty years since our great-great-ancestor left Switzerland, we found that the Swiss was still alive in us in all his ancient vigor and peculiar taste, crying out unceasingly, "Give me mountains or I die!" Though in places dotted with small "groves," as they are called, of scrubby trees, and here and there strips of wood-land along rivers and water courses, yet in the end the whole interior of Illinois is one vast prairie one hundred and fifty miles in width, and three hundred and fifty miles in length. What a paradise this must become in fifty years. But oh, the dead level—who can endure it? We doubt whether they will ever raise poets on this soil.

Pleasant as this prairie life was to us in many respects, yet we felt a kind of relief when the time came to be up and away. Our course lay towards St. Louis, and the south western part of Illinois. As the pleasantest route by which to get there, we took the great Illinois Central Railroad to Sandoval, and thence by the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad to St. Louis. The Illinois Central is in many respects the most remarkable road in the United States. It is the *longest*—starting at Dunleith, in the north-western corner of the State, extending the whole length of the State through the middle, south to Cairo on the Ohio, and thence, branching at Centralia, back north-east to Chicago; its entire length being seven hundred and nine miles—all owned by one company. It is also the *straightest* road in the country—in one part of it we run forty-one miles without a curve, and there are many sections of bee lines on it from fifteen to twenty-five miles. You can easily imagine how safe and pleasant it must be to run on such a road; should you even get off the track, you would merely get on the level prairie, which stretches out into the dim distance at once to the pleasure and pain of the eye, and

then the train would merely be taken for Fawkes' Steam Plow, which will, no doubt, soon be seen playing over those myriads of fertile acres. Judging from what I saw of the management of this road, and from the intelligence of General Superintenent John C. Jacobs, Esq., a Marylander, whose acquaintance I incidentally made at Amboy, of whom I learned the principles by which it is conducted, I am convinced that this vast company have the greatest regard to the comfort and lives of the multitudes who pass over it. On account of the heavy capital required to complete this road at a time when parts of the State through which it passes were still unsettled, the United States government gave the company a grant of every alternate section within six miles on either side. One and a half million acres of this land is still for sale, and at such rates, I have been told, as present a great inducement to farmers wishing to locate where market facilities lie at their door. Lying across this road, and branching from it are numbers of fine railroads in all directions. Indeed, a glance at the map of Illinois, will show at once that no State in the Union is so finely netted with railroads. This, with its rich soil, gives it in itself the elements of an empire.

From St. Louis we went into the country about twenty-five miles south-east, Monroe county, Illinois, by stage, a mode of traveling of which you can read in the annals of the past, but which it is hoped will soon be in the case of Campbell's Last Man. We crossed the great American Bottom, which is an average of six miles wide and one hundred long, on which we at that early season saw corn ten to twelve feet high, hung with enormous enlargements projecting from the main stem, commonly called "roasting ears." This bottom is fertile beyond description; the only drawback being the fact that a freshet in the Mississippi sometimes lays it in most places six to fifteen feet under water. But those who farm it say this occurs only on an average once in seven years—and that they can well afford to lose a crop at such intervals.

In this bottom we saw in abundance the pecan nut, which I had never seen before. It is the size of a hickory-nut, and grows on a tree resembling that. It is not so thick as a hickory-nut, but much longer, smooth and nicely rounded, with a thin shell, which may be broken as easily as the soft-shell almond. It has a large kernel, in a double cell, but slightly joined, from which the shell is removed with the greatest ease. The nut tastes something like the shell-bark, but has a much finer and more delicate flavor. It is highly prized, and sells at from three to four dollars per bushel. I wonder that our nursery men do not raise this tree, as it would, beyond doubt, ripen in Southern Pennsylvania and Maryland. Besides it would make a beautiful shade tree.

The large trumpet-flowered creeper, which we have domesticated at home grows wild in this bottom. We saw entire trees crowned with this beautiful vine in full bloom. But oh! the blackberries which here do flourish. I suppose we saw along the road about nine hundred and and ninety-nine bushels and a half, more or less! As the bending bushes bowed to us invitingly from either side of the road, the passengers were willing to accept the kind invitation, but the driver "carried the United States mail!" which cannot stop for blackberries; and whilst it may be grateful to our "illustrious fellow-citizen," the President, to know that he has one of the most faithful servants in the American bottom, noth-

ing but a supreme desire to pass in like manner as law-abiding subjects, could save us from open rebellion in such tantalizing circumstances. Dispute our patriotism, if you may, when you know that we counted the blackberries but loss, that "the United States mail" might proceed.

Back from the American Bottom, along its whole length lies a rolling well-wooded country, quite different from the prairies—and more like our Pennsylvania country—to which you rise by a ridge called "the bluff" from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five feet higher than the Bottom. To us this country was far more home-like and grateful than the prairies. The land is good—yielding richly all the same kinds of grain raised in this part of Pennsylvania. This year the crop is excellent. Besides, the Catawba grape ripens here; and the people are turning their attention much to wine-growing. One man in Monroe county last year raised about eight thousand gallons from six acres, which he sells readily at $2 per gallon—the pure juice of the grape—certainly an extraordinary return in solid cash from a few acres. Land rates from 10 and 20, to 50 and 60 dollars an acre. Fruits, such as apples, peaches, plums, are very plentiful—and seems not as yet to have been injured by the many enemies which prey, of late years, on our orchards.

St. Louis reminded me more of Pittsburg than any city which I have ever seen. It has the same dark, iron and coal like appearance; the whole giving one the impression of great wealth, enterprise and business. The southern part of the city is a kind of Germany, where, judging from the signs, one-half make their living by selling Lager, and the other half by drinking it. I should not wonder that the greatest number of Germans in the Western cities should remain forever poor, amid all the chances of wealth which present themselves. To sustain the number of beer houses I saw in St. Louis, is enough to keep 50,000 persons poor. All other vehicles are thrown in the shade by the beer-wagons. I felt like calling out like the Irishman: "Gintlemen, if ye must have bare, be aisy with it; and if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can!" It is a cheap drink, it is true; but there are few who get off at less than 25 cents a day—some $90 a year. This, or the half of it, is enough to secure to any laboring family a neat home in a few years. Besides, this beer business must forever cultivate low aims and perpetuate a low state of society. We enter not into the question whether it can intoxicate; but this we know from observation, that it keeps the drinker in a boosy state as if he had been shot with poppy and makes him look as if he had been pickled in effete vinegar.

The days we spent in and around St. Louis, were the hottest I have ever endured—and besides the heat there was great drought, and much dust. In these circumstances, that I shall soon leave for home began to be a pleasant thought to me. It was only a matter of 1,000 miles, and 48 hours on the rail, which I took "in one sitting," sighing inwardly as we flew over counties and states, as on the wings of the wind:

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within ourselves the jewel lies,
And those are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home."

APPLES OF GOLD—NO. 10

BY ECLECTICUS.

ON PRAISE AND VAING-LORY.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less and glows in every heart;
The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.

PRAISE is the reflection of virtue; but it is as the glass which gives the reflection. If it proceed from the ignorant and vulgar, it is commonly false and hollow, following the vain rather than the virtuous; for the vulgar understand nothing of many excellent virtues. They praise the lowest, they wonder at and admire the middle virtues; but they have neither any sense nor conception of the most exalted: they are best served with the empty shows and semblances of virtue—*species virtutibus similes.* Fame, indeed, is like a river, which bears afloat things light and swollen, but submerges those that are weighty and solid. If, however, persons of consideration and judgment concur, then as the scripture says, "A good name is like precious ointment." It fills all round about, and the sweetness of the savor remains, for such odors are more durable than those of flowers

There are so many false points of praise, that it may justly be regarded as suspicious. Some praises come of flattery merely. An ordinary flatterer, has certain common attributes, which may serve every man; the cunning flatterer will follow closely the arch flatterer, that is—a man's self; and wherein a man thinks best of himself, therein a cunning flatterer will uphold him most. But the impudent flatterer, will insist upon ascribing that to a man, wherein he is conscious to himself that he is most defective, *spreta conscientia.* Some praises proceed from good wishes and respect, and constitute the forms of civility due to great personages; *laudando procipere;* when by telling them what they are, they represent what they should be Certainly moderate praise, use opportunely, not vulgar, but discreet, does good.

For who would ever care to do brave deed
Or strive in virtue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is, the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own free will.—SPENCER.

Some men are praised maliciously to their hurt, in order to stir envy and jealousy towards them; *pessimum genus inimicorum laudantium*—the worst enemies are those who falsely praise. Solomon says, "He that praiseth his friend aloud, rising early, it shall be to him no better than a curse." Too much magnifying of man or matter, excites contradiction and irritates envy and scorn. Hence the proverb; *Save me from my friends;* that is, from their indiscreet praises.

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth.—SHAKSPEARE.

To praise one's self cannot be decent, except in rare cases; but to praise a man's office or profession may consist with a good grace and a kind of magnanimity. St. Paul, when he boasts of himself, often interlaces, "I speak like a fool;" but speaking of his calling, he boldly says, "*magnificalo apostolatum meum*"—I will magnify mine office.

Praise not men to their faces, to the end that they may pay you in the same coin; nor allow others to be so free with you as to praise you to your face. By this abstinence your love of esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions, and where you might receive one compliment you will enjoy twenty civilities.

The love of just praise is an exalted passion and stirs the mind of every extraordinary person. Those who are most affected with it, seem most to partake of that particle of the divinity which distinguishes mankind from the inferior creation. The Supreme Being himself is most pleased with praise and thanksgiving, which is the immediate adoration of his perfections; whilst the other part of our duty is but an acknowledgment of our faults. It has been well remarked, that we then only despise commendation when we cease to deserve it.

Just praise is that which is appropriate and true.

> All praise is foreign but of true desert,
> Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
> And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
> Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels.

But whilst the virtuous desire satisfaction from just praise alone, the vain-glorious are gratified with any commendation however indiscriminate; not hesitating, indeed, to be their own trumpeters. It was ingeniously conceived of Æsop: The fly sat upon the axle tree of the chariot wheel, and said, "What a dust do I raise!" So with some boastful persons—whatsoever moves forward independently or by some greater means, if they have ever so little hand in it, they fancy that they carry it along. The vain-glorious must needs be factious, for all ostentation stands upon comparisons. They must needs be violent to make good their own vaunts. They cannot be secret, nor therefore efficient; but it is with them according to the French proverb, "*Beaucoup de bruit, peu de fruit;*" "Much bruit, little fruit." And yet there is use of this quality in civil affairs; as where, for instance, it is desirable to raise an opinion or fame of virtue or greatness, these men are good trumpeters. Again, as Livy notes in the case of Antiochus and the Ætolians, there are sometimes great effects of cross lies, when a man negotiating between two princes, to induce them to join in a war against a third, extols the forces of either of them above measure to the other. So sometimes he that deals between man and man, raises his own credit with both, by pretending greater interest than he has in either. And in these and the like examples, it often falls out—contrary to the proverb —*Ex nihilo nil fit*, that something is produced of nothing: for lies are sufficient to breed opinion, and opinion begets substance. In military men, vain-glory is essential, for as iron sharpens iron, so by glory the courage of one sharpens that of another. In great enterprizes involving charge and adventure, a composition of glorious or boastful natures puts life into business, while sober and solid natures have more of the ballast than of the sail. In fame of learning the flight will be slow,

without some feathers of ostentation. "Even those who write books on the Contempt of Glory, inscribe their names on the title page. Socrates, Aristotle and Galen, were men of ostentation. Undoubtedly vain-glory helps to perpetuate a man's memory. Nor had the fame of Cicero, Seneca, or Pliny the younger, flourished with such vigor, if it had not been joined with some vanity in themselves—which is like varnish upon walls, causing them not only to shine but endure. When I speak of vain-glory, however, I mean not that property which Tacitus attributes to Mucianus: "*Omnium quæ discerat feceratque, arte quadam ostentator,*"—the art of giving grace and dignity to whatsover he did or uttered. He touched nothing, that he did not adorn; for that proceeds not of vanity, but of natural magnanimity or discretion, and in some persons is not only comely, but gracious. Excuses, apologies, concessions, modesty itself, well governed, are but arts of ostentation; and among those arts there is none better than Pliny the younger mentions; which is, to be liberal of praise and commendation to others in that wherein you have any excellence yourself. "In commending another," says he wittily, "you do yourself right; for he is either superior to you in that you commend, or inferior. If inferior, and he is to be commended, then you much more. If superior, and he is not to be commended, then you much less." Ostentatious and vain-glorious men are the scorn of the wise, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vaunts.

LIFE IS FADING.

Time is drawing nearer, nearer,
  While our heads are turning gray:
Tears are falling on life's mirror
  Every day!

Time is closing Beauty's portals,
  Flowers are blooming to decay;
Fate is delving graves for mortals
  Every day!

While our pleasure-boat is rolling
  Over life's eventful spray,
Funeral bells are tolling, tolling
  Every day!

While the laurel-wreath is shading
  O'er the fame-lit brow of clay,
Sad we see the garlands fading
  Every day!

Love, then take your promised treasures,
  Fame is dazzling to betray;
Life is fading with its treasures
  Every day!

Hence, while all things are declaring,
  Death a seeker for his prey,
Let us be ourselves preparing
  Every day!

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN — BY THE EDITOR.

XLV.—THE LARGE DOLLAR.

FRIDOLIN, a pious farmer, had a hired man who was very passionate, and was given to the rudest and most angry words. Fridolin often exhorted him that, from love to God, he should overcome his passion. But the man said: "It is not possible for me to do it; I am too greatly provoked by man and beast."

One morning Fridolin said to him: "Mathias, behold here a beautiful new dollar! I will give you this if you will remain patient throughout this day, and not suffer an angry word to escape your lips." The man accepted the proposal with joy.

The other men on the farm now secretly agreed that they would cause him to lose the dollar. In all they said and did through the day, they only sought to provoke him to anger. But Mathias was so guarded that not a single angry word escaped him.

In the evening Fridolin gave him the dollar and said: "Shame on you that from love to a miserable piece of money you have refrained from anger, while you are not willing to do it from love to God!" Thus reproved, Mathias changed his course of life, and became a meek and pleasant man.

If love to God but penetrate the heart,
It can from every evil way depart.

XLVI.—THE MONEY PURSE.

Norbert, the little son of a collier, sat under a tree in the woods, sorrowing, weeping and praying. A wealthy lord, in a green dress with a star on his breast, hunting in the forest, at that moment passing by, said to him: "Little man, why do you weep?"

"Alas!" said Norbert, "my mother has been sick a long time, and my father sent me to town to pay the Doctor, and on the way I lost the purse with the money."

The wealthy lord spoke a moment privately with the hunter who was with him, then drew from his pocket a small red silken purse, which contained several new gold pieces, and said: "Perhaps this is your purse?" "O no," said Norbert, my purse was a very old one, and there was not so much money in it."

"Then it must be this one," said the hunter, holding forth a small old purse, "O yes," said Norbert full of joy, "that is it." The hunter gave it to him; and the kind lord said: "Because you are pious and honest, I will present you this purse of gold," and he gave it to him.

Prayer in need is strongest,
And honesty wears longest.

Stephen, another boy from the nearest village, heard of this affair.

As soon, therefore, as the noble lord went again into the forest, Stephen went and sat under a pine-tree in the woods, and cried and wept: "O my purse! O my purse! I have lost my money purse!"

The lord came to him, showed him a full purse, and asked: "Is this the purse which you have lost?" "Yes," exclaimed Stephen, and reached toward it with both hands.

But the hunter, who stood beside his lord, said with reproving voice: "Shameless fellow! do you thus undertake to belie my lord. I will pay you for your wickedness with other coin." He broke a whip from an elder bush, and punished him as the wicked cheat had deserved.

Dishonesty displeases God,
And wins from man the bitter rod.

XLVII—THE SILVER WATCH.

Ernest, a poor student, once staid over night in a mill. He slept on a bench in the lower story. At midnight he wakened, and heard something clicking at the wall. He looked and saw by the light of the moon, that it was a silver watch.

There arose in him a strong desire to take the watch and escape by the window. True, his conscience said: "Thou shalt not steal;" but his desire for the beautiful silver watch became every moment stronger. At length he sprang up at once and went out through the window in order to escape from the growing temptation.

When he had walked several hundred paces, he began to be sorry that he had not taken the watch, and he was ready to go back for it; but his conscience warned him again; he listened to its voice and went on.

Now the moon set behind the hills, and it was very dark. Ernest lost himself in a swamp, but at length reached high ground again. There, being weary, he laid down and soon slept soundly. At break of day he was awakened by a fearful noise, and as he opened his eyes he was filled with alarm at a fearful sight before him.

He found himself lying right under a gallows, and above him hung a thief, and around him hovered a whole flock of noisy vultures. Then he felt as if a voice within him said: "Behold, thus in the end it would have been with you, had you yielded to the temptation to steal." He kneeled down and prayed;

O God, Thou leadest us in many ways,
And I will heed Thy warnings all my days.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

And wouldst thou call thy loved one back,
From his bright home of stainless bliss,
To tread again the thorny track,
Of such a weary world as this?
No; let his sainted spirit rest;
And though ye meet on earth no more,
He rests secure on Jesus' breast—
"Not lost, but only gone before."

"PASSING AWAY."

BY C. E. A.

THERE is something solemn, something deeply affecting in the very thought, that all we behold must decay and die. There is nothing permanent, nothing lasting in this world of change. "Passing away," seems written on every leaf and flower, as change follows change in quick succession. In spring time we rejoice at the re-appearance of the flowers, the return of birds and gentle breezes, and in the enjoyment of those beauties and blessings, we scarcely notice, that already spring has faded into summer; and instead of the sweet, cool zephyrs that fanned our brow, we feel the hot breath of the summer's sun. But summer too, with all its joys, is calmly, quietly passing away, flowers are drooping, while here and there can be seen the sear and yellow leaf speaking in silent language of approaching dissolution.

"Passing away!" How like a sad and melancholy tale it falls upon the heart, and we start, to find that we too, have passed already so far down the stream of time, and soon our frail vessel will land us on the shores of Eternity.

"We all do fade as a leaf," is the language of the "Holy Book," and how strikingly true. A few short years and the infant upon the mother's breast will have grown to manhood. Childhood and youth alike will have passed away, while a few more weary years of joy and sorrow, finds him a resting place beneath the sod. Mutation and decay is the destiny of everything we behold in this world.

Let us for a moment take a retrospective glance. Where are the friends of our childhood, and the companions of our youthful days? Ah! echo answers where? They too have *passed anwy.*

Some lie sleeping in yonder church-yard. Long, long ago, they passed away into the "silent land" and left us sad and lone; others have passed from our warm embrace, out upon the battle-field of life, and we meet them no more, until we meet in a land of "rest." Time is leading them onward and onward still, and soon, they too, will have passed the bourne. How fast time is hurrying us on to our Eternal Home, and yet how little we feel the import of the short sentence—passing away. A few short and weary years, and we too will be numbered among the forgotten things of earth, and others will occupy the places we now fill.

"Time is winging us away
To our eternal home,
Life is but a fleeting day,
A journey to the tomb."

Soon all the noise and tumult of this vain world shall be hushed forever. Generation after generation is passing away, as shadows flit across the plain. Earth's vast drama is hastening to a close. Time is rushing on to its eternal sepulchre, and soon the end will come. The purposes for which God kindly gave it will be accomplished, and its mighty ages

narrowed down to the moment of its close. Then earth with all its pomp and splendor shall pass away like mist before the morning sun. "The Heavens shall pass away as a scroll when it is rolled together, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." And man, what of him whom God made a little lower than the angels? Shall he perish *with* the earth? Ah! no, "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall come forth, they that have done good unto the ressurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation," is the language of holy writ.

"Mutation marks all earthly things—
  The friends we love to day,
Like every mundane joy may be,
  To-morrow far away.

But O! there is a land—a clime,
  Where changes do not come;
Where friends that meet shall never part,
  The Christian's happy home."

COLD DISTANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Relieved against the quiet sky,
Before me in the distance lie,
A range of mountains blue and high,
  In dignity serene.

How well defined, and smooth, and cold,
Like metal fashioned in a mould,
They lift their brows unmoved and bold,
  And wear almost a frown.

I draw more near, and there I see
The life and joy of flower and tree,
And hear the cheerful minstrelsy
  Of waterfalls and birds.

In nook and dell, what love and cheer;
For now a thousand charms appear,
To please the eye, enchant the ear,
  Which distance hid before.

'Tis thus with those we daily meet,
In public marts and on the street,
And silent pass or coldly greet—
  Statues of men they seem.

But yield we to the social law,
And nearer to our fellows draw,
What in the distance cold we saw,
  Is full of life and love,

FATHER'S GROWING OLD, JOHN!

BY J. Q. A. WOOD.

Our father's growing old, John!
His eyes are growing dim;
And years are on his shoulders laid,
A heavy weight for him.
And you and I are young and hale,
And each a stalwart man,
And we must make his load as light
And easy as we can.

He used to take the brunt, John!
At cradle and the plow,
And earned our porridge by the sweat
That trickled down his brow;
Yet never heard we him complain,
Whate'er his toil might be,
Nor wanted e'er a welcome seat,
Upon his solid knee.

And when our boy-strength came, John!
And sturdy grew each limb,
He brought us to the yellow field,
To share the toil with him;
But he went foremost in the swath,
Tossing aside the grain,
Just like the plow that heaves the soil,
Or ships that sheer the main.

Now we must lead the van, John!
Through weather foul and fair,
And let the old man read and doze,
And tilt his easy chair;
And he'll not mind it, John, you know,
At eve to tell us o'er
Those brave old days of British times,
Our grandsires and the war.

I heard you speak of Ma'am, John!
'Tis gospel what you say,
That, caring for the like of us,
Has turned her head so gray!
Yet, John, I do remember well
When neighbors called her vain,
And when her hair was long and like
A gleaming sheaf of grain.

Her lips were cherry red, John!
Her cheeks were round and fair,
And like a ripened peach they swelled
Against her wavy hair.

Her step fell lightly as the leaf
  From off the summer tree,
And all day busy at the wheel
  She sang to you and me.

She had a buxom arm, John!
  That wielded well the rod,
Whene'er with wilful step our feet
  The path forbidden trod;
But to the heaven of her eye
  We never looked in vain,
And ever more our yielding cry
  Brought down her tears like rain.

But that is long agone, John!
  And we are what we are,
And little heed we, day by day,
  Her fading cheek and hair.
And when beneath her faithful breast
  The tides no longer stir,
'Tis then, John, we the most shall feel
  We had no friend like her!

Sure there can be no harm, John!
  Thus speaking softly o'er
The blessed names of those, ere long
  Shall welcome us no more.
Nay! hide it not, for why shouldst thou
  An honest tear disown?
Thy heart one day will lighter be
  Remembering it has flown.

Yes, father's growing old, John!
  His eyes are getting dim,
And Mother's treading softly down
  The deep descent with him.
But you and I are young and hale,
  And each a stalwart man,
And we must make their paths as smooth
  And level as we can.

THE DEPARTED.

The spirits of the loved and the departed
  Are with us; and they tell us of the sky.
A rest for the bereaved and broken-hearted;
  A house not made with hands, a home on high!
Holy monitions—a mysterious breath—
A whisper from the marble halls of death

They have gone from us, and the grave is strong!
  Yet, in night's silent watches, they are near!
Their voices linger round us as the song
  Of the sweet skylark lingers on the ear,
When, floating upward in the flush of even,
Its form is lost from earth, and swallowed up in heaven.

DREAMS OF THE BIBLE.

BY R. P. T.

THE MIDIANITE'S DREAM.

"BEHOLD, I dreamed a dream, and, lo, a cake of barley-bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came unto a tent, and smote it that it fell, and overturned it, that the tent lay along" (Judges vii: 13).

Solomon says that, "In multitudes of dreams there are divers vanities." This one considered apart from its connections, seems simply ludicrous; and we are led to wonder at the odd and apparently incoherent things that are often grouped together in this way. But the Almighty can as easily cause the foolishness of men to praise Him, as weak things to confound the things that are mighty.

We have here presented quite a different aspect of our general subject. It has already been observed how the will of Heaven has been directly revealed to godly men, as Jacob and Joseph; also that the ungodly have been made the channels, indirectly, for similar communications, as Pharoah and his officers; but here we have simply the dream in an annonymous character—the individual being entirely concealed beneath the significance of the dream itself. So that, we perceive, the Lord, who alone is the true interpreter of dreams, is not limited either to time, places or men, which are made indiscriminately the media through which He effects with equal certainty His divine purposes.

In the dream before us, we are uncermoniously introduced into the midst of one of the most wonderful and interesting scenes of Israelitish warfare. The Lord had raised up Gideon to avenge his nation of the encroachments and injuries perpetrated for so many years by the Midianites and their allied powers. He, though summoned to the leadership of his people as "a mighty man of valour," doubted, like Moses, his fitness for so great a work, until the declarations of the angel were confirmed by miraculous signs.

Accordingly, the flesh and unleavened cakes which he had been directed to prepare upon a rock were consumed by fire at the touch of an angel's staff; and the mysterious fleece of wool, at his own request, was filled with the dew of heaven while all around remained perfectly dry, and then it was "dry only upon the fleece," while upon all the ground there was dew. Furthermore, an angel appeared to him by night, most probably in a dream, to order the destruction of the altar which his idoltrous father had erected to Baal—to confirm him in his own mission, and as a beginning of the great work which he was called upon to perform.

With such unmistakable indications of the d vine favor and presence he could not do otherwise than "go forwards" Hence, he placed himself at the head of an army gathered from the tribes of Manaseh, Asher, Zebulon and Napthali, and pitched on Mount Gilead, over againt the Midianites, the Amalekites and Arabians who were in the valley of Jezreel beneath. But here again he had cause to doubt and fear in face of the fearful odds against him; for while the enemy appeared like grasshoppers in the valley for multitude, and numberd 135,000 soldiers, besides camels as numerous as sands upon the sea-shore, he could muster but

32,000 men in the field. Yet he was made to feel that the Lord of Hosts was with him, who soon dissipated all his fears. He was directed to visit the camp of Midian by night, as a spy, in company with his trusty servant Phural, and there his drooping spirit should be revived. It was then, when near the sleeping legions of his giant foe, that he overheard one Midianite relate to another this singular dream, whilst the other at once responded with the following interpretation: "This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon the son of Joash, a man of Israel: for unto his hand hath God delivered Midian, and all the host." Here then, we have both the occasion and import of the dream. Strange that those who were seemingly of so little consequence as not to deserve being named, should thus singly set forth the predeterminations of Diety in the dim foreshadowings of a dream, which to all human foresight was so shrowded in mystery as not to give the least clue to its interpretation. When he learned, therefore, out of the mouths of his enemies, as well as from the Lord, the success of his own expedition, he no longer scrupled with regard to the propriety and result of meeting his enemy on the field of battle.

The preparation that was now made for the contest, was no less wonderful than the issue thereof. Though, to all human calculations, the army of Gideon might already appear too small to compete with that which was likened to the stars, yet the Lord declared, "the people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands." And, lest Israel might vaunt herself in saying, "my own hand hath served me," the Lord challenged from the army all who were fearful, and directed that they should be sent to their homes. This at once swept away more than two-thirds of their number. And, again, the Lord said there were too many, and again He directed the cashiering of the small remnant. They should all be taken to the well of Herod, near which they were encamped, and according to the particular manner in which they should drink, it should be determined which the Lord desired should go forth with Gideon to victory. Only those who lapped the water with their tongues like a dog, should be chosen, whilst all those who bowed down upon their knees to drink should be dismissed from service. The number thus selected was reduced to only three hundred brave and trusty soldiers.

These equipped, each with a trumpet, an earthen pitcher and a lamp, marched forth at the dead hour of night upon the slumbering hosts of the enemy. Small as the army now was, it was still divided into three battalions, which from three different quarters were to make a simultaneous attack. Soon the terrible blasting of trumpets, the crashing of pitchers and the glare of elevated torches burst upon the awful quiet and darkness of the midnight hour, and a still more terrible shout rent the air with the victorious battle-cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" The sudden and unexpected attack was overwhelming; and in the dreadful confusion produced by such an unsightly army, the Midianites turned their swords upon one another in a most fearful and indiscriminate slaughter.

Thus was Israel avenged for her wrongs by cutting off the retreat of the enemy at Jordan, and by hot pursuit in their flight, in the death of two princes, two kings and 120,000 left dead upon the field of car-

nage! And henceforth, during the righteous sway of Gideon, the seventh of the Judges, Israel had peace for forty years.

But for a more full and satisfactory history of these events we must refer our readers to a careful perusal of chapters vi, vii and viiith of the book of Judges. Thus much we have found it necessary to say only in explanation of our dream with its inseparable connections.

The singular method here taken to defeat the Midiandites has not inaptly been compared to the destruction of the Devil's kingdom in the world; the sounding of the trumpets representing the preaching of the everlasting gospel; and the holding forth of the lights, the ministers of the gospel, in whom, as in earthen vessels, the treasures of that light are deposited. "Thus God chose the foolish things of the world to confound the wise—a barley-cake to overturn the tents of Midian, that the excellency of the power might be of God only." The gospel is a sword, not in the hand, but in the mouth—the sword of the Lord and of Gideon; and it hath pleased the Lord, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe.

As applied to the terrors of the great day, says Bishop Hall, if these pitchers, trumpets and firebrands did so daunt and dismay the troops of Midian and Amalek, who shall be able to stand before the last awful scene when the trumpet of the archangel shall sound, the elements shall be on fire, the heavens pass away with a great noise, and the Lord himself shall descend with a shout!

FLOWERS FOR THE BIER.

SWEET flowers! tenderly I take you, one by one, to strew upon the bier.

Come first, Camellias!—pure as an infant's soul—too delicate to bear the pressure of a finger's weight, ye shall lie here above the heart which ever beat warm and true, but could no more than you endure the rude rebuffs of life.

Blossoms with Orange breath! I scatter you around, that so your sweet perfume shall rise, even as does his memory now from parents' and brothers' hearts.

Gentle Violets, and Rose buds fair! Say, did some spirit whisper to you of your sad mission, and tell you for what ye unfolded your white and purple petals? Methinks ye wear a look of chastened grief, like those who linger round the loved remains.

Crocus, and Primrose pale! Types of Spring and Youth! Be not reluctant to go down with him into his cold and narrow bed. For, oh, he loved your delicate shapes, and cherished in his soul your dainty beauty.

Now, full-blown Damask Rose, with smell of garden odor! Come, take your turn last. I'll put you here, as if the hand but now had plucked you from your stem; whilst to my thought you shall be typical of royal robes

There—I have made you all dewy with my tears. So shall your freshness last the longer, when the earth shall hide you from my sight. 'Tis the last—last tribute I can bring.

Ah, here upon the floor has one small violet fallen, which I will place between the lids of leaves where I shall read—"I am the Resurrection and the Life." Sweet, gentle flowers! You'll bloom again one morn, with brighter beauty, to grace the living form now so cold and dead.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is a story which you may have heard,
Of a fond mother and her darling child.
As often as my memory calls it up,
It wakens thoughts that far out-run the tale,
And teach me wisdom of the loveliest kind.

The child had just attained that pleasant age
When toys and playthings scattered o'er the room
Suffice no more, and the essay to walk
Is a success. The mother, in her cares
Engrossed, a moment thought not of her child;
But sudden, as a shock electric, through
Her heart the instincts of maternal love
In holiest current ran. Where is the child?
She sought it in the room where it had played;
Found the forsaken toys, but not the child,
Then quick as thought dire fears of evil thrilled
Her breast. She hastened to a ledge of rocks,
A stone-cast from her door. Oh horrid sight!
There, bending o'er a fearful precipice,
With curious eye, and much amused, the child
Surveyed the rocky deeps that yawned below!
A shriek, a word, yea, even the lightest tread
Of her approaching feet might cause alarm,
And turn the well-poised scale of life and death.

The revelation of the mother near must prove
Its loss or gain. Its gain, if she attract;
Its loss if she create alarm. A breath
Will break the tiny hold of thistle down.
Which draws adhesive to the gentle touch.
She must attract, allure the timid child.

Great is the mystery of love which gives
Instinctive wisdom to a mother's heart.
Before our premises are formed, her mind,
Intuitive, hath the conclusion reached;
And without process is her scheme complete.

Like as a statue in the attitude of love—
With all its features most intensely fond,
But no disturbing heart within—she stands.
Love like a mighty magnet draws her heart,
And fears like furies bid her rush, embrace;
But firm, and calm and anxiously she stands
In its convenient sight; and watching for its eye,
She bares her snowy bosom to her child!

What agony of love! What trembling hopes
And fears into that awful moment crowd!
Will not its guardian Angel, near unseen,

Ply kind suggestions to that infant heart?
It will. Behold! the child looks round and spies,
With hidden charm, the well-placed lure of love;
And by strange, sacred instinct drawn, or moved
By feeble mem'ry of a former good,
Creeps from the fearful rocky ledge away,
To seek that font of life—its mother's breast!

Oh! then the sudden rush and blest embrace!
Can any, save a mother, know the joy
Which such salvation brings? Can any heart,
Save hers, conceive a like device of love.

I know a tale which first my mother told,
And which since then I've often heard and read;
Of this I ween the one just heard the echo is:

A world of wandering, erring, sinning men,
Hung o'er the gulf of everlasting woe.
The Father drew in sight, and to their view
Bared his rich bosom of eternal love.
There, in a halo of attractive light
The truant, erring wanderers saw.
With arms extended, and with looks of love,
His Holy, well beloved Son. Attracted
By th' inviting scene, as weaker bodies
By the stronger drawn, in haste, obedient
To the charm and vision of unfathomed love,
They turn from death to life—escape the gulf
That wide with hellish hunger yawns—and find
Blest welcome to a heavenly Father's arms.

O tell this story to the earth's far ends;
In every vale, on every hill, on continents,
And isles; till men shall own the power of love.
Fulfil, O Christ, thy words: "And I, if I
Be lifted up, will draw all men to me."

LINES ON THE FOLLY OF JESTING WITH SIN.

Who laughs at Sin, laughs at his Maker's frowns,
Laughs at the sword of Vengeance o'er his head,
Laughs at the dear Redeemer's tears and wounds,
Who, but for sin, had never wept or bled.
Who laughs at sin, laughs at the numerous woes
Of which the world's records so loudly tell.
Laughs at the whole creation's groans and throes,
At all the spoils of death and pains of hell.
Who laughs at sin, laughs at his own disease,
Welcomes approaching torments with his smiles,
Dares, at his soul's expense, his fancy lease,
Affronts his God,—himself of bliss beguiles.
Who laughs at sin, sports with his guilt and shame,
Laughs at the errors of his senseless mind;
For so absurd a fool, there wants a name
Expressive of a folly so refined!

THE TWO WITNESSES;

OR, NOTHING SHALL REMAIN SECRET.*

[FROM SUPERINTENDENT'S ADDRESSES.]

CHILDREN, how much sin would be prevented if we would always beep in mind these words in our lesson to-day, "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known. Whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets, shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops!"

When sinners are about to do what is wrong, they choose the dark night, or go by themselves. If they can be but alone, they think all shall be well. They think if no eye sees them, they will be safe. How carefully they will sometimss prepare for their dark deeds! How they will watch their best chance, and lay their plans in secret! And when they think the right time has come, they strike the fatal blow, or snatch the wished for treasure, thinking the crime is all a secret. But lo! in a very few hours, perhaps, all is known; or perhaps they have been caught in the very act of sinning.

Those two boys who broke into the drug store a short time ago, had no idea that they would be in jail for it before the next evening. Thoughts of God were far from their minds. They thought if they could but do the act when the eyes of men were not on them, they would have nothing to fear. But how sadly were they mistaken! The night would not keep the dreadful secret! That which they spoke in darkness was heard in the light; and that which they spoke in the ear in their secret closets, was proclaimed upon the house-tops in a very few hours the next day.

But sometimes the wicked are not so soon found out. They commit their crimes so secretly, and cover them up so well, that nobody suspects them. Little children, even by telling an artful lie, sometimes when they have done wrong, deceive their parents and friends, and make them believe they are innocent. But, children, suppose you should be able thus to hide your sin from others, and keep it a secret from all the world, covered up in your own breast, are you sure it will be safe there? Is it indeed a secret? Ah no! There are two witnesses, whom you cannot deceive, from whom you cannot hide yourself in the darkest night, or in the most secret cave of the earth. Do you ask who they are? I will tell you.

1. One of these is Conscience. That is a witness God has placed right in your own breast. Ah! who can hide any thing from conscience? Or who can silence it when it is determined to speak? That is the very thing for which God has put it there—to speak out against the breakers

*Luke xii. 1—10.

of his law. And how terribly it does speak some times! This is what the Rev. Samuel Kilpin, an excellent minister, said about himself:

When seven years old, he was left one day in charge of his father's shop. A man passed along crying, "Little lambs, all white and clean, at one penny each." Samuel was so eager to get one, that he took a penny from his father's drawer and bought it. His mother asked him how he came by the money. He told a lie about it. The lamb was placed on the chimney-shelf, and was much admired; but not by Samuel. All the pleasure he hoped from it, was turned into sorrow, for all the time conscience would sound in his ears and heart, "Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not lie." Guilt and darkness came over his mind, and in sore agony of soul he went to a hay-loft and there prayed and pleaded with groanings for mercy and pardon. He asked God to help him for Jesus' sake, until his sins were forgiven. Then he went to his mother, told her what he had done, and asked her forgiveness; and burned the lamb, while she wept over her young penitent.

Has any one of these children some such dreadful secret slumbering in his breast—some theft, or lie, or other sin, unknown to others? It is enough that conscience knows it. That can make you just as miserable as all the world could if they knew it; and who can tell how long it will be till it may so charge home your guilt as to force you to confess the whole? Ah! let me assure you, there is no peace and no safety for such a one in any other course than that which Samuel Kilpin took. "He that covereth his sin shall not prosper, but whoso confesses and forsakes his sin, shall find mercy."

2. The other witness I spoke of is the great God himself, whose eye never slumbers nor sleeps, but is in all places, beholding the evil and the good. He looks upon the heart. How vain to think of having secrets there unknown to him!

Suppose, children, that the moment a thought gets into your mind, it would at once appear in blazing letters upon these walls, so that these teachers and scholars could read and know what was going on in your heart, although you did not speak a word. How careful would you be to have none but right and pure and holy thoughts! How would you shudder at the very first rising in your heart, of anything base or sinful! But God searches the heart, and reads all that is there just as easily as I could read your thoughts if they stood forth in flaming characters on these walls. Who then will not take care of what he thinks?

In the city of New York is a place called the "Rogues' Gallery." It is so called because it contains the portraits of bad men who have been arrested for crime. Whenever a thief, or housebreaker, or pickpocket is arrested, he is compelled to sit till his likeness is taken, which is immediately put into the Rogues' Gallery. Now, children, for what purpose do you suppose this is done? I will tell you. In large cities they have a number of officers, called the police, whose duty is to keep the peace—to watch such persons as are known to be disorderly and disposed to commit crime—and to search out and arrest criminals. Well, these officers go to the Rogues' Gallery, and look at the portraits hung up there; and by doing it often they at last become so well acquainted with the faces of the criminals, that they can tell them the moment they see them anywhere in the streets. Now if an officer meets one of th

men whose portrait he has seen in the Gallery, he at once knows that he has been arrested for crime before, and therefore he keeps a strict watch over him, and follows him wherever he goes; but in such a way, of course, as not to be observed. If the suspected persons goes into a store, the policeman goes in too. If he goes into a public reading room, the policeman is sure to be there, too, reading the news. If he goes into a church or other public meeting, there is the policeman on a seat behind him. If he goes into a hotel, and puts his name on the register, there again is the officer, reading the name and learning the number of the room in which he sleeps. Thus a constant watch is kept over him, and the moment he attempts to commit a crime he is taken by the officer.

Now, children, there is One who knows us better than that policeman knows the criminal, and he watches us more closely. He is ever with us, and there is not an instant, night or day, when his all-piercing eye is taken from us. How solemn the thought! It made David exclaim, "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up to heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

Many years ago there lived in England a great man who had a companion that attended him in his journeys, and was with him a great part of his time. After his death, this companion wrote the life of his friend, in which he mentioned almost every thing he had ever heard him say, or seen him do, both good and bad, wise and foolish. He told how he looked, how he dressed, how he walked, how he slept, what he liked to eat and drink, and who were his associates—told of his bad habits, silly practices, weaknesses, and how he would dispute and get into a passion. And it is a very interesting book. But if that great man had known that his friend was going to write such a book about him for the world to read after his death, do you not suppose he would have been very careful of his conduct?

Now, children, did you ever think that such a book is kept about every one of you? God keeps a book in which not only all you say and do, but all your secret thoughts and purposes are written. Oh, think of it! You have done and said and thought thousands of things, which you have forgotten; but God has never forgotten one—all are treasured up in that book. David says in the Psalm from which I have quoted above, "In thy book all my members were written;" the Prophet Daniel speaks of that book; and the Apostle John says in Revelation, at the last great day, when we and our parents, and friends and neighbors, and

all men, and the holy angels, and God himself, shall be gathered together, that book will be opened, and all the world shall know every foolish and wicked thing we ever did or said or thought. "There is nothing covered that shall not *then* be revealed; neither hid that shall not *then* be known."

Dear children, when you think of that, with what earnestness should you not now attend to the solemn warning our blessed Saviour gives in the lesson, when he says, "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; but I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear Him which, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear him!" And remember that Saviour is the only one who can blot your sins out of that book. It was for this he shed his precious blood; and that blood alone is sufficient. Oh, how eagerly then should you look to him for salvation!

HYMN, FROM THE GERMAN.

We find the following fragment of a hymn by Lange, translated from the German.

Our beloved have departed,
While we tarry, broken-hearted,
In the dreary, empty house,
They ended life's brief story,
They have reached the home of glory,
Over death victorious.

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly,
On we travel, daily, nightly,
To the rest that they have found.
Are we not upon the river,
Sailing fast to meet forever
On more holy, happy ground?

* * * * *

On we haste, to home invited,
There with friends to be united
In a surer bond than here;
Meeting soon—and melt forever!
Glorious hope! forsake us never,
For thy glimmering light is dear.

Ah! the way is shining clearer
As we journey ever nearer
To the everlasting home.
Comrades! who await our landing,
Friends! who round the throne are standing
We salute you, and we come!

SOLEMN THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG CHURCH MEMBERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have drawn several lessons from Judas. The same source will furnish still others. Let us ask the question: Before whom, and into whose hands, did Judas betray his Lord.

It was before his enemies that he betrayed him; and he betrayed him into the hands of sinners. It was his unfaithfulness to Christ, that encouraged and confirmed them in their malicious opposition to Him. His enemies frequently showed themselves cowardly, and seemed afraid to carry out their murderous designs in regard to Him; for they seemed frequently to have felt His power, and were awed by His goodness.

But here comes one of His own disciples—one who was for a long time His follower—one who was admitted into His confidence—here comes one therefore, who knows Him and he is not afraid to become His betrayer for the trifling sum of thirty pieces of silver. This shows plainly, their actions would say that He is an impostor, and deserving of no respect; up, therefore, with courage, and let us crucify Him! Is it not plain that the conduct of Judas, more than anything else, nerved the hand which drove the nails into His hands and feet, and which planted the spear into His sacred side! Oh, what a sight is this! Judas, the professed friend and follower of Christ, among His enemies, and couselling with them in regard to His death! He leaves the band of disciples, and becomes a hero and leader in the ranks of his enemies. "Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; hold him fast!"

Is not the conduct of unfaithful professors still similar in its tendency. Where is that backslider when he disgraces his religion? Is he in the church? Is he among the people of God? Are those to whose company he has joined himself the friends of Christ, who will gently chide his errors? Ah, no! Those who are around him, are the enemies of Christ, and his conduct encourages them in their wicked ways. Where is he while he displays his own shame, disgraces his profession, and wounds his Saviour? There in the counsel of the ungodly!—there in the seat of the scornful!—there in the way of sinners. See! we hear them cry, there is nothing in religion, for here is one who has tried it—here is one who once professed it—one who sat and walked among the saints, and he has cast it away as an idle superstition. Fill another glass to the god of this world, and let us eat, and drink, and be merry, for who knows what shall be after us. Oh how easy it is for sinners to travel on in their sinful ways with peaceful consciences, when they see here and there a professor, or a backslider in their company. Even the tipler's bar-room and the ball-room become comfortable places to sinners if they can discover some professors of religion there.

Is it not plain that it is the conduct of the betrayers of Christ, in the presence of the wicked, that encourages and confirms them in their wickedness. One traitor, that goes from his own camp into the camp

of the enemy, can do more injury than a thousand faithful soldiers can make right. We will venture the assertion that the Judases—the betrayers of Christ—in any given community, keep more souls out of the church than the labors of all God's people can bring into it. One backslider drags more souls with him into sin and into hell, than any one christian can draw after him into the church and into Heaven. How true it is that "one sinner destroyeth much good." No wonder that the Saviour exclaims in regard to such: "Wo unto the world because of offences—and wo unto that man by whom the offence cometh."

Beware then, young friends of betraying Christ, by unfaithfulness in your professions. Remember that in doing so, you not only destroy your own souls, but by your example you ruin the souls of others. If you go back to the world now, your influence for evil will be greater than it ever was before. You have to be a professor of religion before you can be a *betrayer*. You must be first among the disciples before you can become a real Judas—a perfect child of hell—a complete son of perdition! If you will ruin your sinful companions effectually, then go bring them to the house of God, let them see you bow at the altar—let them see you take the holy bread and the consecrated cup—embrace the Saviour in their presence with great appearance of affection, and cry "Hail master." Then go out among them and live as they do—give them a token, and say, he before whom I bow in mock-worship in the church, that is the deceiver, take him and put him to an open shame!

Think too, at what time he betrayed Him? It was at a time when of all others he should have shown love and sympathy towards that Saviour he professed to own and follow. It was in that solemn night which preceded his death. The Saviour had for some time previous alluded to that mysterious hour which was now drawing nigh. He had intimated to the disciples that He would shortly be parted from them. Their hearts became softened by sympathy, and shared in the deepest sincerity in His sorrows. At this time, when the hearts of all the disciples were drawing nearer to Him, the heart of Judas becomes blacker with deceit, and He turns into a serpent in his very bosom! This aggravates the betrayer's crime.

It was at a time, too, when His disciples were engaged in the most solemn acts of worship; and when they were communing with their Saviour, in the most intimate and affectionate manner. Oh! what a contrast, at this time, between Judas and the rest of the disciples. ee the faithful "eleven" in the upper room with their Lord. See the tender and sympathetic glances which they cast at each other! See how deeply their hearts are moved, as he speaks to them of His coming sufferings. See what lineaments of anguish are printed upon each brow in that solemn company. It is a final feast of love and communion. See, He breaks the bread! See, he pours out the wine! and then, casting around upon them a look of undying affection, He says: "Take, eat, this is my body." And where is he—the *betrayer*? Yonder he goes,—dark, thievish, covetous and murderous, with a lie in his mouth! Now he stands before the "chief priests and captains"—"What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you!"

The modern Judases do the same. It is precisely at those times when Christ and his people are engaged in the sweetest communion that they

give him the deepest wound. Where, for instance, are the backsliders of the church, when God's people are holding their communion with each other and with Christ in the holy Supper? And who is around them? Who is it that draws the contrast between their professions and their conduct? Who are they that are hardened in their wickedness by their example? Ah! the enemies of Christ at that time rejoice in the unfathfulness and inconsistencies of his professed followers.

What was the end of this betrayer? Behold, and fear. Ah! short is his triumph! It is but a little while and his candle goeth out in darkness. How solemnly does the Saviour himself announce the fearful retribution which hangs like an ominous thunder cloud over his guilty head! "Wo unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man, if he had not been born!"

"He went to his own place!" And what place is that? "O my soul come not thou into the secret of that sorrow!

Oh wretched state of deep despair
To see my God remove;
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

THE DEACON'S DINNER-PARTY.

Deacon Goodman was the very best man that ever lived. So at least said his friends and neighbors, who certainly ought to know, and for *enemies*, he probably had not one in the world. It is true however, that the remark above quoted was generally made as a sort of apologetic preface to something like the following: "But then he has such queer notions, he is so unlike anybody else, that we hardly know what to make of him." Perhaps these worthy people were oblivious of the fact, that in order to be *very* good, it is often a painful *necessity* to be different from one's neighbors.

We cannot better illustrate Deacon Goodman's peculiarities than by describing a little entertainment given by him at his country-seat not long ago. For the Deacon, with all his unworldly goodness, is a prosperous merchant in New Nork, and the owner (by perfectly fair means) not only of a brown-stone front in the city, but of a charming suburban residence. The Deacon's wife, though a very good woman in her way, was a far less peculiar personage than her husband. She fell quite gracefully into an amiable conformity with the ways of the world, and is not to be distinguished from the thousand of good women—of the wealthy class—who throng our city churches. Their two daughters, Miss Adelaide and Miss Ellen, had just left the restraints of their fashionable school, and enjoyed the prospect of "coming out" another winter, as full-fledged members of society.

"Husband," said Mrs Deacon, one May morning soon after the family migration to the country, "Husband, you know we did not give that dinner that we were proposing last winter—what do you say to having

it here instead. We are so convenient to the city that they can easily come out in coaches."

"You gave a large party, did you not, which included all that should have been your dinner-guests?"

"Dear me, yes! but that was quite a different thing. Now at this little affair I am speaking of, I should want only our most particular friends."

"Oh! if that is the plan, I like it well," rejoined the warm-hearted Deacon. "But why not ask them to pass a week with us?

"Ask—whom?"

"Well, your brother John's family first; the children would enjoy it —and then—"

"Oh! you don't understand me at all! I mean only a few of the best families, whose acquaintance it is most desirable to cultivate."

"Really, wife, it does not seem quite honorable to invite guests for our own selfish purposes. I can sell hardware with a good conscience, but the hospitalities of my house—"

"Who wants to sell the hospitalities of your house? No, no, my dear, that is one of your old notions. Everybody in society does just as I am proposing. And after all, this inviting is only doing as we would be done by."

"True, true," said the Deacon, with a merry laugh. "But why not do this favor to some one who will value it, to whom it will be a real kindness? There are hundreds now whom I could name, to whom a day spent among these green tress, in the fresh, sweet air of the country, would be an event to remember for a year."

"Oh, you mean a charitable visit, that is very good in its place, but very different from the matter I have in hand. For our children's sake, my dear, it really is a duty to hold our place in good society."

The Deacon was always accessible to considerations of duty. He merely said:

"Well, name your day, and give me the list. I will have the invitations sent from my office."

"A capital thought; your accountant there is such a splendid penman. And as to the names, you know the families to whom we are under the greatest obligations. I would have the company as select as possible, and I will try to make the whole affair pass off finely," said the worthy lady, beaming already with amiable complacency upon her prospective guests.

The expected day arrived. Mrs. Goodman and daughters, their elegant toilets at last perfected, were seated in the drawing-room, whose long windows looked across a cool verandah, and commanded the way of approach from the city. Though the fingers were occupied with light fancy work, expectant eyes were glancing continually down the road to meet the first arrival.

"No one will come for an hour yet, you may be sure," said Mrs G. "Your father has such a horror of late hours, that he wanted us to be dressed and waiting by four o'clock"

"I never saw an omnibus on this road before," said Miss Ellen, as one of these plebeian vehicles made its appearance over the brow of the hill.

"Chartered for some special purpose," said her mother absently, as she mused upon the dinner.

"There is another," said Adelaide.

"And another," added Ellen.

"There is quite a procession of them," said the mother.

"And the first one is stopping at our gate," exclamed Ellen.

"What in the world can all those forlorn-looking creatures want here?" cried Adelaide, in consternation.

"Do go and send them away before our company comes," said Mrs. Goodwin.

"I have seen some of them at the Industrial School," said Ellen, with a sudden gleam of merriment; can this be one of father's curious tricks?"

"It certainly is," replid Adelaide, "for there he comes himself out of the last omnibus."

And in fact the good Deacon was now seen making his way through the crowd of poor people, who stood humbly waiting near the gate, and offering his arm to a withered old lady in rusty bombazine, who had been among the first arrivals. He presented her and the foremost of the guests to his lady, who stood all in a rustle of astonishment and stiff brocade, on the verandah steps, and to his elegant daughters, who were half-way between laughing and crying at the novelty of the scene before them. Mrs. Goodwin fortunately had the good sense or philosophy to perceive that a state of things which was manifestly not to be cured, had better be endured with the best grace possible; and her innocent guests, though somewhat awe-struck at such undreamed-of magnificence of apparel, were all unconscious of the struggle—and triumph, too—of grace that was going on beneath the studied hospitality with which she received them.

There was the old lady in black, who proved to be a widow, and utterly alone in the world; about the supply of whose wants the Deacon probably knew more than any other man living. And there was an old man with one wooden leg; and a blind man, who was strongly suspected to have been seen at the way-side begging, until some benevolent individual—name unknown—had supplied him with a basket of saleable articles, by means of which he was now able to support himself and family There were women, too, with wan faces, who seemed to have never enjoyed the freedom of God's blessed air; and puny children in their arms, whose heavy eyes brightened at the sight of green grass and waving trees. The older people were soon seated in the house, or on the piazzas, while the children, under convoy of Miss Ellen, who entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, scattered about in merry games on the green lawn. Never was such play before; and to Ellen herself it seemed that the little birds never sang so sweetly, nor the fresh summer air breathed so softly, and never was it so delightful to have a home in the country as on this very day.

The company once disposed, a sober second thought occurred to the lady hostess, more distressing doubtless than the first. An appealing look brought her husband to her corner. "What in the world am I to do?" she said, "I have not half provision enough for them to eat."

"That is all right," replied the Deacon, pointing to a market-wagon

which was just unloading at the kitchen gate. "There is abundance for them all, and I have given directions to the cook."

Anxiety was needless; every arrangement had been completely made; and the entertainers devoted themselves again to their guests. Happily passed the hours of the golden afternoon. The ladies of the family recovered speedily from the shock of disappointment, and could not help admitting that they had never so thoroughly enjoyed a company before. It was only because the real delight of social life, that of conferring happiness on others, had never been so fully within their reach. It was a lesson worth the learning.

THE CUSTOM OF OPENING CONGRESS WITH PRAYER.

As a part of the records of the "times that tried men's souls," we cannot omit to refer to the action of Benjamin Franklin, when he found the convention in great difficulty as to the satisfactory settlement of pending questions. He rose and said:

"Mr. President, the small progress we have made after four or five weeks' close attendance and continual reasonings with each other, our different sentiments on almost every question—several of the last producing as many noes as ayes—is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfections of the human understanding. We, indeed, seem to feel our want of political wisdom, since we have been running about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the forms of those republics which, having been formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist. And we have viewed modern States all around Europe, but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances. In this situation of this assembly, groping as it were in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understanding? In the beginning of the contest with Great Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayer in this room for Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered.

"All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe the happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful friend? Or do we imagine that we no longer need his assistance?

"I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth—that God governs in the affairs of men; and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that 'except the Lord build the House, they

labor in vain who build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall succeed on this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little partial local interests; our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and by-word down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing governments by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war and conquest.

"I, therefore, beg leave to move that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

The motion was carried, and thus was inaugurated the custom of having prayers at the opening of the session of both Houses of Congress.

NEW BOOKS.

A Superintendent's Addresses to the Children of His Sabbath School. By the Author of "Jane Eaton." Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication, No. 821 Chesnut Street. pp 156

Though the modest author of this interesting little book is pleased to hide himself under covering of the "Author of 'Jane Eaton,'" yet we happen to recognize his friendly face nevertheless. In reading the little volume we hardly know which has given us greater joy, the beautiful things therein so beautifully told or the many pleasant memories of delightful co-working with the amiable author in the cause of Sunday-Schools among the charming vallies of the Susquehanna, which by aid of this book have been called up afresh.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The Book contains fifteen brief Addresses to children based on the lessons as they were passed over in the school over which the Author presides. We greatly admire the taste displayed in the choice of language. It is *childlike* but not *childish*—a mistake into which many fall who write for children. An affectionate heart breathes in simple and forcible thoughts, and chaste, appropriate, and impressive illustrations. Elsewhere in this number will be found one of these Addresses as a specimen. We heartily commend the book; and hope the author, a zealous and intelligent layman, will not let this be his last work for children.

Mount Washington College for Young Ladies. We have received the third annual catalogue of this excellent Institution, located near Baltimore, Md. Fifty young ladies have been connected with this College. The course of study is thorough, and the religious character of the Institution is zealously maintained. Rev. George L. Staley, A. M., is Principal.

THE GUARDIAN.

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DEATH IN BATTLE.

"LAST noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife:
The morn, the marshalling in arms; the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array:
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which its own clay shall cover; heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent."—BYRON.

The temple of Janus has again been open—the beautiful stillness of peace has been broken by the conflict of nations, the thunders of war, the maniac shout of infuriated armies, the groans of the dying soldier, and the sighs of the loved ones at home. Never does human life appear so great and inexplicable a mystery as when it is presented to us in connection with war. Thousands on thousands of human beings who never before saw one another, who have no personal enmity against one another, meet for the first and only time in their lives on the field of battle, fall upon one another, rank after rank, with thirsty bayonets, enraged like tigers—and only lie peacefully side by side in blood and death when their feeble might has been exhausted upon one another! What a scene for angels to view! What a humiliating spectacle to a christian heart.

In view of the peaceful spirit of our holy christianity, may we not ask whether the time for "wars to cease" is not yet? When shall swords be beaten into plough-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and the nations—especially christian nations—learn war no more? One way to bring about such a result, is to create a public sentiment that shall possess a deep and abiding horror of war, with its scenes of cruelty and devastation; and it needs but a true picture of it, to make it seem only next to hell itself in the estimation of every reflecting person, and the glare of false glory, which so bewildered men, to appear like the lurid light of the pit. We present a brief account of "Death in Battle" from Burgess' Last Enemy, which we ask the reader to ponder, as a true, though still inadequate picture of war. [ED. GUARDIAN.

WHEN men became tribes and nations, the danger of national contest arose: the utmost height of contention would be war; the utmost point of war would be battle; the utmost point of battle, death. The superior authority of laws might restrain the strife of individuals; but for nations, commonly, there has been no higher tribunal on earth. They have taken up arms: every age has had its wars: and to the traveler along the road of history, tales of battles are like vast and frequent

mounds, marking the distances, but at the same time covering the bones of armies.

Many of the more barbarous tribes have lived in such perpetual warfare, that a fourth or even half of their mature male population may have died by the weapons of their enemies. The islands of the Pacific, the forests of America, the almost unknown heart of Africa, have been the scenes of ten thousand unrecorded conflicts; and such must have filled many of the more favored lands at periods of which no history is left. The little that we know of countries like Japan, Madagascar, Abyssinia, and many portions of the East, is but a story of revolutions and slaughter. Historic wars begin with those of Nimrod, "a mighty one on the earth" within two or three centuries after the flood, the founder of the great empire of Assyria. A century or two later, the combat of four kings against five in the vale of Siddim was doubtless but one amongst many struggles of inferior princes. Nine hundred years after the deluge, the Israelites conquered Canaan: every step was a battle. Perhaps it was in the next century that twenty-five thousand men of Benjamin, with their households, almost all the tribe, perished in a contest with the other tribes, in which the victors also lost forty thousand. In the next century, as is probable, ten thousand Moabites fell before Ehud; and in the next, the host of Sisera before Barak, and the vast array of the Midianites before "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." The next century witnessed the wars of Jephthah, when forty-two thousand Ephraimites were cut off, and those between Israel and the Philistines, when thirty thousand Israelites fell in one disastrous day. Not far from the same period was the siege of Troy; and then, in the eleventh century before the Incarnation were the wars of Saul and of David. In the tenth century are placed the mighty expeditions of Sesostris, and the wars between Abijah and Jeroboam. The ninth beheld the battle of Ramothgilead, and the hostilities between Syria and the ten tribes of Israel. In the eighth, the Assyrians extended their conquests, and swept those tribes away; while the first Messenian war introduced the drama of authentic Grecian history. The seventh was the period of the second Messinian war, of the great contests between Media and Assyria, of the overthrow of Nineveh, and of the fall of Josiah at Megiddo, while he placed himself between the hostile Babylonians and Egyptians. In the sixth, lie the conquests of Nebuchadnezzar and of Cyrus. The fifth opened with the Persian war in Greece, and closed with the Peloponnesian. The fourth was the time of the expedition of the younger Cyrus, the whole career of Philip and Alexander, and the irruption of the Gauls into Italy. In the third were the wars of Pyrrhus, and the first two of the great struggles between Rome and Carthage; in the second the wars of the Greek kings in Syria, and of Perseus, the third Punic war, and the Cimbric; in the first, those of Marius and Sylla, of Mithridates, of Pompey, of Cæsar, and of Antony and Octavius. The first century of the Christian era embraced the German wars of Rome, the Jewish, and the civil strife between the soldiers of Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian; the second, the wars of Rome against the Dacians, the Parthians, and the Marcomanni, and those of Severus for his crown; the third, a succession of revolutions, and a perpetual series of hostilities all along the frontiers of a tottering empire; the

fourth, the successes of Constantine, and the wars of Julian against the Persians, and of Valens and Theodosius against the Goths; the fifth, the destructive march of Goths, Huns, Vandals, of Alaric, Attila, Genseric, Hengist, Clovis; the sixth, the campaigns of Belisarius, Totila, and Narses; the seventh, the contest of Chosroes and Heraclius, and the first, wide victories of the Saracens; the eighth, the subjugation of Spain by the Moors, their check by Charles Martel, and the wars of Charlemagne; the ninth, the inroads of Normans and Danes; the tenth, the ravages of the Hungarians, and the wars of Otho the Great; the eleventh, the Norman conquest, the victories of the Turks, and the first crusade; the twelfth, the Turkish conquest of Egypt, and the second and third crusades; the thirteenth, the conquests of Genghis Khan, and the fourth and fifth crusades; the fourteenth, the wars of the English in Scotland and France, and the career of Timour; the fifteenth, the wars of Henry the fifth, those of York and Lancaster, the Bohemian struggle, and the capture of Constantinople by the Turks; the sixteenth, the wars of the French in Italy, of the Spaniards in America, and of the Roman Catholics and Protestants in France and Germany; the seventeenth, the civil wars under Charles the First, the Thirty Years' War, and many of those which issued from the ambition of Louis the Fourteenth; the eighteenth, the wars of the Spanish succession, of Charles the Twelfth, of Frederick of Prussia, and the French Revolution, as well as the loss of America to Britain, and the conquest of India; the nineteeth, the bloody empire of Napoleon, and now the Austrian campaigns of Radetzki and Jellachich. These wars very much compose the history of the civilized world; the uncivilized world has been one confused mass of perpetual slaughter. To reckon the proportion of mankind that have perished in consequence of the ravages of war would be, if it were possible, a work that might daunt the imagination. Even the number that includes only such as have fallen in actual and recorded battles, though it may be expressed in figures, leaves no distinct conception, from its prodigious magnitude.

When Absalom fought against the army of David, there was a slaughter of 20,000 men. When Jeroboam and Abijah met on Mount Zemaraim, there fell down slain of Israel, unless an error has found its way into the copies of numbers in the sacred text, no less than half a million. In that battle in which the ark was taken, 30,000 fell with Hophni and Phinehas. At Marathon, the number of the dead scarcely reached 7000; at the pass of Thermopylæ it was more than 20,000; while of 300,000 Persians who fought at Platæa, it is said that only three thousand survived. On the plain of Issus 100,000 dead, and at Arbela 300,000, are enumerated as a part of the price with which Alexander won the dominion over Persia. In the great battle of Ipsus, where Antigonus sank under a shower of darts, 30,000 of his army must have been left with him upon the field. On the bank of Lake Thrasymene, 15,000 Romans were slaughtered, and 70,000 on the fatal day of Cannæ. In the battle of Munda the younger Pompey lost 30,000; Hannibal 20,000 at Zama; Antiochus 52,000 at Magnesia; Perseus 25,000 at Pyuda; 100,000 subjects of Tigranes fell in one battle against Lucullus; 15,000 Romans died at Pharsalia. The two legions of Varus, that were utterly cut to pieces in Germany, must have contained more than thirteen thousand

men. Of the 1,110,000 Jews who perished in their struggle against Rome, a vast proportion were slain in the siege of their sacred city. At the victory of the second Claudius at Naissus, 50,000 men perished: in the unfortunate battle of Adrianople, 60,000 died with Valens. When Aetius delivered the world from the terror of Attila, 162,000 are said to have covered the field of Chalons. How terrific must have been the bloodshed of that battle of seven days, in which Spain was lost by the Goths, and won by the Mussulmen! How terrific that resistance of Charles Martel at Poictiers, from which, after a century of victories, the Saracen hosts at length withdrew! At the battle of Fontenai, fought between the four sons of Louis the Debonnair, 40,000 were slain; at the victory of the Emperor Henry the Fowler over the Hungarians near Merseburg, 36,000; at Simancas, Ramiro the Second destroyed 80,000 Moors; probably 30,000 men fell when Jerusalem was taken by the Crusaders; and Richard Cœur de Lion slew 40,000 Saracens under Saladin, on the shore of Ascalon. The battle of Hastings strewed the English coast with 40,000 bodies; at Crecy 40,000 Frenchmen fell, and 15,000 at Agincourt; at Halidon Hill, 30,000 Scots; at Durham, 15,000; at Flodden, a host even of knights and nobles. Marignano was the field of death to 40,000; Towton, to 36,000; Ravenna, to 18,000; 20,000 perished at Neerwinden; at least 15,000 at Blenheim; 15,000 at Ramillies; 5000 at Almanza; 30,000 at Malplaquet; 9000 Swedes at Pultowa; 17,000 on both sides on Fontenoy; 20,000 at Colin; 30,000 at Cunnersdorf; 15,000 at Austerlitz; 3000 at Friedland; 8000 at Jena; 50,000 at Eylau; 13,000 at Aspern; 60,000 at Borodino; 15,000 at Talavera; 10,000 at Lutzen; probably 30,000 at Leipsic; probably 30,000 at Waterloo; and as many as 30,000 in the British battles on the Sutledge. When the Saracens first took Jerusalem, 90,000 Christians are said to have perished; 65,000 Mussulmen in the contests between Ali and the Caliph of Damascus; 150,000 natives at the siege of Mexico by Cortes. In rather more than sixty chief battles, almost three millions of men are numbered as the victims. But the whole carnage of the wars of Cæsar has been commonly estimated at two millions; and as many lives must have been shortened through the selfishness of Napoleon. The forces engaged in sea-fights have been smaller than those in actions on the shore, and the loss far inferior; but death in such strife has a form peculiarly appalling to the imagination; and sometimes the slaughter has been awful, in comparison with the theatre of the conflict. In the celebrated battle of Lepanto, 40,000 perished; 5000 Pisans fell, in 1284, in a sea-fight with the Genoese; 5000 died at Actium; 5000 at Navarino; and full 15,000 at Aboukir. The Earl of Sandwich, in the time of Charles the Second, fought his ship till out of its thousand defenders six hundred lay dead upon the deck; and at Aboukir the ship of the French admiral blew up with all who were aboard.

GREAT EFFECTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"

Where the Savannah wends its lazy way—
Five hundred years ago—
An idle Indian, on a summer day,
The tedious hours in hunting whiled away,
With flinty dart and bow.

Up started from the copse an agile deer:
The whizzing arrow sped
Swift as the wind—but, missing clean and clear,
Was hurled into a tender sapling near,
And buried to its head.

Then many moons and seasons came and went,
And cent'ries rolled around;
The sapling grew, and covered o'er the rent,
While in the oak's deep heart the arrow pent,
Lay in the hidden wound.

The white man came and felled the mighty tree,
As timber for a ship;
The noble vessel built—'twas joy to see
The swan like thing of beauty plow the sea,
On a far eastern trip.

But half way round the globe it met a gale—
Fierce was its sudden sweep;
The arrow-wounded plank was first to fail,
And men and treasures, 'mid the storm's, wild wail,
Sunk in the dismal deep!

Thus each effect hangs on its distant cause—
How joined we may not see;
But great events unfold by hidden laws,
And he who on a deer his arrow draws,
May sink a ship at sea.

AUTUMN.

"And now, when come the calm, mild days,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter's home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky lights
The waters of the rill.
The South wind searches for the flowers,
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the woods,
And by the stream no more."

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY THE EDITOR.

XLVIII.—THE PORTRAIT.

Many hundred years ago in a large town, a certain merchant died, and left behind him a considerable fortune. It was known that he had an only son who was absent on a journey; but no one in the town knew the son, so as to be able to identify him.

After some time three young men arrived in the town, each one claiming to be the son of the merchant, and the true heir of his fortune. The Judge directed that a good portrait of the merchant be brought. When this had been done, he said: "Whosoever of you three shall, with an arrow, come nearest hitting the mark I make on the breast of the portrait, shall be regarded as the true heir.

The first shot, and came very near. The second still nearer. The third, while taking aim, began to tremble, grew pale, burst into tears, cast bow and arrow on the earth, and exclaimed: "No, I cannot shoot; I will rather lose the whole fortune!"

Then the Jndge said to him: "Noble youth, you are the true son, and the rightful heir; and the other two who have shot so well are neither sons, nor heirs; for a true son is not able to send an arrow through the heart of his father even in his portrait!

In the heart of a child
  There's a sacred love,
Which is planted there
  By the One above.
Though latent long it liveth still;
And it cannot be feigned by art or skill.

XLIX—THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A brother and sister, Anthony and Pauline, saw their mother's looking-glass on the window, and viewed themselves in it. Anthony was very beautiful, and smiled with an inward pride toward his image in the glass. Pauline was somewhat disfigured by marks of small pox, and she wept as she beheld herself in the glass.

Their mother, coming near at that time, said: "You, Anthony, do not pride yourself on perishable beauty; and be careful that you do not destroy it by sinful indulgences! And you, Pauline, comfort yourself with the thought that there is something better than beauty of face, and seek to supply what you lack in this respect, by cultivating the beauty of the spirit."

Since beauty of face and form we lose,
'Tis wise the loveliness of soul to choose.

L.—THE SEVEN STICKS.

A farmer had seven sons, who often quarrelled with one another. In

this kind of strife they lost much time. Yea, some evil disposed persons endeavored to make capital of this strife with a view of cheating them of their inheritance after their father's death.

Then, one day, the father called all his sons together, laid before them seven sticks firmly bound together in a bundle, and said: "To him who shall break this bundle of sticks, I will count down one hundred large dollars." One after the other made the attempt with all his strength; but each one confessed: "It is not possible to break them."

"And yet," answered the father, "there is nothing easier." He picked up one stick after another and broke it with ease. "Ah," cried out the sons, "to do it in that way is certainly easy; in that way a little boy could break them."

Then the father said: "As it is with these sticks, so it is with you, my sons! So long as you cling unitedly together, you will be able to sustain yourselves, and no one can injure you; but if the bond of peace which unites you is broken, you will be easily served as I have treated these sticks which lie broken on the floor before you!"

Ever beware of strife and brawls—
A house divided always falls.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Socrates did not urge his friends to enter early upon public employments, but first to take pains for the attainment of the knowledge necessary for their success in them.

Are you stepping on the threshhold of life? Secure a good moral character. Without virtue you cannot be respected; without integrity you can never rise to distinction and honor.

Be careful lest a too warm desire of distinction should deceive you into pursuits that may cover you with shame by setting your incapacity and slender abilities in full light.

People who have the rashness to intrude into stations without proper authority and the requisite preparation for the service of the public, not only involve others in loss, but subject themselves to ridicule.

The tricky, deceitful, and dishonest are rarely prosperous: for when confidence is withdrawn, poverty is likely to follow.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we appear to be.

When once a concealment or deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand.

Error is the cause of many's misery, the corrupt principle that has produced evil in the world; 'tis this which begets and cherishes in our souls all the evils that afflict us, and we can never expect to gain true and solid happiness but by a serious endeavor to avoid it.

Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is most certain to lead to most serious crimes.

Industry, well directed, will give a man a competency in a few years. The greatest industry misapplied is useless.

APPLES OF GOLD—NO. 11.

BY ECLECTICUS.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship must be accompanied with virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and generous minds.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance and in Friendship burn.

Few subjects have been more discussed and less understood than that of friendship. According to the opinions of some, this virtue instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them.

Real friendship is of slow growth, and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit. Though judgment must collect the materials of the goodly structure, it is affection that gives the cement; and passion as well as reason should concur in forming a firm and lasting coalition. Hence it is, that not only the most powerful but the most enduring friendships, are the produce of the early seasons of our lives, when we are most susceptible of warm and affectionate impressions. The connections into which we enter in any after period, decrease in strength as our passions abate in fervor.

It were hard to put more truth and untruth together, in few words, than in the remark—that "Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god." For it is true, that a natural and secret aversion in any man towards society, has something of the savage beast, while it is most untrue, that it has anything at all of the divine nature, except it proceed not from a pleasure in solitude, but out of a desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation; such as was falsely and feignedly assumed by some of the eminent heathen, as Epimenides the Candian, and Numa Pompilius the Roman, and truly and really felt by divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church. Little, indeed, do men consider what solitude is, and how far it extends. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk, but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage touches the truth, "*Magna civitas, magna solitudo;* a great city is a great desert; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which prevails in smaller communities. But we may even go farther and truly affirm, that is is a miserable solitude, to want true friends; without whom the world is but a wilderness.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!

And in this sense also of solitude, whoever in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, partakes of the brute and not of humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the discharge of the heart's fulnesss

superinduced by passions of all kinds. We know that diseases of obstruction—suffocations—are most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take calomel and sarsaparilla to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, but no medicine opens the heart but a true friend, to whom one may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatever lies upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is observable how high a rate kings have set upon this fruit of friendship, purchasing it often at the hazard of their own safety. For princes, by reason of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects, cannot gather this fruit, except, to make themselves capable thereof, they raise some persons to be, as it were, companions and almost equals to themselves; and that many times leads to inconvenience. Augustus raised Agrippa to such a height, that when he consulted with Mecænas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mecænas took the liberty to say, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa or take away his life; there was no other alternative, he had made him so great.

The observation of Philip de Comines relative to Charles Duke of Burgundy is not to be forgotten, namely, that he would communicate to none his secrets, and least of all those secrets which troubled him most; which closeness, Comines proceeds to say, did not a little impair and in the end, waste his understanding; and he might well have applied the same judgment to his second master, Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was his torment. It is a dark saying of Pythagoras, but true; *Cor ne edito;* eat not your heart. For, if we may admit a hard phrase, those who want friends to communicate with, are, indeed, Cannibals of their own hearts. An admirable consequence of such friendly communication, is in its diverse influence,—redoubling our joys and dividing our griefs; for there is no man who imparts his joys to his friend, but rejoices the more, and none that discloses his misery to his friend, but grieves the less; so that like the virtue attributed by the alchymists to the philosopher's stone for the body, it works all contrary effects but still to the good and benefit of nature. In bodies, union strengthens and cherishes any natural action, and on the other hand weakens and dulls any violent impression; even so is it of minds.

> Celestial Happiness! when e'er she stoops
> To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
> And one alone, to make her sweet amends
> For absent heaven,—the bosom of a Friend,
> When Heart meets Heart,———
> Each other's pillow to repose divine.

The second fruit of friendship, is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is, for the affections. Friendship indeed makes fair weather in the affections from storms and clouds—but it creates daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thought. Nor is this to be understood only of faithful counsel from one's friend; but whoever has his mind furnished with many ideas, will discover, in communicating and discoursing with another, that his wits and understanding do clarify and brighten; he tosses his thoughts more

easily; he marshals them more orderly; he sees how they look when turned into words; finally he waxes wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. Themistocles beautifully remarked to the King of Persia, "That speech was like tapestry when opened and spread forth; by which the mind's conceptions were displayed in imagery and figure, whereas in thoughts they lie concealed, like tapestry rolled in packs." Neither is the benefit under consideration, derivable from such friends alone who are able to give counsel, (though they are best,) but a man by the act of discoursing learns of himself, brings his own thoughts to light, and whets his wits, as against a stone which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better to explain himself to a statue or picture, than suffer his thoughts to lie smothered in silence.

But of this second fruit of friendship, the point, which is more open to common observation, is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus said well, in one of his apothegms, "Dry light is ever the best." It is true that the light one receives by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which comes from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever imbued and drenched in his affections and customs; and there is as much difference between the counsel a friend gives and that which one gives himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for, indeed, there is no such flatterer of a man as himself, and there is no such remedy against self-flattery, as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other, business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health, is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of one's self to a strict account, is a medicine sometimes too pungent and corrosive; reading good books of morality, is a little flat and dead to the taste; observing our faults in others is often improper for our case; the best receipt of all, (best for operation and the best to take,) is the admonition of a friend. It is strange what gross errors and extreme absurdities, many (even great men) commit, for want of a friend to remind them of themselves,—much to the damage both of their fame and fortune. For as St. James saith, they are like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass" who "goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." As for business, a man may think if he will, that two eyes see no more than one;—that he who plays the game, sees always more than the looker on; that a man in anger, is as wise as he who has said over the six and twenty letters, or that a musket can be shot off as well at arm's end as upon a rest; and such other fond conceits—fancying that he is all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel, is that which setteth business straight. If any man will take counsel by piece-meal,—asking it in one business of one man and in another business of another; it is well, (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all,) but he incurs two dangers; one, that he may not be faithfully counseled—it being a rare thing to have counsel given except by a perfect and entire friend, that is not bent to some private ends of him that gives it, the other, that the counsel he receives may be hurtful and unsafe, (though well meant,) an intermixture of mischief and of remedy; even as if you were to call in a physician supposed skilful for the cure of the disease you complain of, but unacquainted with the general con-

dition of your body; and who putting you in a way for a present cure' breaks down your health in other respects, thus curing the disease by killing the patient. But a friend who is fully acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dashes upon some great inconvenience. Rest not, therefore, on scattered counsels; which will distract and mislead rather than settle and direct.

Following these two noble fruits of friendship, (peace in the affections and support of the judgment,) is the last, which is, like the pomegranate, full of many kernels—that is, the aid and participation in all actions and occasions of one's friend. The manifold use of friendship is best perceived by inquiring how many things there are, which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear, that the ancients expressed themselves moderately, in saying, "That a friend is another self;" because, a friend is far more. Men have their time, and die, often, while desiring somethings which they principally take to heart;—the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that those things will be well taken care of, when he shall have gone; so that he has, as it were, two lives in his desires. And though a man's body is confined to the place it occupies, yet where friendship is, the offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there, which a man cannot with any face say or do himself! A man can scarcely allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man can seldom brook to supplicate or beg, and many things of the like kind—but all these things, which would be uncomely in him, are graceful in a friend. Again, there are relations incident to every person of which he cannot divest himself. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband, to his enemy but upon terms of ceremony; whereas a friend may speak to them as the case requires. But to enumerate these things were endless. The rule has been given, where a man cannot decently play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

THE MEMORY OF A CHRISTIAN HOME.

A FRAGMENT.

BY V.

* * * I WISH to spend at least one week with my dear old father. His advanced age and perceptible decline quicken the filial chords that bind me to him, and make me desire daily to sit by his side. Christian parents are among the precious gifts for which I can never sufficiently thank our Heavenly Father. I have a mother in Heaven, whose saintly face, fervent prayers, and pure words and life linger pleasantly in memory, and weave themselves into my dreams both when I sleep and wake.

Father is hastening his tottering pace to join her up there, and this sometimes makes me feel sad, though perhaps it ought not. But so it is with us poor mortals. When our hearts are vitally bound up with the hearts of others, it is painful to have them unbound. It seems to me that a man and wife who train up their children in the simple faith and practice of the Gospel, are more to be revered and admired than the heroes of a hundred battles. And when I sometimes remember the constant care which my parents had for our spiritual good, my poor heart fills up with sorrow and joy—sorrow that I have so poorly requited their goodness to me—joy, for being the child of such parents. They were unlearned, but somehow they had a theology of the heart which has kindled a thousand beauteous thoughts of purity and love in my spirit. And the sight of the old time-worn and prayer-worn *Gebet Buch* from across the sea, and of the old Family Bible with metallic clasps, awakens memories of nameless value to me. In them are bound up the tender history of my childhood, embalmed with prayers, tears and many, many hours of sweet and solemn devotion.

But this is not what I intended to write about. Pardon the digression. Sometimes our hearts fill up with something which must be poured forth before we are fit to say anything else. * * * *

OUR NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE FRENCH—BY THE EDITOR.

We pilgrims on life's toilsome way,
  Are pressed by ills on either hand;
But sorest is his state and stay,
  Who's exiled from his Native Land.

One favoured hour, soft balmy sleep,
  Holds o'er his grief its magic wand;
But when he wakes, he wakes to weep
  His absence from his Native Land.

Forgetfulness the exile seeks;
  But vainly, on a foreign strand,
Of home and friends his memory speaks,
  And fresh recalls his Native Land.

With generous soul, and noble heart
  He may each fear and foe withstand;
Yet, secret loyal tears will start—
  Brave tribute to his Native Land.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the Acts of the Apostles there is recorded a saying of our Saviour which is not to be found in any of the Gospels. It was no doubt handed down by tradition. The saying is this: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." What a kind Providence has watched over and preserved this beautiful and touching saying of our Lord, so that it should not be lost. It is not easy for us to receive this saying. We are so in the habit of thinking that it is more blessed to *receive*, that it is hard for us really to believe this saying. And yet let us be sure that what our Saviour says is true.

Let me relate an incident to illustrate the principle involved in this saying. A rich young student of a European University and his professor were one evening taking a walk. As they were going along, they noticed by the side of the road a pair of shoes belonging to a poor man who was engaged in ploughing in a field close by The student was bent on mischief. "Let us hide the old man's shoes," said he, "and then see what he will do when he finds that they have been taken away." "No," says the Professor, wishing to teach him a useful lesson, "that would be wrong; but you are rich and can afford it; put a dollar into each shoe, and then let us conceal ourselves from his view, and see what effect that will have on the poor man when he makes the discovery. The student carried out the suggestion of the Professor; and then they concealed themselves. It being time to retire from work, the old man soon came to look for his shoes. He slipped his foot into one of them; and feeling something under his feet, emptied it out and behold, a dollar fell to the ground. Then he took up the other, doing the same, and out fell another dollar! Then, filled with the pious thought that the money was in some way sent to him from God, he fell on his knees and thanked his heavenly Father for bestowing upon him such a blessing. It further appeared that it was just the sum he needed to pay a debt for which he was hard pressed just at the time. "Ah, said the student, but that makes one feel good! I am much happier now than if I had played that trick on the poor old man. Can so small a sum, which was as nothing to me, make a fellow being so happy, and bring him on his knees in gratitude before God! He is happy, but I am sure I am happier than he." This is an illustration of our Saviour's saying, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." No doubt some of you have had similar experience of the blessedness of giving; seeing others made happy by your gifts has made you happy. If any of our readers does not as yet believe this saying true, let him prove it and be assured for himself of its truth.

If we look over the natural world, we see that there are inequalities

in nature. There are high mountains and deep valleys. It is sometimes asked why is this so? Why is the world not made a perfect plain? A wise God has wisely made it as it is. The mountains are necessary even as the plains; for from their sides flow down the rills that water the valleys and render them fruitful. Besides, mountains and valleys give variety to the scenery and thus please the eye. So in the human world. One is rich, another is poor One occupies a high position; has the purse; has power; another is found in the humbler walks of life. Why is this difference? For the same reason that there are inequalities in nature. God has elevated some that they may rain down blessings on the poor. And when this is done the hearts of rich and poor are mutually bound together in dependence and love. The rich are blessed in giving, and the poor in receiving. By this arrangement of Divine Providence the rich are preserved against debasing selfishness and the poor are kept from envy and jealousy of the rich. And do we not see in this that God is good—good to the rich, and good to the poor—good in giving and good in withholding?

But why should we give?

From a sense of gratitude for the gifts we have ourselves received. "Bless the Lord, O my Soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul *and forget not all his benefits.*" In such a noble strain David expresses his gratitude to God. But it is just here where we so often come short. We forget God's benefits. Joseph and the butler were in the same prison, and shared together the same sufferings. The butler had a dream which Joseph interpreted, informing him that he would be restored to his former position in the king's household. When about to leave the prison Joseph said to the butler: "Think on me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me and make mention of me unto Pharoah, and bring me out of this house. But it is recorded that in his prosperity the butler "did not remember Joseph, but forgot him." So we often act. When we can go to church, hear the word of God, sing the songs of Zion and enjoy the Sacraments, we often forget our brethren who are less best.

The truth which we have thus endeavored to present is further illustrated by a little poem which escaped from us some years ago, and now asks to bear its testimony to the beautiful grace of charity:

THE SONG OF THE RILL.

I.

Give me answer if you will,
Whither goest thou, little rill?
Leaping, laughing, night and day,
Like a happy child at play.
Cooling here the parched tongue;
Flowing there the herbs among,
With a gurgling, babbling flow,
Ever cheerful as you go
"Through the meadow, field and wood,
On my mission, doing good."

II.

Busy wanderer, going still;
Now it turns the heavy mill;
Now upon its bosom wide,
Puffing boats of commerce ride.
First it spoke in murmurs low.
"Doing good—for this I flow."
Now the deep, the rolling flood,
Echoes louder, "Doing good."

III.

In the ocean's trackless deep,
Idle will its water's sleep?
No; on sunbeams rising high,
Cloud-borne, floats it on the sky,
And in rain descending, yields
Blessings to the parched fields.
Over grass and flowers strewed,
In rills gathered, doing good.

IV.

Thus, as erst, it speeds away,
Sports again like childhood gay,
Babbling, singing as it should,
"On my misssion, doing good."
Oh that he who his life long
Idles time, would catch its song;
And like it become a flood,
Earth to bless by doing good.

THE COMPASS PLANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

On a late trip through the west I frequently saw on the prairie what is familiarly known as the compass plant. It grows only on the prairies. In appearance it is not unlike our common thistle, though it has not its thorns. It comes up at first with a single stem, with leaves directly opposite one anothor a few inches apart, and these are united by a kind of half-leaf running along the stem between the leaves joining them. The leaves do not hang horizontally as leaves generally do, but stand perpendicularly, so that the whole stalk is flat as if pressed. When the plant is vigorous it puts forth other similar branches, and at length a

stem from the middle shoots up two to three feet, on which appears a flower resembling that of the thistle—but of a yellow color.

There hangs a tale by this plant It has this peculiarity that its opposite leaves *always point north and south.* Whenever seen—and I saw it at various places hundreds of miles apart—it points north and south. How many soever you may see—and I saw hundreds in sight at a time—they all stand in the same position. Having a peculiar, I may say unnatural appearance—for they always seem as if the leaf were turned into an unnatural position by a breeze, showing a silvery sheen like the lower side of the silver maple—they are at once marked to the eye among all the hundred various plants which cover the prairie. Bright sheets of tin, stuck in among the grass and all turned the same way, would scarcely appear more marked to the view. Now the tale that hereby hangs is this. It is said that by these plants the Indians guided their way across the prairies on dark and cloudy days. By these plants they knew their north and south, and thus found their course, when they had no other familiar object by which they could be sure of their way. Thus in these vast seas of grass this plant served the untutored Indian as compass—and hence its name. In the primeval woods he knew which was north by observing which side of the trees was most over-grown with moss, and on the prairie he trusted to the unerring fingers of this singularly interesting pilot plant.

Good is the Lord—even to the poor Indian! He left him not without a guide, nor Himself without a witnesss to his tender love on these wide, wide prairies, long before a foot of civilized man had crossed their trackless expanse. Let the pious tale be preserved and repeated; and let the compass plant ever speak from out the rich green prairie in praise of God's providential love.

We could not, in any place, where these singular plants met our eye, contemplate them without an inward grateful acknowledgment of that still better and surer guide and compass, which a kind God has given us in His Son and in His word, by which we may find our way through the desert of this life to the glad shores of everlasting peace and rest. How little we think of it after all! How small is our gratitude for the unspeakable gift. We admire His kind providence as manifested toward the Indian in the compass plant; but how infinitely greater are the exhibitions of His love to us as they appear in the kind guidings of His grace by which he ever besets our path on every side. How many, sinfully unmindful of the pointing finger of His thousand-fold love, still miss the way, and thus never reach that heavenly Home toward which they are so clearly directed and so lovingly allured. Let it be so, if stubborn ungrateful man will have it so; but let not our kind father in heaven be blamed for the wanderings and the wo which those bring on themselves, who in spite of the love which would lead and save them, rush blindly and madly on, till their feet stumble on the dark mountains, and whilst they look for light their way is turned into the shadows of death and becomes gross darkness.

SINS OF IGNORANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

LET us direct our attention in a brief article, to sins of ignorance—the sin of being ignorant in regard to divine things, and of committing sin in that ignorance.

Is it sin to be ignorant, and, in that ignorance to do wrong? What is the nature of such sin? What is its guilt? What are its moral consequences? These are earnest and solemn questions; and every one who bears a responsible nature ought to be anxious to have them answered by the clear light of the holy scriptures.

There are beyond doubt loose views, and still looser feelings on this point prevalent. Ignorance in divine things is looked upon with great allowance. It is not regarded as a crime; but as an innocent matter of course, or at least as a mere misfortune. It is pitied, but not blamed. It is ridiculed, but not solemnly deplored as sin. It is regarded as a kind of privilege to be allowed to such as may choose it for themselves. It is even scarcely regarded as a shame by others; and very little felt to be such by the subjects of it themselves.

Ignorance in religious things is treated with more leinency and charity than ignorance in other things. To be ignorant in even the lowest ranges of earthly knowledge is blamed. There are circles in which ignorance of certain mechanical movements of the body, called manners, are treated as an evil that scarcely dares seek forgiveness—where ignorance of the laws and changes of fashion dooms to hopeless social reprobation—where the preparation of a dish, the arrangement of a ribbon, the want of a bow, is followed by banishment into the outer darkness of society and civilization. But ignorance of God, of Jesus Christ, of the Spirit, of holy angels, of the ways of a saint, of divine doctrines and duties, is not even a shame much less a sin! He that hears not, and knows not Chesterfield shall be damned; but he that knows not Jesus Christ, and Paul, and the prophets, it shall be no sin unto him, he shall be free!

Such is the superficial judgment of the world. But in this, as in other things, God's thoughts are not men's thoughts, neither are His ways as the ways of men.

Let us look into the divine record. To the law and the testimony; whosoever does not speak or think according to these is not in the way of the truth.

In the holy scriptures, ignorance *itself* is treated as sin. Ignorance is set forth under the symbol of "darkness." As such it is the opposite of holiness, which is light; and belongs to the kingdom of the devil, which is darkness. To be with God is to be in the light: to be in sin is to be in darkness. Satan is the prince of darkness. Sin is the power of darkness. Hell is the land of darkness. This is so plainly, so repeatedly, and so emphatically stated in the holy scriptures as to need no

argument or illustration. The passages that bear on it would themselves cover pages.

In like manner is doing wrong in ignorance treated as sin. God has laid down special laws in regard to sins of ignorance—treating it as sin—pointing out the nature of its guilt, and prescribing the atonement to be made for such sin. In Lev. iv. God instructs the Jews what is to be done, "If a soul shall sin through ignorance against any of the commandments of the Lord concerning things which ought not to be done." He gives a law for the sin of ignorance of the "Priests"—a law for such sins in the "whole congregation"—a law in regard to such sins in the "rulers"—and a law for sins of ignorance in "the common people."

It is distinctly said, v. 15, "If a soul commit a trespass, and sin through ignorance, in the holy things of the Lord," he shall bring a trespass-offering and "make amends for the harm that he hath done," and "the priest shall make atonement for him." "And if a soul sin, and commit any of the things which are forbidden to be done by the commandments of the Lord; though he wist it not, yet is he guilty, and shall bear his iniquity."

The New Testament recognizes the same law. The apostle Paul, when he charges the Jews with the guilt of killing the prince of life, says, "I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers." Acts iii. 17. Does he therefore excuse them, and say it is no sin to you? No. He says, "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out."

Paul, Romans i, pronounces the heathen as "without excuse?" 20. In Luke 12: 28, we read: "He that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes." He shall not be clear.

Thus the holy scriptures clearly teach that sinful acts, though done in ignorance, are sin.

Let no one find fault with this law as though it were hard and unjust. Let no one find fault with the scripture because it is there laid down. For it is not there alone. It is also written in actual history and experience before us. Are not men constantly suffering the consequences of their ignorance?

A man eats that which will bring disease upon him in ignorance A man takes a poisonous substance in ignorance, and it costs him suffering and life Does he escape the penalty, because he did it in ignorance? Here are facts in nature, just like the facts of the Bible. He that condemns the one must condemn the others. Bible or no Bible, God or no God, here are the facts—facts alike to believer and unbeliever—and one is as much bound to explain them as the other.

With the instances around us in which men suffer for their ignorance we have no trouble. We acquiesce in the law. Who ever heard of a man finding fault with the law outside of the Bible? Who ever rejected nature, because this law is written upon it? Why then find fault with the same law when written in God's word? A man—even if he believe not the Bible—who picks up a hot iron ignorant of the fact, suffers the penalty, and never thinks of flying into the face of God or nature because there is such a law!

It will, moreover, be found that in many cases in which men in this

way suffer the penalty for their ignorance, it was not even in their power to know, that what they were about to do would be a violation of a law, the consequences and penalty of which would be suffering. It is not so in the case in hand. In most cases—perhaps in all—where men sin through ignorance they *might* have known. The apostle Paul even contends that the heathen might know more of their duty to the true God than they do. "They did not like to retain God in their knowledge." Rom. i. How much more emphatically is this the case in Christian lands. What excuse is there here for ignorance of divine doctrines and duties? Who shall be excused? Shall the *blind?* they are now kindly taught. Shall the *deaf?* they are now mercifully made to hear. Shall the *poor?* they have opportunity to learn if they will but embrace it.

What excuse is there for any one to be ignorant of right and wrong? Is any one so, the fault is his own!

Why are any ignorant of divine things? Because they have no *taste* for such knowledge. They are not earnest in the effort. They are not willing to undergo the discipline. They would sit with their hands on their laps, rather than read God's word. They prefer the newspaper to a religious book. They would rather call at a neighbor's, than call at the lecture room—would rather sit in the store, shop, or bar-room than in the catechetical class. They would rather fix an ornament of pride upon their bodies, than fix a religious doctrine in their heads. They would rather dance in the ball-room, laugh at a comic show, or play at games, than sit with Mary at Jesus feet. This is the reason of their ignorance—the fault all their own.

Let any one look at the way in which the great crowd of men and women, young and old, spend leisure time to no earthly purpose, and he will be at no loss to account for the mournful ignorance which hangs like Egyptian gloom over the minds of thousands. He will easily account for the prevalence of the grossest error in regard to doctrine and duty—and will not be surprised at the grouping in darkness, and the blundering in sin, of which the world is full.

See, too, the supreme devotion to mere earthly interests. See how much care is bestowed on mere worldly knowledge. Men will read more in a paper about politics, stocks, accidents, and nonsense in a day, than they will read in the Bible in a week. They will read more about a candidate for the Presidency in one campaign, than they will read of Jesus Christ in a life time.

Offer a man a coin and he will sound it—offer him a note and he will feel the paper, hold it up to the light and look through it; and if still he is not sure he will take out the detector—he is at home in that business, his soul is in it. But offer to such a man religious truth and he assents to it on trust, or rejects it without understanding it, or more likely looks at it with "brute unconcious gaze," as an ox looks at the mountain! Do you say this is a hard saying? We answer, not plainer than the facts as you know them to exist. "I speak the truth in Christ, and lie not; judge ye what I say!"

Shall such persons, with such treatment of their own noble spirits—spirits amply capable of knowing,—as their worldly acquirements show,—after such treatment of Gods revealed will—after such indifference to their high duties and privileges—shall they, ignorantly blundering in

sin, plead that ignorance is an excuse; and find fault with that just and holy law which attaches guilt and penalty to sins of ignorance!

Shall a man thus bury his talents, and then say to God, when he comes to reckon, I know thee, that thou art an austere man, reaping where thou hast not sown! Shall a man shut his eyes at mid-day, and blame the sun when he strikes his foot against a stone, falls into the mire, or misses the way!

A man that would know duty must put himself in the way of knowing it, and use the means. God, through his church, affords abundant means. He that will hear the church through her Bible, ministry, sermons, books, sabbath schools, Bible classes, catechetical instruction, and more private counsels, need not walk in darkness, but may have the light of life. He that neglects these and sins through ignorance, upon his own soul shall be the peril, and the penalty, and the pain!

But let us not forget the peculiar tenders mercy of God toward sins of ignorance in cases where the fault of such ignorance is not directly and willingly our own. Though God does not excuse sins of ignorance, even when they are not wilful, yet he mingles great mercy with justice.

In regard to the heathen, he says: 'It will be more tolerable, for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for those to whom He preached.' The times of ignorance God winked at; but when light has come he commands all men everywhere to repent. In regard to the Jews, he says: "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin." John 15: 22, 24. "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." James 4: 17. To the same effect is our Saviour's prayer on the cross: "Father, forgive them they know not what they do!" See also Luke 12: 45.

Sins of ignorance, then, are not as great and inexcusable, as sins against light and in the light. We see that this fact is recognized by God's word, and we can also easily see the propriety of this feature in the law. We ourselves act on the same principle. An ignorant person may sin against us—may injure us—insult us—and do us wrong—we overlook it, because we know that it was done in ignorance. But the same course of conduct from another who is not ignorant takes a different form! Why? Because the person knew better—and we see not ignorance but illwill and malice in the act. So also we find that even the laws of the land lean to mercy in regard to crimes done in great ignorance. Such is the strong feeling that ignorance should be viewed with more mercy and less severity.

Still we repeat, it does not cease to be sin—it is not excusable or excused: "Though he wist it not, yet is he guilty, and shall bear his iniquity!" Luke 5: 17.

There is a wicked thought which sometimes enters the heart of persons: *That it is best not to know much, for then there is no such great accountability.* This plea is vain—because it is *wilful* ignorance. Instead of an excuse, it is a double sin; a sin to be ignorant, and another sin to *remain* so.

We are responsible not only for what we know, but for all that we *might* know. God requires of us not the bare talent which he gives; but that talent with usury. Do we bury it, and return it as we received

it, will he accept the return? No. Though it was but one, he requires that it be also put out for increase. If not, he says: "Take ye the unprofitable servant and cast him into onter darkness.

A man plants an orchard with the intent that all the trees may grow and bear fruit. There is one here or there which says to itself: I will not grow, but remain as I am; because if I grow, fruit will be expected of me. It remains a puny scrub! Will he excuse it? Nay, verily I say, he will grub it up and throw it to the flames with useless thorns and briars; and he will plant another in its stead! We blame him not, but praise him for it.

O, let us not think lightly of sins of ignorance! Let us reflect on the loss which we ourselves sustain from it, even independent of the guilt and penalty which it draws after it. We lose incalculable present satisfaction. To know right and wrong—to have full, clear views of law and duty, is its own joy.

Let us remember also how it unfits us to sustain proper relations to others. We are not only unable to lead and influence others in the right which is our solemn duty, but we even *mislead* those whom we are to show the way. How important is light in the various positions we are called upon to occupy in life! as parents—husband—wife—as members of the church—sabbath school teachers—officers in church or state. In short, what position, however humble can any one occupy rightly, with imperfect views of right and wrong?

What a dishonor it is to God to manifest or feel so little interest in His revelation. The work of Christ is the wonder of angels! We, who are infinitely more interested in it, are willing to be in ignorance in regard to its solemn teachings. What presumption thus to treat the kindest gifts of God, "and hope to be forgiven."

PLATO.

BY IZZI.

"And Nathaniel said unto him, 'Can there anything good come out of Nazareth?' Philip saith unto him, 'Come and see.'"

THERE are many Nathaniels. They seem never to see any good unless it has its origin in their own Commonwealth; and yet we know that much good does come out of even Nazareth. Some can see no good in the writings of the pious, learned old heathen,—no good in their systems of philosophy and various theological speculations: yet who does not know that these very men were the earnest spirits of their age? Who does not know that they by their teachings and writings exerted an untold influence for good upon their own and after ages, and, in the hand

of God, greatly aided in preparing the soil of heathendom for the precious seed of truth sown by the first Missionaries?

Of these thoughtful, religious heathen, none of his age was more influential for good than Plato. He was a Grecian by birth, a philospher by choice, and lived about four centuries before Christ. We must look upon him with the deepest interest. He was a great man, an acute thinker, and an earnest seeker after truth. Belonging to an age and nation of the highest intellectual development, living at a time when the Grecian mind had attained to the very acme of its strength and glory, surrounded by men of the greatest learning, and being himself endowed with powerful intellect, and imbued with an earnest desire to know truth—he was specially fitted, both by nature and circumstances, to do the great work which he so nobly did. Possessing every advantage that a pagan philosopher could possess, he turned them to the best account and produced the most interesting results: he soon outstripped the mythic theology of his day, rose high above his cotemporaries, and from his lofty stand-point, looking beyond the ordinary range of philosophical research, reached out still farther into the mysterious, unknown realms of moral science.

In his most interesting character he stands out prominently as the representative of that class of earnest truth-seekers who, having transcended the mysticism of their age and become dissatisfied with the vague, unsteady theology of their fathers, now sought to discover *the truth* in regard to the mysteries of matter, soul and spirit,—men who sought a resting-place for their unquiet spirit, desiring to know the meaning of the "still, small voice" that could not be hushed; of these thoughtful, *religious* heathen, Plato is the fair representative.

How peculiarly interesting, then, would be a history of his *inner* life; that life not lived with the world, nor yet with his devoted disciples who hung upon his lips with intensest interest; but that which only God saw, a history of those great struggles with limitation, those determined wrestlings for victory over error and finiteness, those gropings in the dark after an uncertain good, which he himself could not comprehend.

His earnestness may be seen on almost every page of his writings. Like a familiar friend, he lays open his heart, and gives us all his hopes and fears, all his doubts and difficulties. His style is beautifully poetical, varying with the sentiment: now he is grave and philosophical; then again, light and musical; now descending to the capacity of a plebeian, then again soaring in majestic flights as if to imitate the language of the gods. Sometimes he is very obscure; not for want of language, but rather because he did not fully comprehend his own great idea. He felt more than he could express. His anxious spirit winged its way far beyond the reach of his understanding and received impressions of divinity and infinity that were too high, too deep for him; he could only record them, and meekly too, for he knew that what he reached after was still a great way off. Hence his writings have a meaning for us, which Plato himself did not apprehend—a sense and depth which he did not attach to them. What beautiful thoughts we find in his discourse on the immortality of the soul! What an insight they give us into the workings of his higher nature, and how they raise him in our estimation!

It is true that while discoursing about God, eternity, or the immor-

tality of the soul, he sometimes loses confidence in what he is about to say, as if he realized the weakness of unassisted human reason to deal with such mysteries; the great questions in hand are too solemnly momentous for confident assertion; his weak natural faith sometimes yields to the overwhelming thought of infinity and immortality; he bows in humble awe to the great spirit within and around him, and instead of an unconditional "it is" thus and so, he employs a doubtful "if it be" thus and so.

So in all his speculative writings. He, as well as his cotemporaries could rise no higher than this. He had a lofty stand-point, yet not the right one. He held many erroneous views; yet he held them consistently with his age, nation and education. We must not criticise Plato as we do Bacon. We must judge him, not in the light of christianity, but as a *heathen*. While we acknowledge his errors, and call his system of philosophy, judged in the light of christianity, weak and futile; we at the same time hold that if due allowance be made for his pagan education and pagan surroundings, his equal cannot be found. His system of philosophy is the purest, the noblest of his day. No other system came so near christianity as his; and no other exerted so great and favorable an influence upon it In fact it proved as it were a "schoolmaster to lead to Christ," as in the case of Augustine. No man can estimate its influence on the early church.

Had Plato lived to see the fullness of time, how eagerly he would have laid hold of the new revelation! We would then, perhaps, have the record of another midnight conversation; another sincere Nicodemus astonished and wondering, would have asked: "How can this be?" Plato was a heathen; but his earnestness, his pagan piety and exalted views of God, will in the great day of accounts be swift witnesses against the corruptive scepticism and infidelity of the present day.

He did not live to see the fullness of time, and we have no record of a second Nicodemus; but still from the green groves and the shady bowers of the old Academy comes an earnest, pleading voice, sounding through the long series of intervening years—the voice of Plato, "the divine." The statues, temples and tombs of the illustrious dead which once adorned the garden of the philosopher, are all gone; his walks and favorite haunts, the garden itself, are changed; other scenes are enacted there now, and yet to us it is sacred ground. The spirit of the old man seems still to preside there, and we love to think of it as a spot consecrated by learning, genius and earnest though heathen piety.

Beware, beware of witchery!
  And fall not in the snare
That lurks and lies in wanton eyes,
  Or hides in golden hair:
For the Witch has sworn to catch thee,
  And her spells are on the air

A PLEASANT TALK ON OLD AGE AND DEATH.

FROM EUTHANASY.

Aubin. Death—the Greeks were afraid of the very word; they would not use it if they could help it, nor would the Romans, though less sensitive. And we—we Christians speak it like an unnatural word. And yet the thing itself, when it happens, will be quite a matter of course; and for us Christians there will be no sting in it; and all the bitterness of it will be found to have been drunk by us long ago For our life is an act of dying, and we die just as fast as we live. The pleasures of boyhood, holidays and half-holidays, climbing trees, rolling down green hill-sides, looking for birdnests, playing with snow, chasing one another, especially in the twilight, sporting in the water and swimming—all this I have been dead to long, long. Many a purpose of station and fame that was once life of my life, I am dead to. Every month I die to some old object, or hope, or delight; and every midnight do I die to a yesterday.

Marham. Ay, in the midst of life we are in death; we are; and it is most true.

Aubin. Be not most melancholy, nor as much so as your tone, uncle. For if life is so very like death, then death cannot be so very unlike life.

Marham. What is that? how is that?

Aubin. It is quite a triumph, is not it? detecting the nothingness of death, this way. I will show you how it is. Our daily death ——

Marham. Why Oliver, what an expression, our daily death! But it is a true one. And if we lived in the feeling of it, we should not be afraid of death long. If only men did die daily, then they would not die at all. But this they will not do. But yet, whether we think it or not, we become dead to many and many an object. This is our mortality.

Aubin. And no such very sad thing. You cannot leap over gates, and across ditches, and up to the boughs of trees, as you used to do. It is no time with you now to undress yourself on the bank of the river and jump into it, careless about the depth; you cannot run a mile in seven minutes ——

Marham. No, I am sure I cannot.

Aubin. Well, do you want to do it, or any of those other things? No, you do not, no more than you covet a condor's wings, or Nero's old palace, or Samson's strength, or any other impossibility. Then where is the grief or any reason for it? Grievous it would be, very, if there were an impulse in you to run eight miles an hour and you could not achieve four; or if at sight of a gate, you always wished to leap over it and could not. But as you do not wish any of these boyish things, inability to do them is nothing to lament. The sorrow, if there is any, is in your having grown not to care about what were the pleasures of your childhood, and some of your youthful objects. Now there are

those to whom boyish sports are a delight at fifty years of age—men who are happy for hours together in blowing soap-bubbles, and chasing butterflies. But then who are they?

Marham. Poor idiots, certainly. But there are things of quite another class from what you have mentioned, which you and I have become uninterested in.

Aubin. Have grown indifferent to. And grown into this indifference we have, and not decayed into it. Many childish delights, and many youthful joys, a man has no pleasure in; for he has grown thoughtful, and so in thoughtless things he is no longer pleased. And is this, then, melancholy? No, uncle, no! I am free of the hall where the Muses live. They talk to me divinely about the arts and sciences, about what the ages were that are past, and what the ages to come will be like. One Muse thrills me with her voice in singing, and then one of her sisters entrances me with music, and from time to time they give me nectar to drink Mortal as I am, I drink the drink of immortals. This is what I do, and often. So that it is no decay of nature, when I am out in the fields, if I am not eager after wild fruits like a boy. Childish games have no interest for us now; but it is because of our interest in life—the great game of the passions. Many things I do not feel about as I did at fifteen; but it is because since then I have thought the same things as John Milton, and sat under a tree with Plato and his friends, and heard them discourse together. True, the earth is not to me what it was. It is no broad play-ground now; but it is something better still, for it feels under my feet like the floor of a temple not made with hands. Fellow-creatures met by chance I cannot now be merry with for an hour, and then miss for ever without caring; but this is because between me and God the fleshy veil is worn so thin that light shines through, and souls look solemn in it.

Marham. Go on Oliver. You have more to say, have not you?

Aubin. There are youthful pleasures an old man has no relish for, and this grieves him for other reasons than I have said, perhaps. He—I may say you—you remember, uncle, your sports as a little child. They would be no pleasure to you now, if you were to try them, that you know; and so perhaps you are pained as though you had lost some old and happy feelings by time's having changed your nature. But it is not so. As an old man, your soul is not of another kind, but only greater than it was when you used to clasp your mother's knees. There is no innocent happiness that a man ever grows strange to. You do not incline to bowl a hoop; but in showing little Arthur how to do it this morning, and in watching him, and walking after him, and now and then touching the hoop, I very much mistook appearances, if you were not quite as much delighted as the child.

Marham. So I was—that I was, good little fellow! He is a wonderfully quick child, is not he?

Aubin. Very, and very good-tempered.

Marham. Ay, he begged me to promise him another lesson to-morrow, which I did; and you must come and help. But running after little Arthur's hoop, I have got away from your line of argument; but it was you who started me

Aubin. So it was; and I have seen that you delight in a hoop now

as much as you ever did ; only it is through the fingers of your grandson.

Marham. You have me, you have me, you have the old man!

Awbin. No, I have not—not the old man. Your body may be old, but yourself—your spirit is as young as it ever was ; it is both old and young. When a person is said to be twenty, or forty, or sixty, what is meant? This chiefly, that he has the feelings of those years. O, beautiful is what old age is sometimes, and near always might be—the last years of a Christian, a man who has lived in the use of his best feelings, who has worshipped God as heartily as he has loved his dearest friend, and who has loved every one of his neighbors like himself!

Marham. The recollections of such a man are a happiness to have.

Aubin. Always through his sympathies he can delight himself and be growing in goodness. There is his youngest son in love with a sweet lady ; and through his child he himself loves again like a youth. Here is an infant comes to him and holds him by the hand, and he speaks to the little creature ; and because he talks with it lovingly, his own heart in his breast grows young again. Plough he cannot, nor sow, nor attend to farming in any way ; but he can, and does love his neighbor as himself ; and so in the fields close by, the growing crops are a great interest to him ; and down in the meadows by the river-side, the grass refreshes his eyes, it is so green ; and its being so rich delights him on the owner's account. It is so, uncle, is not it? It is so with you, I mean.

Marham. Do you think so, Oliver ? Well, perhaps it is.

Aubin. An old man may have ill-health, but so has a young man. And very beautiful in its season old age often is—the last state of a man who is wise in life, having lived it all, who loves God and man, and man the more reverently because of God's loving him. And he is a man, too, whose heart is open to all his fellow-creatures, and kept open by the force of the prayers that come out of it, for his family, and friends, and all men.

Marham. It is—it is—it is prayer is the life of the soul.

Aubin. The oak tree in the middle of yonder field is an emblem of a good old man. There it stands, the growth of many, many years ; inside it is the little stalk which opened out of an acorn, and the sapling which for years used to bend backward and forward with the wind ; and in its trunk are what were its outside rings at twenty, fifty, and a hundred years old. It stands aloft now, a full-grown oak—an object beautiful to look at, and that is wisdom to think of. Once that tree might have perished by any one of a hundred accidents—by a careless foot, or a drought, or a snail, or a hungry sheep But it was to grow to what it is. In the shade of it the cattle lie ; in its leafy arms birds build their nests and sing ; among its branches the wind gets itself a voice ; somewhere in it the squirrel has a home, and all over the boughs are growing what will be his winter's store.

Marham. But what is the likeness between this tree and old age?

Aubin. Just as in the middle of that oak tree there is the sapling of two hundred years ago, in a good old man there is the heart of his childhood. An aged Christian is not an old man only ; he is of all ages ; for he has in him the heart of a little child, and a boy's way of thinking, and the feelings of a youth, and the judgment of a man ; he has in him a son's fondness, a husband's tender affection, and a father's love; and

confidence, esteem, enthusiasm—all that is best in our nature is strong in him; for though many of his dear objects are taken hence, his feelings for them are the same as ever. And through his ready sympathy, there is no love in the house that he does not thrill to, and no joy in parlor or kitchen that he does not rejoice in, and no hope in any inmate's bosom that he does not hope in. And if his neighbors prosper round him, or grow more virtuous, it is to his feelings as though he were himself the better.

Marham. I like to hear you, Oliver; go on.

Aubin. Outgrow much, no doubt, old age does. But mind—it outgrows some things, but it does not dwindle down from any. And besides that, its way of growth is the same as what makes little children be such as the kingdom of heaven is of. For always out of the heart are the issues of life. Yonder oak is no longer an acorn moistening just under the ground, nor a little plant in the turf kept from scorching by the tall grass; still, high as its top is and wide as it spreads, the tree flourishes in the same way as the sapling grew; and its roots are under the grass and are kept moist by it; yes, and the heart of the oak—the very middle of it—is just over the spot where the acorn opened. Old age grows up to the height of thoughts not of this world; but then its roots are the same as ever—its sympathies do not fail it, and the dews of heavenly grace are never withheld from falling on it. It is always autumnal, but then it is always shedding ripe fruits; and even the look of it is what every beholder is the better for feeling.

Marham. O, if I thought the tree of my own old age like that, I should sit under it in peace, and perhaps—ay, perhaps with pride. For pride is a weed that will grow in shade as well as in sunshine, in streets, and houses, and upon tombs, and everywhere.

Aubin. That is one of the fruits of your wisdom, my dear uncle. Excuse my interrupting you, uncle.

Marham. I am old, Oliver, but I am happy; and I ought to be happier than I am. God pardon me for not being so! Few old people have such comforts as I have, and how desolate many of them are—childless, friendless, and infirm! I am sure, often I am wretched, when I think what their feelings must be.

Aubin. Those feelings as far as they cannot be eased by man, are meant by God, and therefore meant for good. And then they can pray ——

Marham. Yes they can, they can! There is no burden of the spirit but is lightened by kneeling under it. Little by little, the bitterest feelings are sweetened by the mention of them in prayer. And agony itself stops swelling if it can cry sincerely, My God, my God!

Aubin. There is a degree of distress, in which all human anodynes fail, and friendly words fail, and the best of reading fails; but prayer never fails.

Marham. Never—never—never. But still, to look at a bereaved and joyless old man is a melancholy sight.

Aubin. Very melancholy, because a quite joyless must be a quite unchristian man.

Marham. You do not understand me, Oliver. What I mean is, that it is distressing to see a man spend years, as Solomon says so touch-

ingly, which have no pleasure in them. It is as though it were out of the course of nature. No, that is not what I mean.

Aubin. I know what you feel exactly. And now I will tell you what I feel. I see an old man, a widower perhaps, bereaved of his children, very weak and almost sleepless. In the cup of life there are only a few dregs for his drinking. It is so. And what then? Why the cup will be the sooner ready for him to dip in the living fountain of water, which the Lamb from the midst of the throne will lead him to. Courage, thou poor sufferer! No, not poor—but happy I ought to have said. For in thy face there is what answers to something in another world. Yes, good old man! It is as though it were known to thee by some instinct, that Christ is just about rising from his throne to say, "Come thou blesssed of my Father."

Marham. Amen, Lord Jesus, amen!

Aubin. Whom the Lord loves he chastens. But when a sufferer is chastened toward the end of life, and indeed, till the very end of his mortal life, it is because God loves him immortally. It must be, and it cannot be otherwise. No! it cannot be any other way than that. So that my pain—what little I have—my pain shall be counted all joy. And I will reckon it so. And cannot I easily? I ought to do, if I only recollect myself a little Why should I ever have been so impatient for happiness? Why should I wish for more than I have now? Am I afraid of my share being given away? Cannot I wait awhile? Thousands of years I had to wait before being born; so that to wait a short while before being blessed is a very little thing—very. Ay, ages on ages the stars had been twinkling by night, and the sun shining by day, before my reason was lighted up. And as yet I have it only in an earthen vessel—a lamp of crumbling dust that is wearing away fast. Well, let it wear away. For when the flame in it escapes it will become fire before the Lord; and it will be like a light set in a golden candlestick forever; and it will be mine—mine everlastingly. And it will nowhere be eclipsed—no! not among the radiances of the angels; for it will have from life a color of its own; and from God it will have a beauty of its own, and a glory of its own. Wonderful, very wonderful this is, and yet it is certain that, from among all the inhabitants of this earth, no two minds are similar altogether. And at the end of the world, of all the souls native to it there will be no two alike. Every one of us will have a character of his own, and every saint will have a glory of his own. And myself, what I am to be, I am becoming. Yes, what I am to be everlastingly, I am growing to be now—now, in this present time so little thought of—this time which the sun rises and sets in, and the clock strikes in, and I wake and sleep in. Courage, then! For what goes on in my spirit now will show itself ages hence. They could never be to another person—my pains and thoughts—what they are to me—not exactly. What I shall be in eternity, I shall be by my endurance now and my hopefulness. My trials I might bear with murmurs, and so I should get to doubt God; or by hardening my heart against the feeling of them, and so I should become a stoic; or by fiercely defying fate, and so I should grow atheistical. But I endeavor to suffer Christianly. What I am to be hereafter, I must be becoming now; and so I am, indeed. For day by day, I am growing fixedly into the atti-

tude which I bear my sorrows in; and from under them my look heavenwards, whatever it is, is becoming eternal with me. And then it is not as though any trouble could be spared me, and I not be another than what I am to be. O my destiny! God keep me growing towards it! My crown of glory! Lord, make me worthy of it!

Marham. For some time I have not been able to catch all your words, Oliver.

Aubin. I thought some time I might be going into a furnace of affliction, and I was talking with myself about it. And I was saying, "Body! thou must burn away here, and for thee there is no help possible But soul! out of this furnace, this straitened and fiery place thou shalt escape—

And thou shalt walk in soft, white light, with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

Marham. Whose lines are those?

Aubin. They are Thomas Aird's, and a beautiful couplet. I often say them to myself; and always when I do, it is as though it were an August afternoon, and I had lived for ages, while my spirit in me feels so calm, yet earnest, and as though it were growing into great thoughts. Yes! and what is there I may not hope for? For I am like Melchisedek of old; and I am king and priest both, for so to God Christ has made me be. Prayer is the sacrifice I have to offer; and morning and evening, day and night, it is welcome, for the Father seeks to have it. My passions are the subjects of my kingly rule, and my throne is the Gospel, and from the height of it I judge the men, and things, and the affairs about me. My soul, my soul! be thou faithful in judgment, and thou shalt grow up to the companionship of King Alfred, and St. Louis, and George Washington.

And thou shalt walk in soft, white light, with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.

THE SUMMER OF GOD.

There is sore heart-discipline in this world of ours. Our blessings blossom out into beauty, and we love them so; we cannot, dare not, think of them as aught beside what they are to us. But, "as falls the frost from the clear, cold heaven," so they are stricken; and in our first and nameless agony we think not of the future, except that it must be without our flowers. This we live on. There's a calm, mild day now and then, autumnal though it be. God shines gradually upon the soul, through the dim air of commingled trust and hope. We begin to think there may be something left of pleasure and of chastened joy laid up for us. So we tread again our desolated paths; gently put aside blasted and withered mementoes of the frosty past, and prepare to live in the sunshine once more.

Children that we are! thus to mistake October's brief relentings for the general smile of spring-tide. But the "cold November rain" dis-

pels our illusion. Clouds close around us, enveloping us sometimes, drenching our garments through many a mist of sorrow, with repeated rains of tears.

"God o'er head" reveals himself to the despairing "heart within," only enough to strain the aching gaze upward, in the vain hope that it may behold the heavens opening, and catch a glimpse of the light beyond. We catch no gleam. Sometimes we do not believe there is any reality; that what we thought we had was only a beautiful mirage, a reflection of what might have been beyond, but never was near.

The life-winter is long. There seems an unending procession of winds, and sleet, and frost and snow. Existence is a constant battle with antagonistic elements. Retrospection is but a painful remembrance of trees clothed in verdure, and bird-song floating through the branches; of a flower-germed earth and a blue sky; of beautiful buds of love and hope; of all noble aspirations and high ambitions. And we turn with a chill to the present, to find them buried out of our sight, and their places filled with naked thorny stems and pendent icicles.

EVENING HOUR.

Now thrust my thimble in its case,
  And store the spools away.
And lay the muslin rolls in place,—
  My task is done to-day,
For, like the workman's evening bell,
  A sound hath met my ears,
The gate click by the street doth tell
  Papa hath come, my dears.
Bear off the toy-box from the floor—
  For yonder chair make room;
And up, and out, unbar the door,
  And breathe his welcome home;
For 'tis the twilight hour of joy,
  When home's best pleasures rally,
And I will clasp my darling boy,
  While papa romps with Allie.

There, take the hat and gloves, and bring
  The slippers warm and soft,
While bounds the babe, with laugh and spring,
  In those loved arms aloft;
And let each nook some comfort yield—
  Each heart with love be warm,
For him whose firm, strong hands shall shield
  The household gods from harm.
Our love shall light the gathering gloom;
  For o'er all earthly hope,
We cherish first the joys of home—
  A glad, rejoicing group;
And through the twilight hour of joy,
  We turn from toil to dally,
With thy young dreams of life, by boy,
  And gaily fondle Allie.

BOOK NOTICES.

IGDRASIL; OR, THE TREE OF EXISTENCE: By James Challen, Author of the Cave of Machpelah, and other Poems. Phila., Lindsay & Blakiston, 1859, pp. 170.

The word Igdrasil, or as often spelled, Yggdrasil, signifies literally the bearer of terror, or perhaps of the terrible one, namely Odin, who himself, according to the northern mythology, grew on the Tree Igdrasil. Mr. Challen gives a beautiful passage descriptive of this Tree, on which the poem is founded, from Carlisle at the beginning of his book. The following from the Westminster Review of Oct. 1854, though not so poetical, is in some respects more full. "To the mind of our ancient fathers, the Universe, with its permanence and changefulness, the mutual dependency of all things, and the connection of the nearest with the most distant, suggested itself under the image of a TREE, the tree Yggdrasie; the World-Tree, the tree of Time and of Existence! From the dark, cold regions of subterranean Nilfheim (Mist-country)—where metals grew and rivers gather, where life comes and whither it returns—Yggdrasil, passing through Midgard (Men's yard) the dwelling-place of man, ascends into the blissful realms of Asgard, (God's yard) the seat of the gods; daily they assemble under it to hold council and pronounce judgment. It has three roots, watered by three sacred wells; one of these is *Mimir's well*, the well of knowledge; Mimir himself is a most ancient giant, older than Odin himself, grown *knowing* by long experience; what changes has he not seen? Thus the tree Yggdrasil grows, nourished by three wells sustaining and gladdening all life. But, alas, its sides are open to decay; the serpent *Neidhogr* (gnawing envy, nibbles at its base;) four stags (*Daim* and *Dualinn*, death and procrastination, are the names of two of them) feed upon its buds, and a restless squirrel, Ratatoskur (busybody) is ever on the move, causing mischief between the serpent below and the white eagle, which perhces high up amongst the branches, seeing many things: 'More harm suffers Yggdrasil than is known unto men; the deer feed above, it grows hollow at the trunk, Neidhogr gnaws it below'—is the language of the younger Edda. Evidently the majestic Tree, with its depth and height, sheltering all things, is doomed and cannot last forever. But as yet the three Norna, the fates, *Urt*, *Werdandi*, *Skuld*, the Past, the Present, the Future, sit watchful, watering its roots, prolonging its existence."

Such is the interesting myth upon which Mr. Challen has founded his Poem of Igdrasil. We need but reflect earnestly on its deep significance, to see that it furnishes in large and various measure the elements of poetry.

We have read this poem twice, and on the second reading we both understood and liked it better. This is, in our judgment, rather in favor of the Poem than otherwise—a sign that it bears acquaintance. Its divisions are a Prelude, eight Parts, and a conclusion, or Epilogue. The Prelude is a chorus of Silence, Night, Space and Light, preceding all organized existence. The first part is an Angel's song, descriptive of the mystical Tree Igdrasil. The whole of this song is beautiful. The second part represents the passing away of the old mythology in the light of the "new Igdrasil," which refers, though somewhat obscurely, to our Saviour. The fall and its consequences on life are also portrayed, closing up with consolations founded on the assurance of immortal life. In the third part we have a picture of the heroic sufferings of the age of martyrdom and the corruptions of the church, the overthrow of evil in her bosom, and God's care for his saints. The fourth part portrays superstitition, its follies, and evil results. The fifth pictures the scrabble for gold. The sixth is a representation of the fading and falling of the leaves and buds of the tree of life, and is, in our opinion, the best part of the Poem:

Though severed and tossed,
Though fallen, not lost;
Rich the soil they have found,
In the quiet church-ground,
To which they are bound.

Mighty harvests are there,
Garnered closely with care;
Angel reapers will come,
To gather them home.

Be silent, O heart!
Let the lovely depart:
With their kindred they sleep,
How sweetly! how deep!

But the morn will awake,
And the glad earth will shake
With a rapturous song,
Which the heavens will prolong.

The seventh part pictures love, before and in the marriage state—all glorified in Christ. Here are some fine passages:

Love reasons not; it only feels;
Its language is a look:
The sigh that breathes, the tear that steals—
These are its written book.

And again:

Its own it gives, and giving, gets
More than it seems to give;
As when the sun in glory sets
The stars are all alive.

The eighth part portrays the decline of life, old age and death; but the dawn also of a life to come. The conclusion is on Life and Immortality.

The poem contains many fine passages; and the reader is often brought to a pause by striking originalities. Here are some specimens:

Like the salt that licks the shore,
Leaving it baser than before.

Speaking of the stars, Mr. Challen says:

Their liquid light
Was like phospher bright,
Or the eye of an iron steed at night.

In regard to the mechanical execution of the work, we must say, that we know nothing to excel it. It is printed on thick tinted paper, with clean type; and the eye laughs with pleasure as it moves over the page. After reading this beautiful book, we have almost resolved never to patronize authors in small type. Lindsay & Blakiston have a well-established reputation for neat publishing; but in this they have even exceeded themselves. May they be rewarded by large sales.

African Bible Pictures; or, Scripture Scenes and Customs in Africa. By Rev. M. Officer, Missionary to Africa. Phila., published by the Lutheran Board of Publication, No. 42 North 9th street. 1859, pp. 69.

The plan of this little book is well conceived. The author has two objects in view; first to give information in regard to scenery, society, manners and customs in Africa; and then also from these to draw illustrations of passages of the sacred scriptures. Both these sides of the plan are well carried out in the book. The modest author gives evidence of his earnest piety and good practical sense on every page. A good book for Sabbath Schools.

THE GUARDIAN.

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THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY THE EDITOR.

What would Pennsylvania be without its Susquehanna? Have you ever made an effort to imagine it? How much of the State would be lost with its noble river. It belongs to the identity of the State. It has a central significance, and a controling influence. It could not be the same State without it. We could as well spare the grand Allegheny mountains as the noble Susquehanna. It is possible that some crude soul may pick up this number of the Guardian, who will say, "We could spare both—the mountains and the river." We shall only answer, shame on you! You think, if the mountains were away there might be more good ground for farms, and the bed of the river would afford fine space for potato patches. All true. And then, how nice it would be to be an ox on one of those farms, or a swine to root in one of those potato patches! In that state and case no mountains would be needed to furnish the soul with the sublime, and no graceful winding river to delight with its varied presentations of the beautiful.

Sure we are that none of *our* readers are of that sordid kind who would rather pick potatoes on the bed which this river covers than enjoy the rich treasures of the beautiful which line along its banks and are reflected in its clear waters. As for others who may read our article, we have not time to give them a drubbing. "One cannot strike at every fly!" We proceed, then, to deliver some thoughts which we have had in regard to our beautiful mid-Pennsylvania river.

It is a saying trite but true, that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." This holds true also of the beauties of nature. We hear much of the grand and beautiful scenery of the Hudson. Is it not because that river is navigable, and thus an opportunity of seeing the natural beauties of its shores has been afforded to the public? Moreover, view from the deck of a steamer, it is seen under the best possible advantage. Our noble river, owing to its broad rocky bed, is not navigable. Till a few years past, the only facilities for travel along its

banks were stage-coach and canal boat. Thus it has been to a great extent a world unknown. Those who travelled along it were generally on business bent; and there was now and then one who had the will and the taste to scan its charms, yet the greatest number have had utilitarian rather than æsthetical eyes. It never has had the facilities of travel along its course necessary to draw to it those who have the means, the leisure, and the taste to travel for the express purpose of examining and enjoying the beauties of nature.

The few whom we have met, who had travelled along the Hudson and were also acquainted with the scenery of the Susquehanna, have been very decided in saying that our noble river is not a whit behind the Hudson, in regard to scenery, and the reputation of the Yankee river rests as much upon the fact of its being well known as it does on its own merits. Let any one acquainted with the Susquehanna, imagine for a moment what sights it would present to the eye were it possible to course along its middle on deck of a steamer!

Something of this effect has heretofore been afforded to such as passed along its canal on the deck of a packet boat. Few who have ever passed along it in this way, we venture to say, have ever lost the images of beauty which its scenery has impressed upon their minds and memories. Our own first acquaintance with it, in the mountaineous part of its course, was in the fall of 1843. Never shall we forget the feelings with which we floated in through the Blue Mountain Gap above Harrisburg on a serene afternoon of golden autumn. We felt ourselves chained and charmed on deck of the boat. Hour after hour we sat and watched, with intense delight, the changes of aspect in the scenery along the banks, "ever charming, ever new," till in the dim twilight, and the still mellower light of the moon and stars, the whole scene gradually became such as we fancy dream-land to be. As the eye became less efficient in receiving distinct impressions, the imagination only became more active in glorifying each feature of that charming scenery. Since then we have often enjoyed the pleasure of looking upon it, and find that instead of losing any of its charms by familiarity it bears acquaintance, revealing new objects of interest at every review.

Though not very crooked, yet as you pass along its graceful windings, the prominent features of scenery are ever changing their relative positions, and thus a new picture is ever before you. Now, in the distance a beautiful mountain seems to lie direct across the river, while nearer jutting bluffs ard cone-shaped knobs, are relieved against the remote well-defined slopes. Now, a charming valley opens out to its banks, studded with farms, whilst the eye, looking up along it for many miles, sees it guarded on either side by mountains, often broken into various shapes, and forming smaller valleys, which communicate again with others, forming channels for small streams, all of which hurrying and laughing along, bear their tribute of waters into the noble Susquehanna.

The river abounds in islands, covered with trees; and on many of them you see farms, with their houses, barns, orchards, and gardens. These islands, curving to a point at either end, and swelling in the middle, sit with swan-like gracefulness in the waters, and often in groups of different sizes, beside and beyond each other. Round the edges you see those beautiful cone-like trees, which perhaps you have only seen repre-

sented in the paintings of the masters. If it should be your good fortune ever to enjoy the rare pleasure of beholding these paradisaic islands in the moon-light hour, being in the sentimental state, you would find yourself thinking of the one among many, and instinctively repeating the lines of Moore:

> How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
> To-night upon that leafy isle!
> Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
> I've wished that little isle had wings,
> And we, within its fairy bowers,
> Were wafted off to seas unknown,
> Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
> And we might live, love, die alone!
> Far from the cruel and the cold,—
> Where the bright eyes of angels only
> Should come around us, to behold
> A paradise so pure and lonely!
> Would this be world enough for thee?"

It would be worth your while to stop and visit one of these islands; especially one that is not inhabited. Here you find nature in its original condition, untouched by the hands of man, undisturbed by domestic animals. We lately enjoyed the pleasure of a visit to one of these islands. The difference between nature here and elsewhere is far beyond what we could have imagined, or can now describe.

> We enter into Nature's holy place,
> Her inner chamber, and behold her face
> Unveiled.

Irrepressed and unmolested the forms of nature here unfold their possibilities in the wildest profusion and the most unbounded freedom. You would not guess that there is any civilization near, were it not that in a bank of sediment, here and there deported by high water, you find radishes, turnips, a stray stack of corn, a pumpkin vine, and other garden vegetables and farm fruits, the seeds of which have come onthe waters. Then how hushed the scene! Only faintly from the distant shore come sounds familiar to an ear used to the busy world's peculiar noises. Even the song of birds and the chirp of insects, dissociated from all the accompaniments of civilized life, seem to afford to the ear a higher and an unusual harmony. Never shall the images left on memory by this visit be erased!

> Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
> The solitude of vast extent, untouched
> By hand of art, where Nature sowed herself,
> And reaped her crops; whose garment were the clouds,
> Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
> Whose organ choirs the voice of many waters;
> Whose banquet, morning dews."

The Susquehanna excels especially in is autumn scenery. Naturalists from foreign lands, traveling in America, have expressed themselves that in general the eastern slope of the Alleghenies, south to the Lehigh, Lebanon, Cumberland and Great Virginia Vallies, furnishes the finest Autumn scenery in the world. Lying on a southern slope to the sun, protected by the mountains on the north and west, and lying in a midway climate between the north and south, the foliage is neither frozen

nor burnt too early, but has time to come to its full ripe maturity through the soft shadowy autumn days. Thus it attains a peculiarly ripe richness. This being the advantage of this whole region in general, the Susquehanna valley has an additional advantage in its rich possession of all the natural elements of fine scenery. Here indeed are golden mountains, that lie in all shapes and forms of beauty and sublimity under the serene sky of an Indian Summer. First the yellow popular aspen, and Sycamore, and then the red fiery maple, gum, sumach, then the mingling of these or the more sober change of the general forest, till the golden glory spreads all over mountain, hill, slope and valley like a veil, the trai ngs of which are washed by the clear crystal waters of the "Beautiful River" Susquehanna. Then the gem-like islands, a little longer green, but gradually yielding to the power of change, melt into the conquering glory, and by their various vines and creepers, present even richer colors than those which line the shore, whilst the enameling of waters sets apart the "thing of beauty," seeming to say :

> Procul, O ! procul este profani,
> Conclamat vates, totoque absistite luco !

which, being interpreted, means, "Retire ! far from this place, ye profane ; and quit entirely this sacred grove !" Behold, also, as seen from the shore, how the enchantment of distance is over these lovely islands, while beneath, in the waters reflected, lies what might be a fairy world.

But why do we labor to describe adequately what neither poet's pen nor painter's pencil can approach. Much is yet unsaid, unsung, and unseen ; and even those most familiar with the Susquehanna in its mountain regions, have yet much to learn of its charming scenery. Its merits in this regard are however becoming more and more known ; but sure we are that, not only strangers, but Pennsylvanians, are not acquainted with it as they should be, and will become. In this, as in other respects, our staid German State moves slowly and moderately. We undervalue ourselves, and our rich resources of scenery. Our State has been appropriately called "a sleeping giant." We are ready to praise every thing that is not our own. It is an amiable virtue, but overdone, it becomes a vice. Self-respect has also a place in morals ; and we need to turn to that chapter and learn. Our Yankee cousins have praised their Hudson ; their story writers have drawn out myths and legends from its valleys, and their poets have spread the charms of song along its hills ; and we have stood looking at them and at that they praise, sing, and immortalize, with open mouths of wonder, whilst unreapt fields of honor to our state and pleasure to our hearts lie in glory before our doors !

It is a shame to us ! What, in general, do Pennsylvanians know of the Susquehanna, except that the State has built, and owned, and mismanaged a canal along its banks, about which demagogic politicians have fumed, and on which they have fattened, for years. We have listened, with ears thrown back, to the contentions of office seekers, as to who was best qualified to nibble at this public cheese ; and, in these patriotic stump philippics, we have heard that there is a Susquehanna river, and that there is—a canal along its course ! But what do we as a people, know of its æsthetic riches, its materials for poetry and painting, its Indian legends, and wonderful wealth of natural scenery, except what

we have been taught, by the foreign Poet Campbell, of the sights and scenes where lies

> On Susquehanna's side fair Wyoming;
> ——— The loveliest land of all
> That see the Atlantic wave the morn restore.

Happily a better day is coming, and this beautiful region of our State cannot long remain, as it has heitherto, a land unknown. The Northern Central Railway has fortunately been opened up through the greater part of it. We know of no route that can promise more pleasure to an observimg traveller. The road itself is well and substantially built, running along the bank of the river all the way, crossing it at four different places between Bridgeport opposite Harrisburg and Williamsport, over magnificent Bridges, and the whole is under the skillful management of its well-known and gentlemanly and talented General Superintendent, A. B. Warford, Esq., of Harrisburg. With a perfect sense of safety the traveler glides along, feeding the eye on as rich natural scenes of beauty and sublimity as the world can produce.

We care not if the moving motive in the construction of this road, has been to open a passage for travel and trade from Baltimore to the Lakes, and to tap the rich coal mines of the Susquehanna hills—we rejoice also, in this; but to us an object even higher has been attained by it. It will cultivate in many minds the love of the beautiful, have an important bearing on the public taste, and make thousands, hitherto in the dark in this respect, acquainted with what is the pride and glory of our State—our noble Susquehanna, and its unrivalled natural scenery.

IN LOVE HE CAME.

BY G.

In love he came and broke it off the stem—
That blooming, smiling, fragrant Rose! And now
No pois'nous breath shall waste its various hue;
No pelting storms shall toss it to and fro;
No summer's sun shall sear its tender leaf;
No ruthless hand shall dash it to the ground!
It blooms afresh in His own happy home,
To glad His eye—to enrich and beautify
The mansions of the bless'd. His own kind hand
Protects its joyous growth, whilst angels bright,
As one by one they fold their wings near by,
In wonder stand to admire the beauteous flower
Just plucked on Earth and brought to Paradise.

Bloom on! Bloom on! my fond, sweet, darling Rose!
The loveliest one that filled my heart with praise,
The sweetness shed on the pure air of Heaven,
The same forever and forever more.

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY THE EDITOR.

LI.—THE WALLET.

MELCHER with a well-filled wallet hung over his shoulder, was walking across the field, when Casimer associated himself with him. As they walked along Melcher was speaking all the while of nothing but the faults of others; but in regard to his own faults he was as still as a mouse.

Casimer listened to him for some time in silence, and then said: "It appears to me that you have pnt all the faults of others in that part of your wallet which hangs before you that you may have them ever before your eyes, in order to speak of them and censure them; but your own faults you have put in that part which lays behind you, so that you may not see them or be reminded of them. Turn the wallet round; that will be more profitable to you."

A wise man ever seeks to know
Wherein he sins and fails;
A fool o'er-looks his faults, and then
His neighbor's share assails.

LII.—THE SHEPHERD'S FLUTE.

A certain King had a treasurer whom he had called to this honorable position from the condition of an humble shepherd. Charges were laid against the treasurer, that he was unfaithful to his trust, and that he had concealed stolen funds and valuable articles in an arched room secured by an iron door.

The King visited his treasurer, viewed his palace, and at length came to an iron door which he requested the treasurer to open. This was done: and as the King entered he was not a little suprised to behold nothing but four bare walls, a plain table, and a mat of straw. On the table lay a shepherd's flute, besides a shepherd's crook, and a shepherd's bag. The window commanded a view of green meadows, and wooded hills.

The treasurer, addressing the King, said: "In my youth I watched sheep. You, O King, drew me to your court. Here in this room I have daily spent one hour, calling to mind my former humble condition, and repeating the hymns which in earlier days, whilst watching the sheep, I was wont to sing to the praise of my Maker. O, let me return again to my paternal fields and groves, where I was happier than I am at your court!

Hearing these words, the King was angry at the slanderers of his treasurer, embraced the noble man, and besought him still to continue in his service.

A heart content is better far
Than stores of gold and gain;
And losing this we seek for peace
In palaces in vain.

LIII.—THE GOLDEN FISH-HOOK.

A certain prince had a great fondness for fishing. A beautiful rod, with a silken line and a golden hook at the end, was presented to him.

Thus equipped the prince went out to the sea shore, cast in his hook, and immediately drew a small fish from the water. He cast in his hook a second time; a large pike caught it, broke the line, and carried away the hook.

Then the prince said; "For my golden hook I have now nothing but a miserable little fish. Bring me an iron fish-hook; for it is bad policy to risk much when but little is to be gained."

From that time forward it became a proverb, that of all expensive plays, and especially of lotteries, it holds true that:

The player plays with golden hook,
But with his skill and art,
He wins a disappointed look—
A sad and cheated heart.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

Look there! In that corpse you see the cold, dead body of one of the best and godliest mothers it was ever our privilege to know. She had a son; he was the stay of her widowhood—so kind, so affectionate, so loving. Some are taken away from "the evil to come;" laid in the lap of mother earth, safe beneath the grave's green sod, they hear not and heed not the storm that rages above. Such was not her happy fortune. She lived to see that son a disgrace, and all the promises of his youth blighted and gone; he was drawn into habits of intemperance. On her knees she pleaded with him; on her knees she prayed for him. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! She did not live to see him change; and with such thorns in her pillow, such daggers, planted by such a hand in her heart, she could not live; she sank under those griefs, and died of a broken heart. We told him so. With bitter, burning tears he owned it, charging himself with his mother's death—confessing himself a mother's murderer. Crushed with sorrow, and all alone, he went to see the body. Alone, beside that cold, dead, unreproaching mother, he knelt down and wept out his terrible remorse. After a while he arose. Unfortunately—how unfortunate that a spirit-bottle should have been left there!—his eye fell on the old temper. You have seen the iron approach the magnet. Call it spell—call it fascination—call it anything bad—demoniacal—but as the iron is drawn to the magnet, or as a fluttering bird fascinated by the burning eye and glittering skin of the serpent, walks into its envenomed, expanded jaws, so was he drawn to the bottle. Wondering at his delay, they entered the room; and the bed holds two bodies—a dead mother and her dead-drunk son —*Dr. Guthrie.*

APPLES OF GOLD—NO. XII.

BY ECLECTICUS.

ON BEAUTY.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with Beauty,—that it was a question which none but a blind man could ask; since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men that it is in no man's power who beholds it not to be pleased. The beauty and splendor of the objects around us, it is always to be observed, are not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly deem their usefulness. It is therefore to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and in this light, as a testimony of the divine Goodness, peculiarly affecting. Beauty is the mark which God sets on virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. When a noble act is done—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ, when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears, to break the line for his comrades: are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed?

Beauty is spread abroad through earth and sea and sky, and dwells on the face and form, and in the heart of man; and he will shrink from the thought of its being a thing which he or any one else could monopolize. He will deem that the highest and most blessed privilege of his genius is, that it enables him to cherish the widest and fullest sympathy with the hearts and thoughts of his brethren. There is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty, which immediately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency, giving the finish to anything that is great and uncommon. The first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties. Among the several kinds of beauty in natural objects, the eye takes most delight in colors—such as appear in the heavens at the rising and setting of the sun, and are made up of those different strains of light which show themselves in clouds of various positions. We nowhere meet with a more glorious spectacle. But however attractive the beauty of nature or the productions of art, it does not work upon the imagination with the same warmth and violence, as the beauty that appears in our proper species.

> "For sure of all that in this mortal frame,
> Contained is, nought more divine doth seem
> Or that resembles more the immortal flame
> Of heavenly light, than beauty's glorious beam.
> What wonder then, if with such rage extreme,
> Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
> At sight thereof so much enravish'd be."

Poets have tasked their genius and resorted to all that is brilliant, fair and sweet in nature for similitudes to express their admiration and rapture in contemplating female beauty. Thus Lee exclaims:

"O she is all perfection!
All that the blooming earth can send forth fair;
All that the gaudy Heavens can drop down glorious.
A lavish planet reign'd when she was born,
And made her of such kindred mould to Heav'n,
She seems more Heaven's than ours."

Otway sings:

"Angels were painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting peace."

And Thompson:

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
A native grace
Sat fair proportioned on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress: for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

And Shakspeare:

Oh she doeth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
Her lily hand, her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss:
Without the bed her other fair hand was
On the green coverlet: whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes like marigolds had sheath'd their light;
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Joanna Baillie, thus describes the influence of beauty:

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shows.

Yet poets are not always carried off their feet by the charm of beauty: but moderate their raptures by an infusion of reason. Listen to Ben Jonson:

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

And Shakspeare :

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good lost, is seld or never found,
As fading gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress;
So beauty blemish'd once, forever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains, or cost.

It is a remark of St. Pierre, that every trait of beauty may be referred to some virtue, as to innocence, candor, generosity, modesty or heroism; and beauty unaccompanied by virtue is as a flower without perfume.

Virtue indeed is like a precious stone, best plainly set, yet surely virtue shows best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features, and that has rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect. It is seldom seen that very beautiful persons are of great virtue; as if nature were rather busy not to err, than labored to produce entire excellence. Such persons, therefore prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study behavior rather than virtue. But this holds not always; for Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Titus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward the Fourth of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael the sophy of Persia, were all high and great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In analyzing beauty it will be found that the effect of favor or expression is superior to that of color, and of decent and graceful motion is more than that of favor even; indeed the best part of beauty, is that which a picture cannot portray, nor the first sight of the life disclose. There is no excellent beauty, that has not some strangeness in the proportions. And upon this point, it were hard to tell whether Apelles or Albert Duret was the greater trifler; one of whom, undertook to draw a personage by geometrical exactness; the other by selecting the best features from divers faces, to make one of surpassing excellence. Such portraits, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them. Not but I grant a painter may make a better face than ever was seen; but he must do it by a kind of felicity—by snatching a grace beyond the reach of art—like a musician that produces by a sort of inspiration an exquisite air in music. A man shall occasionally see faces, of which if you examine the features separately, you will not find one good, and yet altogether they are comely. If it be true, that the principal charm of beauty is in decent motion, it is no wonder that persons in years seem many times more lovely and amiable than those who are younger; *Pulchrorun autumnus pulcher;* the autumn of the beautiful, is beautiful: for it must be observed, that no youth can be comely but by allowance, and considering the youth as making up the comeliness.

Beauty is like summer fruits which easily corrupt and cannot last; and, generally, it makes a dissolute youth and an old age somewhat out of countenance; but, on the other hand, if it light well, it causes virtue to shine and puts vice to the blush.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours,
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All in the village lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh;
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall—
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

"Mountain, valley, brook and river
Bless the rain;
And the dancing leaflets quiver
With the rain;
Save the sparkling, crystal drop
In the silver lily's cup,
How the arid earth drinks up
All the rain!
Merrily singing as it yields
Blessings to the thirsty fields;
What a lordly power it wields
As it falls!"

A BLIND MAN'S REPROOF.

BY THE EDITOR.

As we were riding in the cars one day, a blind man entered at a way-station. Seeing by the manner in which he was feeling his way along the aisle of the car that he was probably blind, a gentleman asked him whether he desired a seat, and receiving and affirmative answer, he was kindly guided to a vacant seat. He was a young man of about twenty years of age, with a placid countenance, and cleanly, though not richly clad.

Scarcely had he been seated when a man opposite him in the car who who you would at once suspect even from his looks and airs, of having more physical force than intellectual or moral polish in his composition, bawled out—for the word bawled is not to strong—"Are you blind?"

"Yes sir," answered the young man meekly.

"Would you like to see?" said the questioner, with a waggering and boisterous manner.

"I can't say that I have much of a desire to see," said the blind man.

"That's right—you are better off so—you'll get to heaven sure!"

"I do not know that I have any better chance than anybody else," replied the young man.

"Yes, you have"—said our bold hero.

"How so?" modestly asked the blind man.

"Because you can't see—you can't do anything wrong, because you can't see how to do it—you'll get to heaven, sure."

All this was said in such a light, frivolous, and game-making tone, that the young man, evidently discovering that it was not even a gentleman, much less a christian, that he was speaking to, turned away, merely remarking in a subdued tone: "I think there are many ways in which a man can commit sin without being able to see."

If it was the intention of the one who thus questioned the blind man to show his bad breeding, he succeeded most admirably; for, from their looks, we judged that there were none who heard it, that were not disgusted. If it was his design to make sport of a deeply afflicted fellow being, he was thwarted beautifully by the meekness and good behavior of the blind man. If he intended to suggest an unsound principle, namely, that there is a merit in blindness that insures heaven, he received a most cutting reproof. Seldom have we seen a man so completely baffled; and he showed by his self-abased look afterward, that he thought less of himself after the conversation than he did before it.

The cars rolled on!—and we could not refain from saying to ourself, what a difference between these two men. The one is a healthy, hearty, robust man, in possession of all his faculties of mind, and organs of body, but to what a miserable use has he been putting his gifts and mercies. The other deeply afflicted—blind, and lonely—but he is evidently in possession of a christian spirit, and as a man, in the sight of God and

man, far in advance of him who thus insulted his infirmity. What a day will that be, when it will be seen that abused mercies rise up to condemn some, while through affliction's will well others have found the life that is forever free from ills!

A BOY'S TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

In January last an intelligent-looking man called at the office of the House of Industry, Five Points, New York, and told a tale of suffering. I accompanied him to his residence in L. street. We passed up one flight of stairs, then another and another, till we reached the garret-floor. He pushed open a door, and as we entered the room said: "This is my home." Home! What mockery to call such a place as that home! Here was a room not more than eight or ten feet square, without a stove, without furniture, and even without a bed, if we except some straw picked up at the stables, and one or two old comforters not worth pawning; and yet this was all the home the poor man had! Yet it *was* home, for it was the stopping-place of those he loved.

When I looked around the room and saw its desolation, I inquired if he had no stove. "I sold it," he said. "I have sold everything—everything! I was always in hopes of getting employment, and while I had anything that I could sell, I could not bear to think of begging. My hopes are almost gone now; but I do not care about myself. If the children were provided for, then I should feel easy."

"Why are they in bed at this time of day?" I asked, as I saw two fine children, a boy and girl, huddled together in the apology for a bed before mentioned; "they do not look ill."

"No, thank God, they are not sick; but they have no clothes, so they are in bed to keep warm."

"No clothes! no clothes at all?" said I. "How came they in such a state?"

"I said I sold everything; yes, I sold *everything*, even to the children's clothes. You may think it strange that I have done so, but we have seen hard times, hard times, sir. All I have now to say, is this: Take these poor children from this miserable place, and do for them as you are doing for other children. It is hard—very hard, to part with my little ones; but it would be harder to see them carried off to Potter's field. Yes, take them, and the Lord bless you."

I told him to come to the House for some clothes for the children, as we could not take them out in the condition they were then in. He preferred to wait till evening, as he did not wish to have his neighbors know of his great distress. At evening he came and obtained clothing for the children, and in a few minutes returned, bringing them with him.

This was our introduction to Willie Brown and his sister. The father gave us the privilege of sending them to good homes, away from the evil influence of the city. A few weeks since the little girl was sent to live with a kind family in Illinois.

Some ten days ago, our little boy, while assisting to carry in the coal from the sidewalk, accidentally dropped the basketful, and it struck his ankle, and subsequently it was discovered that he had received a sprain. Two or three days after he complained of lameness, and took to his bed. He was carefully and constantly attended both by Mr. Turner and others and his little boy bed-fellow. A few days before he was sent to the Hospital, one of the servant women met him in the hall, and seeing the evidences of suffering in his face, endeavored to cheer him with anticipations of speedy relief from the pain. "It won't be long," said he, "for I am going home." Where did he receive the impression?

With tearful eyes and many an affectionate kiss, he bade adieu to the Superintendent, nurse, and companions, and was conveyed with all tenderness to the Hospital. During his brief but painful illness there he was visited by his friend Mr. T. and the Superintendent. It was very touching to hear that little sufferer wish for the permission to die and go home.

"Why, Brownie," said Mr. T., "why do you wish to die?"

"Because I shall go to heaven," he replied.

"What reason have you for thinking that you will go to heaven?"

"Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of heaven," he replied, repeating the whole verse. "He loved me on earth, and he loves me now."

There came a paroxysm of pain, and Mr. T. said no more to him at the time.

Said his friend to me subsequently, "I have doubted the benefit of repeating these simple passages of Scripture over and over so often as we do in the House, but when I heard the little fellow quote them with so much satisfaction, I could not doubt any more." No; and no christian would, if he could see child after child receive them in childish *faith in the truthfulness of the speaker*, and as it were pillow their dying heads upon them, and die rejoicing that they were going to see Jesus.

I said to the child on one occasion, "Willie, my dear boy, you are very sick, I know, but now in your pain and languishing who seems to be your best friend?"

"God."

"Do you feel that God loves you, and that you love him?"

"Yes, sir."

At another time I said, "Do you wish for anything, my dear boy?"

"I want to die."

I was surprised at such an answer from so young a child, and said, "But you are a very little boy—why, my child, do you wish to die?"

"Because then *I shall not sin any more!*" he replied, clearly and promptly. Had not the little lamb been taught by the Good Shepherd?

After a while, I said, "Willie, the children are all anxious for you. They pray to God to take care of you. We all do. Have you any message to send to them?"

He looked at me, and said, "I want to go the prayer-meeting."

This was the last I saw of our poor but happy boy. No parent or brother stood by his dying bed, to soothe his pains or speak a word of kindness. But, literally, "his father and mother had forsaken him, but

the Lord had taken him up," and stood over beside his dying couch, and his last moments were free from pain, and his gentle spirit fled away to be at rest in the bosom of that Saviour who "loved him when on earth and loves him now." He, like his sister, has "a good home," only inexpressibly more glorious.

It may be well to say that, on Saturday evening, when the news came that there was no hope of his living until morning, our family of children were deeply and tenderly affected, and that night each little head was bowed by the bedside in prayer for the gentle sufferer.

Christians, everywhere, *Remember the children!* poor or rich. Store away in their minds and memories line upon line, precept upon precept, from God's holy Word, for you know not what a harvest may be reaped from so good a seed, to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

THE PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER.

THE man who, from his prayerless awaking, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and, though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbor is wiser who sets in order before the march begins. Most persons when at first spiritually enlightened, are in the case of the blind man at Bethsaida when his sight was half restored—he saw men like trees walking. He had no clear perceptions, no definite ideas. But—another touch of the same miraculous finger!—he looked again, and the men walked, and trees stood still, and the boats gleamed over Genesaret, and Bethsaida smiled back to the summer sky. In the outset of a spiritual earnestness it is not the warm and radiant Gospel which glads the exploring vision, but a cold and hazy version of it. It is not a Gospel over which the love of God sheds its flood of endearment, but a Gospel in a mist, a Gospel of conflicting attributes, a Gospel of dim love, and doubtful kindness. And it is not till a power from on high imparts clearer perceptions and intenser vision that, like the joyful scenes which rushed on the fully opened eyes of the Bethsaidan, the scheme of mercy stands out in assuring distinctness, and then melts in upon the soul in its genial beauty and overwhelming glories. Now, my friends, if any of you are in this case—if you have for some time wished a clear theology and a soul-satisfying religion, this is the way to get it. You have, perhaps, sought it in books and in sermons. Perhaps you have sought it in the Bible, and in close thinking, and have not found it. Seek it "from above"—seek it in prayer. Don't shut the Bible and forsake the sanctuary—don't fling away the book, or cease to reflect and meditate; but seek the wisdom from on high. It is not plainer preaching—certainly it is not a clearer Bible, that you need; but it is a clearer eyesight, a power of sharper discernment, and a more perspicacious insight in yourself. This "opening of your eyes," this exaltation of your faculties, God alone can give; but he will give it. You lack wisdom? Ask

it of God. With your reading, hearing, meditation, mingle prayer; and in the brightening of your views, and the strengthening of your faith, you will find that God is sending out his light and truth, and by the illumination of his own spirit, is making you wiser than all your teachers.

FASHIONS FOR SUNDAY.

A POOR widow with several children, who supported her family with her needle, unable to afford the style of dressing to which she had formerly been accustomed, and which was common among church-goers, staid away from the house of God. Another widow has recently assigned a similar reason for never going to church. And an entire family of six persons—respectable people—live near the writer, who absent themselves from the sanctuary because, in the depth of their poverty, they have to dress in the cheapest attire.

Probably every one who is at all acquainted with the annals of the poor, knows of instances of the same kind. The feeling of aversion to appearing at church in their cheapest garb, is especially strong in those "who have seen better times." It is readily granted that the feeling is a wrong one; but it does exist, and it does keep many persons, especially women and children, from the house of God. Now, what is the best way of removing the difficulty which keeps, perhaps, several thousands of persons in our country from attending church, though they live quite near enough to go? In a few instances, the hand of benevolence might give the clothing desired, but to many, such a gift would be offensive. The best way of meeting the difficulty is that adopted in one of the cities south of us. The fashion of dressing very plainly for the sanctuary is being introduced. Some of the ladies "of the first circles" go up to worship dressed in plain calico. How appropriate such a style as this (which the poor and the rich alike can adopt) for the house of God, before whom all classes are on a level! How much better suited to the sanctuary, where we go to confess that we are spiritually poor and needy, than the richer attire which is so often but the exhibition of pride and vanity. How much more delicately and truly do we express a brotherly and sisterly feeling for God's poor, by adopting the style which poverty compels them to adopt, than by sweeping by them in costly plumes and flashing silks to our pews.

Should this plain, cheap style of dressing for the Sabbath become general, it will be comparatively easy for the poor to provide themselves with Sabbath clothing, without making them the recipients of charity. And if those in easier circumstances should give to the treasury of the Lord the difference between their present wardrobe expenses and what their expenses would be on the plan suggested, a large army of missionaries might be sustained from the funds thus saved. We recommend the whole subject to the *prayerful attention* of Christian ladies.—*English paper.*

MOUNT OLIVET.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE Mount of Olives stands just without Jerusalem, over the little stream of Kedron. Its height and magnitude would not entitle it to the name of mountain as we use the word; but being called such in the Bible, it belongs among the "Sacred Mountains." In *moral* grandeur it towers above all the preceding summits that rise along the horizon of history.

It is difficult to recall any scene vividly that has been so often described and so long familiar to us as that which transpired on the Mount of Olives. The mind is prepared for every event in it, and hence cannot be taken by surprise or held in suspense. But there *are* moments when the heart forgets all that it has ever heard, and seems for the first time to witness that night of suffering. The indifference which long familiarity has produced, disappears before rising emotion, and that lonely hill-top—that midnight prayer—that piercing agony, with its bloody testimonial, and the rude shock of Roman soldiers, all, all swim before the swimming eye, with the freshness of first sight, till the heart thrills and throbs at the solemn spectacle.

But morally grand and moving as that scene was, it caused but little talk in Jerusalem. The streets of the proud city were filled with careless promenaders—parties of pleasure were assembled—dissipation and revelry were on every side; and the quiet of the staid citizen's home was not interrupted by the tragedy Mount Olivet was to witness. Everything moved on in its accustomed way, when, in an obscure street, in the upper chamber of an inferior dwelling, a group of coarse-clad men sat down to a table spread with the plainest fare. The rattling of carriages and the hum of the mighty city were unheeded by them, and you could see by their countenances that some calamity was impending over their heads. Few words were spoken, and those few were uttered in a subdued and saddened tone, that always bespeaks grief at the heart. At the head of the table sat one whose noble countenance proclaimed him chief there. He had won the love of those simple-hearted men, and now they sat grouped around him, expecting some sad news; but oh, they were unprepared for the startling declaration that fell from those lips: "*This night one of you shall betray me.*" "*Is it I?*" "*Is it I?*" ran from lip to lip in breathless consternation. At length all eyes centred on Judas, and he rose and went away.

I will not speak of the conversation that followed; but amid words that thrilled every heart, was heard such language as "*This is my blood, shed for many;*" and as the bread crumbled beneath his fingers, "*This is my body;*"—strange language, and awakening strange sensations in the bewildered listeners; and a mournful sadness rested on every face, as through the silent chamber rung those tones of tenderness.

Gradually the great city sunk to rest, the noise of wheels grew less and less, and only now and then a solitary carriage went rumbling by.

It was midnight, and from that solitary chamber arose the voice of singing. The victim at the altar—the sufferer by the wheel, struck up a hymn at the moment of sacrifice. Was there ever before a hymn sung under such circumstances?

Through the darkened streets those twelve forms are slowly passing toward the walls of the city, cared for and noticed only by the police, whom the betrayer has put upon the track. Kedron is passed, and they reach the garden of Gethsemane. "Sit you here," says Jesus, "while I go and pray yonder," and taking with him only Peter and James and John, he ascended the slope of Olivet. As they paused on the solitary summit, the human heart threw off the restraint it had put on its feelings, and burst forth in tones of indescribable mournfulness, "*My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; stay here and watch with me.*" Every prop seemed falling beside him, and in the deepening gloom and dread that surrounded him, he reached out for sympathy and aid. Then, as if recollecting himself and the task before him, he broke away even from those three remaining friends, and they saw with speechless grief and amazement his form disappear in the darkness.

Jerusalem is sunk in slumber and security, and nought but the tread of the watchman is heard along the streets. The disciples in the garden of Gethsemane are quietly sleeping below, and all is still and solemn, as night ever is when left alone; and the large luminous stars are shining down in their wonted beauty. Kedron goes murmuring by as if singing in its dreams, and the olive trees rustle to the passing breeze as if their leaves were but half stirred from their slumbers. It is night, most quiet night, with all its accompaniments of beauty and of loveliness.

But hark, from the summit of Mount Olivet rises a low and plaintive moan; and there, stretched on the dewy grass, his face to the earth, are seen the dim outlines of a human form. All is still around, save that moan which rises in a deep, perpetual monotone, like the last cry of helpless suffering. But listen again; a prayer is ascending to heaven; and what a prayer, and in what tones it is uttered! Such accents never before rung on the ear of God or man: "*Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.*" It is still again, and Nature herself seems to gasp for breath; and lo, there arises another voice, in tones of resignation sweeter than angels use: *Father, not my will but thine be done.*" Oh, what inexpressible tenderness is poured in that word "*Father*"—the very passion and soul of love is breathed forth in it. Wearied and worn, that tottering form slowly rises and moves through the gloom toward where the three friends are sleeping—going in its humanity after sympathy. The pressure is too great—the sorrow and despair too deep, and the human heart reaches out imploringly for help. "*What, could you not watch with me one hour?*" falls on their slumberous ears, and the lonely sufferer turns again to his solitude and his wo. Prone on the earth he again casts himself, and the wave comes back with a heavier flow. Bursting sighs and groans, that rend the heart again startle the midnight air, and down those pale cheeks the blood is trickling, and the dewy grass turns red, as if a wounded man were weltering there. The life-stream is flowing from the crushed heart, as it trembles and wrestles in the grasp of its mighty agony. Wo and darkness, and horror inconceivable, indescribable, gather in fearful companionship around that

prostrate form, but still the prayer goes up, and still the voice of resignation hovers amid the tumult like the breath of God over a world in chaos—ruling the wild scene.

Oh, is this the form that a few days ago stood on this same height and looked off on Jerusalem sleeping below, while the sunlight around, and the fragrant breezes loaded with the scent of the pomegranate and vine, visited in kindness his brow, and the garden smiled up in his face from beneath, and garments were strewed before him, and branches of palm waved around him, and "HOSANNA TO THE HIGHEST!" shook the hill? Alas, what a change has passed over him! No hosannas greet his ear, but deep within his soul are voices of terror and dismay, striving, but in vain, to shake his constancy or darken his faith.

Christ arose from the earth he had moistened with his blood, and stood beneath the stars, that still shone on as tranquilly as if all unconscious of the scene that had transpired in their light. Kedron still murmured by, and the night air stirred the leaves as gently as ever. All was sweet and tranquil, when torches were seen dancing to and fro along the slopes of the hill, and the heavy tread of approaching feet was heard, and rough voices broke the holy quiet of nature; and soon Roman helmets flashed through the gloom, and swords glittered in the torch-light, and a band of soldiers drew up before the "man of sorrows." "*Whom seek ye?*" fell in lanquid and quiet accents on their ears. Jesus of Nazareth," was the short and stern reply. "*I am he,*" answered them, but in tones that had more of God than man in them, for swords and torches sunk to the earth at their utterance, and those mailed warriors staggered back and fell like dead men. It was not the haggard and blood-streaked face over which the torches shed their sudden glare, that unnerved them so; for they were used to scenes of violence and of murder—it was the God speaking from the man.

"But so it must be, that the Scriptures may be fulfilled:" and the betrayer and his accomplices take up their fallen weapons, and freed from the sudden awe that over whelmed them, close threateningly around their unresisting victim. With their prisoner they clatter down the declivity of Olivet, cross Kedron, and soon their heavy tread resounds along the streets of Jerusalem as they hurry on to the house of the high priest. Why speak of the painful desertion of his followers, sufficient of itself to break a noble heart—of the rude treatment of the brutal officers that guarded him, or of the mockery of a trial, destitute even of the forms of justice! Why speak of Peter's treachery, rebuked only by a sorrowful look; or of all or any of the shameful proceedings that made this last most terrible night of the Son of God a fit prelude to the crowning act of human wickedness!

The night wanes away—the morning, the last dreadful morning approaches, and the scenes of mount Olivet are to disappear before the fearful tragedy of Mount Calvary.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom;
  I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground,
  That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
  And few were left to know,
Who played with us upon that green
  Just twenty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom,
  Barefooted boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then,
  With spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
  Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place,
  Some twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered some;
  The benches are replaced,
By new ones, very like the same
  Our jack-knives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
  The bell swings to and fro—
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
  'Twas twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
  Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low: 'twas once so high
  That we could scarcely reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink,
  Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
  Since twenty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
  You know I cut your name—
Your sweethearts' just beneath it, Tom,
  And you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark—
  'Twas dying sure but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut
  Some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
  But tears come in my eyes:
I thought of her I loved so well,
  Those early broken ties.
I visited the old church-yard,
  And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
  Just twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid,
  Some sleep beneath the sea;
But none are left of our old class,
  Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, dear Tom,
  And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
  Some twenty years ago.

INFANT SALVATION.

BY REV. J. H. A. BOMBERGER, D.D.

AMONG the many Scriptures bearing directly upon this subject, the first place must undoubtedly be assigned to the incident recorded in the Gospel of St. Matthew, xix: 13–15, and in the parallel passages of the Gospels of St. Mark, x: 13–16, and of St. Luke, xviii: 15–17. "Then were there brought unto Him little children," (St. Mark calls them "young children," St. Luke calls them "infants,") "that he should put His hands upon them" (St. Mark and St. Luke say "touch them") "and pray: and the disciples rebuked them," (St. Mark adds, "that brought them.") "But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands upon them, and departed thence." St. Mark in his more graphic style, informs us, that when Jesus saw that His disciples rebuked those who carried or led the children, He was much displeased at it. And in full harmony with the other two Gospels, St. Luke completes the account by adding what is most natural in the circumstances: "But Jesus *called* them unto Him." How strongly the disciples' *rebuke*, and the Redeemer's *call*, are thus contrasted with each other!

Familiar as this Gospel for little children is, and frequently as it may be quoted and dwelt upon, there is certainly reason for fearing that very many persons fail to apprehend the length and breadth of the love and grace which it guarantees to infants. Here, evidently, the law of the kingdom, in regard to children, is laid down in the most explicit terms, and confirmed by a most significant act. In one brief, comprehensive sentence, our Lord issues a commandment binding upon His Church for all subsequent ages, and extends an invitation of mercy to infants and young children of all future generations. He does not say, "Suffer *these* children to come unto Me;" but, in the most general terms which language affords: "Suffer children." There can be no serious dispute that the command was designed to have universal force.

Some persons may, indeed, say, that these infants were the children of Jewish parents, and, therefore, included already in the covenant of mercy, by circumcision. Hence it may be argued that our Lord's declaration applies only to children of this class. But this is a gratuitous assumption. It is not only unnecessary, but unwarranted by the circumstances, to suppose this. If the place where this incident occurred is considered, it will seem altogether more probable that the Saviour was then surrounded by a promiscuous multitude, composed of Jews and others. He was spending the winter months preceding the time of His crucifixion in the region of the Jordan, beyond Jericho. And it was in the midst of His last public instructions, delivered to the crowds which there gathered around Him in daily increasing numbers, that these children were brought to him, and an opportunity was had, by His own divine ordering of events, for proclaiming this law, and performing the symbolical act by which he sealed its perpetually binding force.

Why, then, should we intrude an unnatural supposition here, in order to limit that which the Master was pleased to make general? He has opened wide the gates of the kingdom for the free admission of little children; by what right do any close those gates against all but such as may bear, what they may regard as an indispensable mark of qualification? He extended His gracious arms to take up all that were brought to Him, and blessed them all, without exception. How can we justify ourselves for attempting to lay hold upon those arms, and exclude from their redeeming embrace, such as to our bigoted Phariseeism, may seem unworthy of that mercy? Assuredly if we err, we had better err on the side of charity, than advocate such unlovely exclusiveness as this. And any uncertainty which may hang over the actual parentage, or social position of the children involved in the present instance, may safely be plead in favor of a doctrine, otherwise so consonant with the Lord's gracious words concerning them, and His divine benediction pronounced upon them.

As to the real import of those words, and the significancy of the imposition of the Redeemer's hands, accompanied with the solemn benediction, I confess myself constrained to go with those who attach to His words their widest and strongest sense, and to His act some real spiritual efficacy. If the declaration, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me," means anything consistent with the sound and sense of the words employed, it must teach that the salvation which Jesus Christ came to accomplish, was designed to be available for children as well as for adults. The law He here lays down must be allowed to operate as freely as the invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And the phrase "Come unto me," employed in both cases, means substantially the same thing. The little children were not merely to be permitted to get externally nigh unto the Saviour's person, or corporally into His arms. Their outward drawing near to Him was indeed a great privilege; and His embracing of them and placing His hands in benediction on their heads, was an unspeakably great blessing. But what was visible and corporeal, was but the symbol and the pledge of deeper and invisible spiritual operations.

It was not simply because our Lord "had a tender love for children, and well knew that a proper notice of these might turn to some valuable account," that He said to His disciples: "Let the little children alone, and do not now, or any other *convenient* time, hinder them from coming to me." It was not merely, or mainly, because "He would no longer be detained from showing His affectionate regard unto these little children," that He called them unto Him. Such paraphrases of Holy Writ, even though issuing from the pen of commentators as pious and devout as Doddridge, or as othodox and learned as some who have succeeded to his labors without improving upon his views, must sound most flat when compared with the celestial tone of the Saviour's words, and seem most insipid beside the invigorating wine of the original. One can hardly forbear pronouncing them perversions rather than paraphrases. They put our Redeemer upon the low level of a merely human sentimentalist. Prompted, indeed, by the consideration that a "proper notice of these children might turn to some valuable account!" Moved,

indeed, by "a tender love" for children! Such conceits might hardly be excused, had He not expressly told us what prompted Him, and plainly declared why He took them up in His divine arms. But with His own words and acts to guide us in the interpretation of what was said and done, attenuating and enervating paraphrases like these are not to be endured.

Nor does the explanation frequently given, of the Saviour's taking up of these children into His arms, and laying His hands upon them, rise above the level of the paraphrase just animadverted upon. Substantially the act is described as amounting simply to "a tender embracing of these infants with a holy complacency and love." They say that, "as a further token of the overflowing kindness and benevolence of His heart towards them," He laid his hands upon them and blessed them, "recommending them in a solemn manner to the Divine blessing and favor; which, accordingly descended upon them, to strengthen their constitutions and to sanctify their hearts." Now, however dimly or indefinitely any of us may apprehend the true import and force of the Saviour's treatment of these children, this solution of its meaning must seem utterly unsatisfactory. It leaves something unexplained, unnoticed even, which every believing heart is convinced must have been involved in the transaction, and is of essential moment. We cannot rest content with regarding our Saviour as acting, in this case, in his human capacity alone, or suppose that He did nothing more than any other godly, kind-hearted man, having a tender regard for children, and knowing, moreover, how well it is sometimes to please parents by noticing them, would have done, under the circumstances. Nay, our common Christian sense actually revolts from so low and superficial a view of the case. That embrace and benediction cannot be thus paraphrased for us, into an act and utterance of mere human tenderness and love.

Rightly apprehended, then, the invitation of our Lord, calling the infants to Him, involved a true spiritual approach to Him, in His mediatorial character. In the invitation to the weary and the heavy laden, this sense of the phrase, "Come unto me," is admitted without dispute. So in the declaration, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Whatever, therefore, might have been the thought or expectation of the parents or friends who brought the children to Jesus Christ, however little they might have hoped for anything beyond what was merely temporal and natural, we may feel assured that our Lord himself contemplated much more than this. His words of invitation reveal Him as standing with an open heart, ready to receive them into His inmost and saving love. They assure us that there is nothing in the natural constitution of infants, which stands as an insurmountable obstacle to His saving grace; that they are clogged with no such intellectual incapacity; with no such disabilities of affection; with no such impotency to perform moral acts supposed to be the indispensable conditions to personal salvation, as effectually and hopelessly shut them out of His redeeming mercy, for the time being. Infants though they be, requiring parental arms to bear them, they can as effectually and savingly come to Christ as adults, and by an easier approach. Infants though they be, their souls, with all their living powers, may be as truly and livingly united to the Lord Jesus Christ as the souls of their parents who re-

pented and believed on Him. Therefore, He says: "Suffer them," these infant immortals, soul and body, (not with their bodies only,) these that, like yourselves, are lost sheep, and therefore equally need the help of Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost,"—suffer them to come to me, the Redeemer of their souls; I am willing to receive them. They are every way as really qualified to be subjects of my renewing and saving grace, as any of you. Their inability to know my doctrine, is no bar to my mercy. Their inability now to confess me with their lips, need not defer their salvation. Their inability to lay hold of me with their personal love and faith, need be no hindrance to the power of my grace. By my providence, they have, through their natural birth, become the involuntary and unconscious subjects of the law of sin and death. By my grace, they are made the involuntary participants of the blessings of redemption, which I came to accomplish. Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound. I have power to save them. They need my salvation. I do save them. Suffer them to come to Me, forbid them not. I lay my hands upon them. Their sin is pardoned. Their nature is renewed in mine image. My blood blots out their guilt. Let them receive my Spirit and depart in peace.

Such, though but feebly and coldly set forth, I take to be something like the import of this part of the incident now under consideration. Does any one ask, whether I suppose that some special efficacy was connected with the imposition of the Redeemer's hands upon those infants? I answer unhesitatingly, that I do. And the efficacy connected therewith, I believe, was not merely of a moral or prospective sort. That is, the imposition of Jesus' hands upon their heads, benefited them, not only by the influence which the act might have upon their parents, not only by the subsequent moral effect it would have on these children themselves, when they should be old enough to be told, and appreciate the mark of distinction bestowed upon them. Before, and above all this, the case requires us to believe that grace, confirming, sealing, sanctifying grace, streamed from the divine hands of Jesus into the souls of these little children, as really as the life of the vine transfuses itself through the smallest and tenderest shoots, or as the light of the sun illumines the eye of the youngest infant; or as the quickening breath of God pervades and animates every frail limb and delicate nerve of that infant's physical frame.

What our Saviour did, in this case, was no vain or empty ceremony. We cannot suppose that He would encourage, on such an occasion, what must have been a pernicious error, or foster a stupid and hurtful superstition on the part of the multitude, had the laying on of His hands been a mere matter of inefficacious formality. The parents brought the children to Christ that he might touch them. They believed that there was some supernatural virtue in that touch. Had they not seen dreadful bodily and mental diseases cured by it? Why then should not that root of all maladies, inherited sin, be thus removed? Now, either this thought of their's was based in truth, or it was a sheer superstition. Its truth is corroborated by the Lord's compliance with their request. He is willing to confirm their belief in the efficacy of the laying on of His hands. They are not rebuked for cherishing a superstition, but commended, rather, for their tender parental anxiety, to secure for their

little ones every attainable blessing. The conclusion, therefore is unavoidable, that some real grace was imparted to these children by the Saviour's act. But what else should be the nature and operation of this grace, than that above suggested? By the imposition of hands, therefore, the Redeemer solemnly sealed and confirmed to those children, the blessings of salvation, which He had mercifully provided for them. It made their salvation a part of their life. It completed their living union as branches, with Him as the living vine. And spiritual energies, corresponding with this sense of the transaction, passed over from Him as their Redeemer, to them as His redeemed ones.

That is a natural and altogether sufferable curiosity, which has sometimes sought to trace out the probable future history of such of these children, whom Jesus blessed, as may have attained to maturity. Did they grow up to be worthy of the grace bestowed upon them? Did their future piety and zeal adorn the Church of the Redeemer whose hands of mercy were thus laid on their heads? The inquiry was started and circulated already in the earliest ages of the Church. It would of course not be easy, even then, to ascertain facts in the case. For us the difficulty must be immeasurably greater. And yet a tradition, entitled to some confidence, does report that the celebrated Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who sealed his profession of faith in Christ, with his triumphant martyrdom at Rome, was one of these infants. And why should we not hope to see them all in heaven, if by divine grace impartted to us from the atoning hands of this same Redeemer, we reach that blissful abode ourselves? Why not expect to hear from their own lips their testimony to the efficacy of the act of saving love, by which the atoning Lamb of these perishing lambs, sealed their title to the inheritance above? They received such an ordination to life, as even the Apostles did not receive to their sacred office. For we do not read that when the Lord called them to the Apostleship, He laid His hands upon them, as He did upon his heads of these favored infants.

READING ALOUD.

There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. An indistinct utterance, whines, nasal twangs, gutteral notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday-school, gives the style in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs, with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the most valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if anything is to be read it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another chokes, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way he said Watts' hymns when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad-wheel wagon; another has a way of reading, which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listented to.

A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.

THE Principal of Mt. Washington Female College is in the habit of addressing a letter to his Pupils whilst they are at home during vacation. An excellent idea. The last one of these letters has come into our hands, and as its contents are so well adapted to the circumstances of our young readers, we cannot refrain from publishing it. We have several times favorably noticed this Female College in connection with its catalogue; the reading of this letter has convinced us still more firmly that parents may with great comfort place their daughters in an institution where they are watched over with such truly christian solicitude. ED. GUARDIAN.

MY DEAR PUPILS: Somehow or other, since your departure from these quiet shades, my thoughts have been, all the while, running back to my own early life, and suggesting many lessons of practical wisdom, which, I trust, will prove useful to you, as I am sure they would have proved to me, had some kind instructor pressed them earnestly upon my attention. Although I am myself yet comparatively young, I have lived long enough to learn the utter vanity of much that absorbs the interest and engages the energies of the great mass of mankind; and have witnessed eventful scenes enough in the great drama of life, to be thoroughly convinced, that there is neither substantial prosperity nor safety, in the maxims of that wisdom which rules the world. If human life be any thing more than the "empty fabric of a vision," then it must vindicate for itself the solemnity of an experiment whose issues are to reach into that eternal future which lies before us; and in this view, it is evident at first glance, that no thought, or feeling, or word, or deed, as these, each and every one, enter into, and give hue and color to the texture of our existence, can be without value and importance.

There are comparatively few young persons, who, during the period of school life, seem to have any proper apprehension of the relation which this sustains to their subsequent history. For the most part, those who permit themselves to think of it at all, are self-deluded with the idea, that somewhere or somehow, in the future, there will be a sudden, abrupt passage from girlhood to mature womanly character, of such a nature, as to involve a new beginning in the history of their earthly career. In these beautiful visions which dance so bewitchingly before their eyes, they recognize no trace of their early history—no stains or deficiencies, as the results of misspent time and abused opportunities. In short, *their* future is not the natural and necessary product of what has gone before—something coming logically from their doings or misdoings, but rather a pure ideal creation, which is destined to find no realization in their actual life. And, as a consequence of this wrong thinking, or, as in many cases, of not thinking at all, they evade the responsibilities of the present, and care but little how far they fall short in the doing of their duty. The "sowing of wild oats," as the common phrase runs, has thus come to be regarded as a very pardonable thing, and not likely to be followed by any very serious consequences hereafter. The mistake, against which I desire to place you on your guard, is a very sad one—

often a fatal one—and you will do well and wisely to ponder, frequently, upon the lesson I have endeavored so earnestly to impress upon your minds, that our life is a continuous process, in which the future is constantly evolving itself from the past—that "the child *is* father to the man"—so that in any case, even the most favorable, of after amendment and reformation—the effects of early neglect and of youthful sins and follies will be visible in the character, and reveal themselves painfully in the consciousness and experience of maturer life. Let the solemnity of this organic, vital process, in which you are involved, inspire you with a sense of your tremendous responsibility, and develop in you the disposition to discharge your duties cheerfully, patiently and earnestly, that you may escape the perils to which you are exposed, and reap the rewards of a "patient continuance in well-doing."

It happens, not unfrequently, that those who are in full possession of all the opportunities, yet grow impatient, of the processes of education, and cast from them, in the spirit of the merest caprice, as worthless things, the advantages, which affectionate parents and friends are so willing and anxious to afford. Influenced by the ruling spirit of the times, to regard education, in the common utilitarian view, they ask impatiently, of what use it will be to them to spend long years in completing a prescribed course of studies; and unable to comprehend the only true answer to their question, they abandon their opportunities and bring their term of school life to an abrupt termination. Could such persons only be made to comprehend this law of continuity, and understand that education is something intrinsically valuable, as involving the development and perfection of our life, according to its true idea, they surely could not be induced to cast away so recklessly, the means by which it is to be obtained. If education be, what the etymology of the word would indicate—the drawing out of the capabilities and powers of human nature—then wherever the advantages for this end are at hand, and the means of their enjoyment afforded, the failure to use and improve them must involve no small degree of guilt, as a virtual and wilful defeating of the Divine purpose in our creation. And this, not simply in view of the influence we are capable of exerting upon those around us, for the character of which we are responsible, or the amount of positive good we are bound to do to others, and which it is impossible for us to do without a full development of our powers, but also, in view of what it is possible for us to make of ourselves, in the complete unfolding and perfecting of our life. The true Ideal may be said to lie embedded in the Real, and it is our duty, not less than our privilege, to use faithfully the means, which God in his Providence, has ordained for its realization, in the onward progress of our earthly career.

It should be your fixed purpose then, to pursue quietly and faithfully the prescribed routine of Academic study, which older and wiser persons have deemed necessary, without perplexing your minds with questions, or sitting in judgment upon things, which, if you were competent to answer, or decide upon, would indicate your place as more properly that of teachers than of pupils.

But there is still a higher consideration attaching to this general subject. I refer to the cultivation of the Christian life, as something of the very highest importance, to be prosecuted now, so that like a golden

cord it may run through the whole history of life, intertwined, as it were, with the thread of its continuity, and be made to pervade and sanctify all your future actions and relations. While an education prosecuted and obtained under the favoring auspices of outward Christian influences, exhibits the highest form of perfection to which mere nature may aspire, it yet falls far short of what is involved in an honest, earnest endeavor to realize the Christian life for one's self. In the former case, the power of the supernatural may be regarded as reaching and stimulating our nature in an external way; while in the latter, we are translated from the sphere of the Natural, into that of the Supernatural and Divine, and made thus to experience the pulsations of a higher and better life. When we are baptised into Christ, we are through Him brought to sustain our original and truly natural relations to God and the universe, so that the development of the powers and resources of our life, ever after, goes forward in accordance with its proper law; and the very highest conception we can form of education, is that of unfolding, day by day, the energies and wealth of a regenerate human nature, in the use of such agencies as are furnished by Nature and Grace, until we shall come in the unity of the Spirit and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man—to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

If, my dear pupils, you would be entirely successful in this great experiment of human life, begin now, in this period of your rudimentary training, to follow Christ. If you would avoid the perils to which you are exposed, and surmount the manifold and seductive temptations, which will beset your pathway, enter the Fold of the Great Shepherd, who has all power in Heaven and earth, and you will find full protection and safety there. If you would be the means of blessing and benediction to others, cultivate the Spirit and walk in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good to the bodies and souls of men. If you would fulfil and satisfy the deepest longings of your souls, "for glory, and honor, and immortality," "let this same mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. who made himself of no reputation—who for the glory that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the Father. For we know, that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

Most of you, my dear pupils, are members of the Body Mystical of our Lord; and the rest, as I trust, now not far from the kingdom of God, will soon be fellow-citizens with us, and of the household of Him, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. Let the petition, that all who are members of our College family, may become living members of the blessed communion of saints, constantly mingle with those which go up at our appointed hours of prayer.

But I can write no more—this letter has already grown too long, and must now come rather abruptly to an end. What I have still to say, in connection with the things of which I have written, I must reserve for some other opportunity.

With my sincerest wishes for your health, happiness, and future welfare, I remain your true friend, GEO. LEWIS STALEY.

DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA, OR JUDGMENT HYMN.

BY THOMAS A. CELANO, TRANSLATED BY REV. C. Z. WEISER.

It is proper that we should introduce this celebrated Hymn by some remarks on its Author and its history. We are glad to find all that is needed in this respect furnished at our hand, in the excellent new German Hymn Book of Dr. Schaff—which has just left the press, a notice of which will be found in the present number of the Guardian—from which we translate. "The 'Dies Irae of the Franciscan monk, Thomas of Celano, composed about A. D. 1250, is the most noble and perfect production of the Latin Church poetry. Of this world-renowned wonderful 'gigantic Hymn' which, sounding like the trumpet of the Last Day, thrills through every feeling heart, there are more than seventy excellent German besides many English translations, of which Dr. Lisco, in a special volume on this Hymn, includes forty. The most successful translations are those of Schlegel, Bunsen, Knapp, Daniel, J. P. Lange, Toestrup, Herder, Meyer, Follen, Wessenburg, Harms, Doring. The translation given in the hymn-book just mentioned is by Dr. Schaff himself, and will be found to possess much merit. He refers to an English translation by A. Cole, an American (which we have not seen) as, in his opinion, the most successful attempt to render the 'gigantic Hymn' into English. The one here presented has the merit of being literal; besides it has much of the sturdiness and majesty of the original. Of course the best attempts must come far short of the trumpet-tongued original. The reader will of course notice that the prayer in verses 13 and 14 is not such an one as a Protestant can offer, nor one we think any soul will desire to offer in "that day of wrath—that dreadful day." The name Jesus put in the place of Mary, will make it all right; for "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

ED. GUARDIAN.

O Day of Wrath! That Day of Days,
To ashes shall the Earth emblaze—
Say David's hymns and Sybil lays.

O the trembling and the quaking!
When the Judge—His presence making—
Would sum all things—strictly rating!

Blasts of Trumpet will be rending
E'en the Tombs; the Dead ear lending,
Called, and all the Throne attending.

Death and Nature with surprising
See all creature life arising,
And their Judge response derising.

Then the Book shall be revealed—
In which are Time's secrets sealed—
Whence the World's Wrongs shall be healed

DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA,
Solvet seclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus?

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

In the seat of Justice sitting;
Closely judging—naught omitting—
All shall know all—'tis befitting.

O what shall be my behaviour?
With what Patron then seek favor!
Scarcely has the Saint a Saviour!

King of all majestic station,
Blessing with Thy Grace the Nation;
Save me! Fountain of Salvation!

Jesus crucified! Remember
Thou disdst Life for me surrender!
In that Day be my Defender!

Weary seeking me—enduring
Crucifixion; Life procuring!
Is mine still a vain assuming?

Righteous Judge of rightcous vengeance,
In Thy Pardon 's my dependence
Ere the Last Day gains ascendance.

Like a culprit I am groaning;
Face confused; heart atoning;
"Spare Thy suppliant!" ever moaning.

Mary, Thou didst grant remittance;
Spak'st the Dying Thief's acquittance—
I too trust in Thine assistance.

Poor indeed is my desire!
Let Thy merit raise it higher,
Lest I feel the Eternal fire!

Let me then as sheeps find pasture
—Nor with goats lament disaster—
At the Right Hand of my Master.

When the accused—from malediction
Sink to Hell—endless affliction—
Seal on me Thy Benediction!

I a suppliant pray, prostrated;
Heart contrite—in dust sedated:
"In bliss let me be consummated!"

Day of sorrows, sighs and tears,
To him who from his grave appears,
And that determ'ning "Guilty" hears.

Thy creatures spare them Gracious Lord!
For Jesus sake—the Incarnate Word—
And all a heavenly rest afford. Amen.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae;
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus.
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis;
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum, quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus.

Huic ergo parce Deus!
Pie Jesu Domine!
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

I have left the golden shore,
Where childhood 'midst the roses played;
Those sunny dreams will come no more,
That Youth a long, bright Sabbath made.
Yet, while those dreams of memory's eye
Arise in many a glittering train,
My soul goes back to infancy,
And hears my mother's song again!"

BOOK NOTICES.

DEUTSCHES GESANGBUCH. Eine Auswahl geistlicher Lieder aus allen Zeiten der Christlichen Kirche. Nach den besten hymnologischen Quellen bearbeitet und mit erläuternden Bemerkungen ruber die Verfasser, den Inhalt und die Geschiehte der Lieder verschen, von Philip Schaff, Doctor und Professor der Theologie. Phild, Lindsay und Blakiston. Schäfer und Koradi. Berlin: Wiegant und Griben, 1859.

(That is:—A German Hymn-Book. A selection of Spiritual Hymns from all ages of the Christian Church. Elaborated according to the best sources, and accompanied by explanatory notes in reference to the Authors, contents and history of the Hymns, by Philip Schaff, Doetor and Professor of Theology.)

A good German Hymn-Book has long been needed in America. It is acknowledged that the greatest number of those we possess are greatly defective. They have for the most part, been hastily complied from secondary sources, and as a consequence, many of the best old Hymns are multilated,—improved for the worse! The changes have not only been made with the hope of improving the poetry, but also often with the design of changing the theology of the old Hymns. Many of them were altered during the reign of Rationalism, when the word VIRTUE was put in the place of PIETY—IMPROVEMENT for REGENERATION—REASON for FAITH, and so of many others. In these compilations from secondary sources the subtle poison which has killed out the true life of the old savory Hymns has been overlooked; consequently we have many of them in our common Hymn Books eviscerated, and they are now just as much like their originals as would be the play of Hamlet with Hamlets part left out.

These facts being known and felt, we are sure there are thousands who with us will hail the appearances of something better; and we hesitate not, after a careful examination of this work of Dr. Schaff, to say that this is here presented to the churches of our land. The book pleases us altogether. We are pleased with its natural arrangement, its deeply devotional and truly Catholic spirit, and the confidence with which every page inspires us, by its scientific aparatus, as well as the evangelical spirit of the hymns, and the childiike piety and true scholarly ability of the complier. The rich "explanatory notes in reference to the Authors, contents and History of the Hymns," in small type under the caption of each Hymn, amounts almost to a history of hymnology. These are especially interesting as showing into what different languages any hymn has been translated. Besides this, it has another feature, which has interested us even more than the notes. It is the metrical register, in which is given, not only the various tunes that may be sung to any Hymn, but the Author of the tune, and the date of its composition are indicated. This itself is worth the price of the book.

At last a German Hymn Book has appeared in America. It is worthy of that name. In its noble hymns, when sung to the equally noble old choral tunes, will be heard the sound of the ages! Here are words of high inspiration born in the hearts, and caught from the lips of martyrs, confessors, and saints of all ages, lands and languages. What sacred associations of faith, and hope, and love, and penitential tears, of joys and sorrows, of conflicts and victories, make fragrant every line and word of these glorious Hymns! May the odor of their spiritual incense go up in thousands of churches, and from tens of thousands of pious hearts, to the praise of God and the Lamb.

This book is published in the highest style of the art, contains 663 pages, 500 hymns, and retails at $1.25. To be had in the book stores generally.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles Dana. Vol. VI. Cough—Education. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway, London: 16 Little Brittain, 1859.

This Sixth Volume of 762 pages, like its predecessors, contains articles on about 2000 words. Among these are biographical notices of noted Americans, as for instance, Dr. Cox, C. P. Cranch, David Crocket, Grace Darling, Bishop Doane, Dr. Dunglingson, Stephen A. Douglas, and many others. Besides these are lengthy and elaborate articles on Council, Court, Cranmer, Crawford, Crimea, Criminal Law, Cromwell, Cuba, Cuneiforn Inscriptions, Cuvier, Cyclopædia, Cyprian, the Two Cyrils, Dante, Deaf and Dumb, Deluge, Diocletian, Donatists, Druids, Duel, Dreams, Eagle, Earth, Earthquake, Edda, Education, &c. It needs but the presentation of such a specimen of the subjects treated in a single volume of this extensive work to suggest what a library of information the whole must furnish. It has often been a matter of surprise to us that men of limited means and time for reading, do not provide themselves with a good Cyclopædia, in which they have reliable information on the whole range of learning, and in a form most convenient for reference. Of all works of this kind now extant, we know of none so well-suited in all respects for such use, as this New Cyclopedia of Appleton. It is brought down fully to the present time, and seems to have been prepared with great care. It is sold through agencies. Elias Barr & Co., are agents for Lancaster and York counties, who, as we are informed have circulated a great number of copies. $3 per volume in cloth.

POEMS: By Henry Harbaugh, Author of "The Sainted Dead," the "Heavenly Recognition," the "Heavenly Home," the "Birds of the Bible," the "True Glory of Woman," etc., etc. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston, 1859, pp. 285.

This being our own child, it would be unnatural in us to blame it, and immodest to praise it. We leave both these, or either of them for others to do, ourselves meanwhile remaining silent as it is meet and right that we should. We will only say that the book is beautifully gotten up by the Publishers, Lindsay & Blakiston.

THE GUARDIAN.

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BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY!

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMAN—BY THE EDITOR.

ON a dark day in November the first flakes of snow, like white down, circled through the air, silently covering streets and roofs as with a bright white veil. Little Jonathan Monkenwyk, a gentle, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed boy seven years old, stood at the window, and looking out through the large clear panes, watched the whirling flakes as they fell in countless numbers and yet so silently and softly from the heavy skies to the earth.

The ever-varying, ever new play of the millions of light, loosely adhering crystals, seemed greatly to delight the thoughtful mind of the boy; for he did not become weary of feeding his eyes on the scene. Again and again he would fix his eye on some very large flakes of snow, high, high up in the air, and follow them down through the chaos of whirling masses till with their fellows they softly nestled themselves on the roof or in the street, thus losing themselves in the multitudes that had already fallen.

Suddenly he clapped his hands with a new joy, turned away from the window into the well-warmed, comfortable, and somewhat splendid parlor, and with jubilant feelings cried out aloud: "Mother, guess of what the snow reminds me! O, what joy! Why did I not think of it before!"

"Of what, my child?" asked the mother, a stately, beautiful woman, dressed in heavy silk—as she cast a smiling glance toward the boy. "Of what does the snow remind you?"

"No, no, you must guess it, mother! It is easy; you can easily guess it!"

"Well, if I must guess, it reminds you certainly of the fine sleighing of last year which gave you so much pleasure. Do you remember yet how merrily the bells rang, and how we glided, swiftly as a bird on the wing, over the smooth snow-covered road?"

"Yes, that was fine, wonderfully fine!" answered the boy. The sun shone so brightly, the heavens were so blue and pure, the air sparkled

with icy particles brilliant like diamonds, and the twigs of the trees glittered with crystal frost which had gathered on them during the previous night. Yes, yes, that was beautiful; but you have not guessed right! You must try again, mother!"

"Very good, then it reminds you of your skating with Peter Hemskerk on the frozen, glassy lake? I know you enjoyed that very much; although you always returned home half frozen."

"No, mother, no, that is not it! It was very fine, I know, to skim on the lake, and dart right through among the crowd of well-dressed people who whirled on their skates over the smooth ice; and there was much hearty laughing when here and there one tumbled over. And Peter is a good fellow, for he drew me nicely after him on the little sled. But you have not guessed right, mother; you must try again."

"Is it possible! Then it is not so easily guessed. You have given me a hard riddle to solve," said his mother smilingly. "Perhaps the snow reminds you of the large snow-man which Peter made in the yard?"

"Heyday! That was a fine snow-man; especially when Peter had put on his head the large three-masted bonnet of red pasteboard, and made for him a large, large red mouth, and a monstrous moustache, and such awfully large eyes, and put in his face a red turnip for a nose! Yes, he looked very funny, mother; but—you have not hit on the right thing yet!"

"Then I must confess myself beaten, Jonathan!" said Mrs. Monkenwyk. "I can think of nothing else of which the falling snow could remind you."

"But the principal thing, mother, the principal thing! Just remember! No, I can't tell you—you must guess it!"

Mrs. Monkenwyk had long ago seen in what direction Jonathan's thought were running, as any one might have judged from the calm, stolen smiles which played on her rosy lips; but Jonathan did not observe it. Thus held at bay, he could finally no longer retain his secret, for it nearly burst his heart; and springing from the settee at the window into the arms of his mother, he exclaimed aloud:

"Christmas! Christmas! Christmas! That now in four weeks it will be Christmas, and that the Christmas-tree will be lighted up, and that the Kristkindlein will bring me beautiful presents--of *this* the snow, whirling down without, reminds me; for surely this is the pleasantest thing the winter can bring us. Christmas, mother! Hey! how strange that you could not at once guess this!"

"Who can think of everything?" replied his mother with the same stolen smile. "And who knows whether the Kristkindlein will visit us this year? If the children during the year have not been pious and obedient he will pass by the house, and hold tight shut the bag which contains all the Christmas blessings, and which he is wont to scatter over the tables! Who knows, who knows Jonathan, how you will fare this Christmas?"

O mother, you are jesting with me!" replied the boy laughing, and hid his face in her bosom. "I am now no more so simple as in former years! Now I go to school, and know what Kristkindlein it is that covers for us the Christmas table! You are it, mother, you and father!"

"I, and father," repeated his mother; and her mild, tender counte-

nance assumed an earnest expression. "I and father! Very true! But, Jonathan, since you are so smart, as you say you are, you have, no doubt, also reflected from whose hand nevertheless at last all good gifts come—all, the the little and the great, which are enjoyed by us, that we may live and be happy? How, my child?"

"Yes, mother, I know it! Every gift comes from God! This our school-master taught us; and you, too, have long ago told me."

"True, Jonathan! and so God has also given us His Son, the Saviour of the world, through whom every blessing, and all our joy, has come to us, and none the less also the joy and the blessings which good children feel in expectation of holy Christmas. We both, myself and your father, are only the instruments which the Kristkindlein employs; and so you see, Jonathan, that it is at last none other than the Saviour of the world, that spreads the table for children on the glad festival, and kindles the variegated lights on the Christmas-tree."

Jonathan listened attentively, reflected a short time on the words of his mother, and then earnestly said: "You are right mother; and I will never again laugh when you talk to me of the Kristkindlein, for I now see that I am not yet wise as I thought I was."

"Well for you will it be, my child, if you shall always think thus," answered his mother;" for all the wisdom of man is nothing but ignorance, or knowledge in part, in the eyes of the Lord, who alone is the beginning and end of all wisdom."

Jonathan returned to the window, looked out again into the falling snow, and gave himself up to the flow of his own thoughts, which still ever led him on toward the gradually approaching happy festival of Christmas. In imagination he already saw before him the Christmas-tree covered with a hundred lights, and all kinds of sugar devices, and all the various beautiful things which were the end of his wishes and longings. Nothing did he desire more than a mill, with regular wheels, turning when sand or water is poured on it, with flour chests and round mill stones, with miller and mill-boy in white flowered coats; and, besides this, a pretty stable with oxen and cows, and one with four brown horses in it, a ladder wagon with wool-sacks on it going toward town to market, and a poultry yard with chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys and peacocks —in short, just such a mill as the one he had visited with his mother the previous Summer, and where he had been four full weeks to breathe the fresh country air that he might the sooner recover from the effects of the measles by which he had been confined to the house during nearly half the spring. To possess such a mill in miniature was his greatest wish, together with many other wishes which might sound very extravagant to such as did not know how rich Jonathan's parents were, and besides, that they had only this one child, whom very naturally they loved with great tenderness.

Mr. Monkenwyk, senior, the father of Jonathan, was a wealthy commercial merchant in Amsterdam. He owned a large three-story house on the market place, with side and back buildings stored with large quantities of every kind of wares, coffee, sugar, spices from distant India, and all kinds of other products from strange lands; he had three trading ships on the sea; even the mill, where Jonathan and his mother in the preceding summer had spent such pleasant days, belonged to

him; in his counting-room ten clerks were employed, and a chief book-keeper attended to his settlements—and as thus, Mr. Monkenwyk had money in abundance, it may be well believed that he regarded no expense, when the object was to prepare for his only son a happy Christmas. Only, Jonathan must know nothing of what is doing before Christmas has come, that he may the more enjoy the surprise; and hence his mother always gave a very doubtful look whenever he spake of his wishes, and expressed all kinds of guesses and fears in reference to them, so that Jonathan, the nearer Christmas approached, only became more doubtful whether even a single one of his wishes would be fulfilled.

Very often did he speak of the matter to Peter Hemskerk. Peter was the son of the coachman, and although he was several years older than Jonathan, he was his school-companion, and his best friend; for Peter was goodness, kindness, and friendliness itself, and withal a skilful, and dexterous youth, who was ever ready to please his young Master, gathering his wishes from his very eyes. Did Jonathan wish to take a walk in the free open country, Peter walked with him; did he wish to have a bird which he had heard sing in the grove, or whose beautiful feathers had attracted his fancy, Peter caught it for him; in short, Peter was Jonathan's factotum and prime minister, and whatever lay on Jonathan's heart he entrusted without reserve to his faithful comrade, the honest Peter.

The same was the case with the wishes, hopes, and fears in regard to the coming Christmas, and the presents it was likely to bring.

"What do you think Peter," asked Jonathan once more, and for the hundredth time, the day before Christmas--"will the mill come or not?"

"I do not know," replied Peter laughing slyly to himself. "Mr. Monkenwyk has confided nothing of the kind to me."

"Ah, Peter, surely you know more than you are willing to tell me! Have you seen it—the mill?"

"With no eye have I seen it, Jonathan! You are a funny boy. Do you think that your father, my Lord Monkenwyk, would entrust his secrets to me, an insignificant youth, the son of his coachman?"

"O, be still Peter, I do not mean that. But you are so cunning, and see everything that is going on; and surely you have also seen the mill!"

Peter shook his head.

"Nothing of it Peter? Not any part of it?"

Peter shook his head again.

"Not even the wheels? Or the mill-stones?"

Peter shook his head still more firmly.

"Ah, Peter you are good for nothing!" cried Jonathan, and was near breaking out in tears.

But Peter laughed, drew him on his lap, and said: "you are a funny boy, Jonathan. Do you see; if even I knew everything that is to be given you at Christmas, I would not tell you the smallest word of it. And why? Because you would not have so much pleasure in it if you knew beforehand what the Kristkindlein would bring. Patience, Jonathan!"

"But if I get no mill, I will not care anything for the whole of Christmas!" said Jonathan.

"Do you see! now you have spoken like a foolish Jonathan," an-

swered Peter. "We must be grateful for all things. What if I should speak as you do? Think of this Jonathan, The Kristkindlein brings nothing at all to me; at best, perhaps, a few nuts and apples; and see! I am still satisfied. Then be a wise, good, and sensible Jonathan, and not an ungrateful, murmuring boy, or you shall see that I will be angry with you, and will have nothing more to do with you."

"Oh Peter, you must not speak so," cried Jonathan, quite changed all at once, and frightened by this threat, which was not at all earnestly intended as such. "No, Peter, you must remain friendly to me, for if I actually get the mill, with whom shall I carry on grinding but with you? No, Peter, I am the miller, and you shall be the mill-boy! That will be fun, Peter—when the wheels turn, and the mill clatters klip, klap, and the stones whirl around, and we pour in the grain—Peter, I cannot imagine anything finer than that!"

"Why, you can play with Philip, Jonathan," replied Peter, balancing the boy on his knee—"with Philip Mappel. He suits you better than I, for he is always dressed in good clothes, and is the nephew of the chief book-keeper, whilst I am only the coachman's son. Play with Philip Mappel, Jonathan!"

"No, I do not wish to! Not with Philip," repeated the boy and crept more fondly and closely up to Peter.

"And why not, Jonathan? He also is always friendly toward you, and gives you sweet-meats and candies as often as he sees you."

"Yes, that is all true; but see, Peter, I still do not love him as I do you."

"Why so, Jonathan? you must have some reason for this?"

"A reason, Peter? yes certainly I have a reason!"

"What is it? What kind of a reason, Jonathan!"

"I have more than one reason," replied the boy thoughtfully. "First, Philip does not play as pretty as you—not by far. Then, when I go walking with him he is soon tired, and climb like you he cannot, nor can he catch a bird; and in winter on the ice he is soon cold, so that he does not hold out half an hour; and then, do you see, Peter—all this is still no matter—but he despises poor people, whose clothes are not as good as his, and this is the worst! He has no good heart, Peter, and he is only friendly toward me because my father is rich and has much money, and because his uncle is chief book-keeper."

"Why, Jonathan, this is foolish stuff which you are talking! Then you also think that I am friendly to you only because I am a son of your father's coachman?"

"No, no, you dumb good Peter, that I do not think at all," answered Jonathan. "You know well enough that this is not so. You are good to me because you have a good heart. You are good to all, also to poor people; but Philip is not. Do you see! only lately we met a little girl quite poorly clad, who asked us for alms, and she looked so miserable and hungry, that I felt pity for her; but Philip spoke harshly to the poor child, and when it did not immediately go away, but once more with tears in her eyes extended her hand, he lifted his walking cane, and would have struck the poor child if I had not prevented him. I gave the child my purse, and then ——" Jonathan himself broke off his story, and laughed aloud.

"Well, what then," asked Peter, "what did you then?"

"Ah, Peter, that was fun," continued Jonathan. "It had displeased me that Philip acted so badly toward the poor, little, shivering beggar-child, and then something came into my head, and I asked Philip whether he had not some candies; and then he drew a large paper full from his pocket and offered them to me. I took them, but instead of eating them, I called the poor little girl to me, and told her to spread her apron, and poured all the candies into her lap, perhaps thirty or forty, Peter; and then you should have seen the sour face which Philip made when the little girl ran away with his candies! It was worth a laugh, Peter, you may believe it."

Then Jonathan laughed anew, and Peter joined in; but soon Peter again grew serious and said:

"True, it was not proper for Philip to threaten the little girl with his cane; but you see that, toward you, he was still immediately kind, and gave you what you asked of him. Thus you have still no reason to be displeased with him."

"Nor am I exactly angry with him, Peter," answered Jonathan, "but I do not love so well to play with him as I do with you. Do you see Peter, if I were poor, Philip would not be kind toward me, but would treat me in the same manner as he did the little girl, but you would not —you would ever remain my faithful Peter. This I know you would do, and if I had not a penny in my pocket; and for this reason, Peter, for this reason, I love you."

"It may all be as you say, Jonathan," replied Peter thoughtfully. "It may all be, but God forbid that Philip may ever be put to this test, to show whether your words are true. Moreover you, are after all, not so dumb a Jonathan as I had thought, but on the contrary a very cunning and sly Jonathan; and because you love me as you say, we will let matters stand as they are between us, and we will remain good friends, and play with one another as before. But the mill, Jonathan, only put that out of your head, for nothing will come of it!"

"It would be a pity if it should turn out that you are right," answered the boy. "But if it must be so, then Peter, we will still not let it spoil our dear Christmas. Is it no mill, then it will be something else. To-morrow, Peter, we shall know! Hey day! to-morrow about this time, —to-morrow my heart shall be glad! And you also shall be in the joy, Peter. I have already asked mother that it may be so, and she has promised me that she will call you in when the gift business comes off. If it were only to-morrow evening now, Peter!"

"You must have patience, Jonathan—One day and one night are soon past," said Peter. "And now, away! I have yet some work to do. Go to your bed, and pray well before you sleep, and dream something pleasant, that to-morrow you may be fresh and in good spirits. Good night, Jonathan."

"Good night, Peter," responded the boy, and went.

All night long he dreamed of wind-mills and of water-mills, and also heard the hearty clattering, klip klap; only it was not the mills that clattered but the window shutter at his sleeping room at which the cold north east wind was prying. Still, Jonathan slept till broad day light; and now at length the day had come to which he had looked longingly forward for weeks past.

This day, it is true, passed slowly enough for him; much more slowly than any other day in the year; and it seemed to the impatient boy as if it would never come to an end, although it is in fact one of the shortest days in the year. Still the day had at length passed away! one hour gave place to another, the forenoon to the afternoon, and at length the shadows in the corners of the room told that twilight was gradually coming in. Now Jonathan was glad, and felt an inward jubilation! At last the servant brought also a light into the room, and it had therefore become quite dark without; and Jonathan already thought the light, as it entered, was the first gleam from the Christmas tree, till by his father he was taught something else! Mr. Monkenwyk had come in, namely, in order to confine Jonathan, during the last half hour before the distribution of the gifts, in a dark room, according to a custom kept up in the family from remote times. Thus when the children would come forth from the dark room into the bright Christmas-chamber, the brilliancy of a hundred lights would strike them with double power, and to effect this increase of the surprise the arrangement was made.

At the same time in this confinement there was for Jonathan at least, another good. He was alone—darkness was around him—his spirit was awake in this anticipation of the coming joy—and hence the minutes seemed to creep along like snails.

He reflected!

This was the first Christmas which he had spent with a full consciousness of what it signified; for the former Christmas days seemed to have passed away more like dreams, because he had yet been too young to comprehend the significance of the beautiful festival. But now it was otherwise. He knew *why* Christmas was celebrated; and besides the beating joy in his heart he felt a deep inward gratitude toward that Saviour to whom he was indebted for this joy.

"Yes, yes," he murmured to himself, I will always be right good and pious throughout the whole year that I may be worthy of the blessedness with which our dear Christmas festival rejoices us children; and mother shall never again have reason to complain of me."

"Excellently well thought," said a deep-toned voice. "But listen Jonathan, what you have thus vowed to yourself is not yet enough, you must do more."

"What shall I do? And who are you?" asked Jonathan somewhat frightened, although he was not really afraid, for he was in the house of his parents, where certainly no evil could befal him.

"Who I am?" repeated the voice, hollow and low—"I am Knecht Ruprecht, who on Christmas evening rejoice the good children, and put the bad boys in my sack, and carry them away! Now, you know me! Are you afraid of me?"

"No," answered Jonathan firmly. "No, I am not afraid, for to my knowledge I have done no evil."

"That is not sufficient!" replied Knecht Ruprecht with a threatening warning voice, "It is not enough to do no evil, we must also have the good firm will to do good! Have you this will, Jonathan?"

"The will I have," answered the boy, "but a resolution I have hitherto not made. But from now on I will so resolve."

"What resolution?" asked Knecht Ruprecht.

"To do all the good I can," answered the boy, "and in any case I will vow that no Christmas evening shall pass over me without doing some good, and making joy for some one. This is my determination, and I will never either forget, or break this vow!"

"Good Jonathan! this is a resolution well-pleasing to God; and for the sake of your pious resolutions your Christmas joy shall no longer be disturbed. God bless you! We will see each other again!"

A blue flame blazed up, and was suddenly extinguished again, and by the faint light which it shed, Jonathan beheld a large form, which seemed to have enormous horns on its head and then all was dark again; and Knecht Ruprecht vanished as noiselessly as he had come!

"Strange," thought Jonathan, "that I did not know him! Could it have been father? Yet this is not possible for he is engaged in the room. Or is it Mr. Mappel, the chief book-keeper? No, it cannot be him, for he has long since gone home! I cannot guess it; and yet his voice, though somewhat disguised, rang as familiar to me as if I had heard it daily from year to year. Peter it was, after all. Yet, no; Peter is not much larger than myself, whilst the horns of this Knecht Ruprecht reached to near the ceiling of the room. "Well, no matter," he continued. "It may have been who it will, my promise I will keep as long as I live, as I solemnly vowed to him and myself!"

Whilst he was muttering these words to himself, in the same moment, a stream of light shone brightly through the dark chamber, so that Jonathan was frightened and near believing that he was seeing a supernatural appearance. But when he looked more carefully he saw that the light came in through a small crevice in the door of the side room, and thus the riddle of the strange apparition was explained in the simplest and most natural manner.

"Father is kindling the lights on the Christmas-tree!" joyed Jonathan in his heart. "Now soon the bell will jingle, and I will be called into the Christmas room, where the tree is!"

For a moment curiosity urged him strongly to creep to the door and look slyly through the opening if perchance he could see what is going on; but he soon quelled this inquisitive feeling, and it was very well that he did so, for now the bell rung in loud tones, and wide, wide open flung the door, and a flood of light, like a sea of flame, rolled from that spacious Christmas room; and now, with a shout of rapture and overwhelming joy, Jonathan rushed forward into the middle of the clear, bright, glittering sea of light!

Shall I tell you and describe what all it was that Kristkindlein had brought for the lucky Jonathan? The beautiful and refreshing was there in rich abundance; for I have already told you that Jonathan's parents were very wealthy people, that he was not only their only son, but also an active obedient, pious boy, in whom any parent would have had pleasure even if he had not been the only son.

Well, a mill was there! Only it was far, far more beautiful than Jonathan had imagined or desired—a mill with three large water-wheels and three sets of mill-stones, a mill that clattered in so lively a manner that it could be heard in the upper story of the house when it was set in motion below, a very regularly made mill, with real miniature mill-stones, which would grind grains, and with actual running water which, flowing

down from a large resorvoir, which turned the wheels, and which afterwards, when the reservoir was empty, by means of a small hand pump, could very easily be pumped back again; a mill with a poultry yard, with cow and horse stables, with meadows and a small woods; a mill with mill-wagon and mill-bags in a large storage house in which were deposited three full pecks of corn, which were in future to be ground. In short, it was a real pleasure only to see it! But now to be the owner of this mill—to express such a joy Jonathan found no words! He stood and wondered, and listened to the cheerful klip, klap, which fell upon his ear, without interruption and so delightfully, till his full heart at length burst forth in tears of joy, and from the extacy he was no longer able to contain himself, but fell upon the neck, first of his mother and then of his father, stammering as he could, words of gratitude.

Truly he had reason to be thankful, this Jonathan! For besides the wonderful and beautiful mill, there lay, as we have said, scattered over the table, brilliant in the light of the Christmas tree, yet many other beautiful things, and all seemed to call to the happy boy: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!" Jonathan experienced this joy, felt it in his inmost heart, and from his heart it streamed forth in his glistening, sparkling eyes, and in his smiling cheeks which were covered as with hues of roses. He hurried from one object to another, wondered at everything, praised it all, rejoiced over all—now over the brilliant cross-bow of mahogany wood ornamented richly with silver, and then the fort with walls and ditches, with cannon, and soldiers which stood marshalled in uniform and rank; now his eye kindled with new delight as he viewed the large and splendid boxes of building material with hundreds of building stones, joists, columns, and arches, and then the beautiful red picture books with stories and fables which promised him thousand fold entertainment! And thus he was so immersed in all these delights we have mentioned, and still many more which we have not time even to mention, that he forgot all else, and even also the vow which he had a short time before made in the dark room to himself and Knecht Ruprecht.

Yet, no!—in this we do injustice to Jonathan. For suddenly he grew quiet and earnest; a thoughtful look spread over his countenance, still glistening with bliss and joy, and with close scrutiny he surveyed the presents which Kristkindlein had just spread before him.

"What is the matter Jonathan?" asked his mother. "Are you no longer glad, or do you miss something that your heart had desired?"

"Oh, my dear mother, how could I be so immodest, so dissatisfied, and so unthankful as, in the midst of such abundance, still to wish for and desire more?" replied Jonathan. "No, it is not that which has fallen upon my heart!"

"And what else might it be?" asked his father.

Then Jonathan related to them what he had thought and dreamed in the dark chamber, and what he had promised Knecht Ruprecht, and that now he would not on the first Christmas evening be unfaithful to his vow, but would certainly make some one happy, and that this one should be none other than Peter Hemskerk, the coachman's son!

"And wherefore, Peter?" asked his father, whilst his mother was

rejoicing over the good resolution of her son, and with gentle hand stroking his locks. "Why should it be Peter and no one else?"

"Because he loves me, and also creates joy wherever he can," answered Jonathan; "and if you will allow it, father, and you my good mother, I will now quickly prepare a Christmas table for him, and put on it some of the many things with which you, my dear parents, have too richly presented me."

"Do so, my son!" answered his father well pleased, and his mother herself lent him her aid in arranging the table; and Jonathan placed the fort on it, and laid the cross-bow beside it, the very present which, except the mill, he had prized most highly, and which had given him the greatest pleasure. His mother suggested to him that he might lay something else on the table, and that Peter would rejoice just as much over it; but Jonathan answered smilingly: "And what pleasure would I have in it, if my making of presents to him did not require of me some conquering of self? Peter shall see that I give *freely*, even when I must bring him an offering that costs me a little self-denial."

His mother said no more, but only pressed a kiss on the pure forehead of her boy. When Jonathan darted away and called Peter; but before he led him into the Christmas chamber, Peter had to permit his eyes to be tied shut with a hankerchief. This done, he led him right in front of his table, suddenly drew the band from his eyes, and cried out with joy: "Happy Christmas, Peter! Behold this the Kristkindlein has brought for you!"

Peter stared, wondered, and would not believe that Jonathan was in earnest in what he said. But when at length he was convinced, and had to believe that all was even so, he was greatly rejoiced and moved; and as he pressed Jonathan's hand, tears glistened under his eye lashes.

"Do you see, Jonathan, it is not the presents, beautiful as they are, which I value most," said Peter, "no, no, it is that I now see that you do love me, and have a good heart, and, Jonathan"—he added more softly—"it is that you have not in your joy forgotten Knecht Ruprecht, but remember others also, to make them happy—do you see, this it is that so rejoices my soul, and never, so long as I live, will I forget you, and this evening, you are a good dear Jonathan, and I,—I will always be your faithful Peter, as long as you will permit me to be near you!"

Then Jonathan smiled, and as he embraced Peter, he whispered into his ear: "You were Knecht Ruprecht, Peter? Now I know it since you yourself have intimated it."

Yes, it was myself; and I thought I would frighten you a little, but you acted bravely, Jonathan."

Hey-day! why not? How could any evil befal me on the dear holy Christmas evening, and in the house of my parents? On this I thought, Peter; and therefore I was not frightened, not in the least. But how comes it that you looked so tall with your horns?"

"That was easily arranged, Jonathan! I had hung a cow's skin over me; and the head with its horns I carried on a hay fork, high above me. Do you see?"

"Yes, I understand it," answered Jonathan laughing. "But come now and take view of my mill! see, here it stands, and it is very beautiful, although you, bad Peter, said I would get no mill at all!"

"Well, was not that better, little simple Jonathan, than if I had said the contrary, and you would have gotten none. But see, beautiful it certainly is! Beautiful and excellent! And it grinds too! A real mill, Jonathan!"

"A real, true mill Peter! Just see!"

And Jonathan opened the sluices, and the water streamed down from the reservoir; the wheels turned, the mill-stones whirled round, the grains rolled in, it clattered klip klap, klip klap, and Peter rejoiced, and Jonathan rejoiced, and Mr. and Mrs. Monkenwyk rejoiced so much that they helped to play with the mill, like children; and so was fulfilled in them what is written by St. Luke ii: 10. 11: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

MEMORY BELLS.

Tinkling, tolling in the distance,
  Comes the sound of memory bells,
Like the voice of fairy music,
  Made by ocean's pearly shells.

Tinkling, tolling in the distance,
  Memory bells break on my ear,
Breathing music as from harp-strings—
  Music others may not hear.

Now a flute-like peal they're ringing—
  'Tis a merry marriage chime;
And from rock to rock it echoes
  Through the corridors of time.

Memory bells! they ope the caskets
  Locked in years of long ago,
And upon their chimes are bearing
  Long hushed voices, faint and low:

Voices, mayhap, whose loved cadence
  Thrilled our hearts in youth's glad day;
Voices loved, and forms forgotten—
  Forms that faded by the way.

In the galleries of Memory,
  Pictures drawn by master hands,
Decorate each separate pannel;
  Treasures, some, from distant lands.

Some have Rubens' warm blood tintings;
  Some have Raphael's purer grace;
Others Titian's golden love-lights,
  Kept in memory's choicest place.

Veiled from mortal eyes these pictures—
  Some are dimmed by age and tears,
Others have their shadows deepened
  By the penciling of years.

And the curtains, rarely lifted
  From the dimly lighted walls,
Drop when Memory Bells come tolling
  Through these consecrated halls.

Memory Bells! I love thy music—
  Life is still a summer day:
And as yet it seems a mystery
  That it is a weary way.

Tinkling, tolling in the distance,
  Come the chimes of memory bells,
Like the voice of fairy music,
  Breathed from ocean's pearly shells.

APPLES OF GOLD—NO. XIII.

BY ECLECTICUS.

ON CEREMONY AND COMPLIMENTS.

"HAIL! ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it; like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in." STERN.

Compliments are to be considered as drafts upon Good Breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favor of the drawer; and as good breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals, so ceremony is the invention of wise men, to keep fools at a distance. Indeed there is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good nature, or something which must bear its appearance and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to devise a kind of artificial humanity; which is what we express by the word good breeding. In conversation use some, but not much ceremony: it teaches others to be courteous too. Courtesies are commonly paid back in their own coin; and a man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners; for while good breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant, ill breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid.

He that is only solid and real, and disregards the courtesies of social life, has need of great and acknowledged virtues, as the gem should be exceeding rich that is set without foil. Although a man may possess virtue, talent, and good conduct, he may nevertheless be disagreeable. Do not think that your learning and genius, your wit or sprightliness, are welcome everywhere. I was once told, says Zimmerman, that my company was disagreeable because I appeared so uncommonly happy. It is in the praises of men, as in the profit of traffic, with respect to which the proverb is true, "That light gains make heavy purses." So it is true, that the small amenities of behaviour win great commendation, because they are continually in use and observation, whereas the exercise of any great virtue, comes but on festival occasions. Therefore it adds much to a man's reputation, and is, as Queen Isabella said, like a per-

petual letter of recommendation, to have good forms of respect and politeness; to attain which, it almost suffices not to despise them, for then observing them, in others, a man will readily adopt them in his own behaviour. Yet if he labor too much to express them, he will lose their grace, which consists in being natural and unaffected; and nothing so much prevents our being natural as an over anxious desire of appearing so. Let your carriage be friendly but not foolishly free; an unwary openness causes contempt; but a little reserve, respect, and handsome courtesy, insures kindness The manners of some men remind one of a verse, wherein every syllable is measured, so precise and punctilious are they. He that dwells too much in anything, so that he gives another occasion of satiety, makes himself cheap. He gets the reputation of having a hobby. Of such a character, Shakspeare says, he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. There are others who affect great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purpose of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are usually of this description, as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, to hide the cunning of the serpent.

But to use no ceremony at all, were to teach others not to use it towards us, and so diminish the respect we desire for ourselves. It is especially to be used in our intercourse with strangers and formal natures. Ceremonies, said Lord Chesterfield, are the outworks of manners and decency, which would too often be broken in upon, if it were not for that defence which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. "For this reason, I always treat coxcombs with great ceremony, true good breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them." Amongst a man's equals, he may be sure of familiarity, and therefore 'twere well to stand a little on reserve. With those who look up to him, he may be certain of reverence, and therefore it is good to be a little familiar. There is a mode of conveying effectual and impressive passages in compliments, which is of singular use, if one can hit the vein. It is a good rule of conduct, generally, in seconding another, to add yet something of your own; thus if you grant his opinion, grant it with some distinction; if you follow his motion, let it be with conditions; if you allow his counsel, add further reasons of your own. To apply to another may be well, so it be with demonstration that it is done out of regard, and not from facility of your own convenience merely.

Men should beware of being perfect in compliments; for let them be ever so sufficient otherwise, their enviers will be sure to give them that attribute, to the disadvantage of their greater virtues. It is a loss also in business to be full of respects, or to be too curious in observing times and opportunities. A man cannot well comprehend great affairs, who bends his mind too much to minute observances. Solomon saith, "He that considereth the wind shall not sow, and he that looketh to the clouds shall not reap." A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds. Men's behaviour should be like their apparel, not too close fitting or finically nice, but free for liberal exercise and motion.

MY FAMILIAR—THE BORE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Again I hear that cracking step!
  He's rapping at the door!
Too well I know the boding sound
  That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
  The stoutest of my foes,
But heaven defend me from the friend
  Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair,
  And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
  And gives his candid views:
He tells me where he likes the line,
  And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties—
  But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through,
  Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote,)
  And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
  And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
  Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
  And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
  Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with Death
  To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
  But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
  Some shallow critic wrote,
And every precious paragraph
  Familiarly can quote.
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
  He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
  But never says "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes—that dreadful man—
  Disguise it as I may,
I know, that like an autumn rain,
  He'll last throughout the day:
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
  In vain I scowl and pout:
A frown is no extinguisher—
  It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
  Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
  To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
  Tho stoutest of my foes;
But Heaven defend me from the friend
  Who never, never goes!

LITTLE SETH.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

Yonder by-way, weed-o'ergrown,
Baked and seamed like riven stone,
Halves a sunken heath;
And an alms-house. bleak and square,
Fronts a pestilent common there,
That loads with foul miasma. every wand'ring summer air.
At a window, shrunken, still,
Picking cobwebs from the sill,
Grimed and tattered, and forlorn,
To a pauper's fortune born—
Stands Little Seth:
Nothing seeks he, nothing heeds,
Save the rank and steamy weeds,
Dropping down their yellow seeds—
Tired Little Seth!

All the dreary April days,
In an attic bare he stays,
Moaning, every breath;
Or through the deathly ague-fits,
At the noisome fireside sits.
While, shaking, laugh the paupers, will spoil the baby's wits!
Yet when kindly strangers come,
Seeking from that doleful home,
Desolate orphaned ones to take,
For Duty's, or for Pity's sake—
Hope brighteneth:
Ah! some fair face wins the day,
There are shades in pauper clay—
Frolic feet are led away,
Not Little Seth.

Somewhere—he remembers well—
He has heard a gossip tell,
Slily, under breath,
That some millionaires of Lynn
Are to him of nearest kin;
And one hope lives greenly on, the lonesome heart within.
Sweet dreams haunt him, o'er and o'er
Of a summons to the door,
Of stately coach-and-four,
And a lady, gay and grand,
Beckoning him with small gloved hand:
Child-faith—doomed faith!
Older, he must understand
All those lowest whispers meant,
And why proud ones never sent
For Little Seth!

No—'mid August's crisping sands,
At the alms-house portal stands,
One who summoneth!

But no little bare, blue feet
Come out, hurrying, now to greet
That strange carriage, waiting in the hot and weedy street.
Three or four will walk beside,
But the pauper child may ride!
Little hands washed clean at last,
Little heart-aches overpast,
Gone home with Death,—
In a grassy corner, where
Slab nor stone shall never bear
Name to vex the millionaire,
Sleeps Little Seth!

JAMES HERVEY.

James Hervey, an ingenious and pious clergyman, and a very popular writer, was born at Hardingstone, in Northamptonshire, in the year 1714. He had his education at the free grammar school at Northampton; and at Lincoln college, in Oxford. After a residence of seven years, he left the University; and became, in 1736, curate to his father, then possessed of the living of Weston-Favell. He was an excellnnt scholar, being master of the three leraned languages, and well read in the classics.

In 1750, at his father's death, he succeeded to the livings of Weston and Collingtree; which being within five miles of each other, he attended alternately with his curate, till the ill state of his health confined him to Weston. Here he afterwards constantly resided, and diligently pursued his labours, both in his ministerial office, and in his study, as long as possible, under the disadvantage of a weak constitution. He did not satisfy himself with preaching only on the Lord's day; but, whilst his strength permitted him, held a regular lecture in the middle of the week, which was very well attended. He also diligently catechised the children of his parishioners, and was regular in his pastoral visits at their houses, till he was confined to his own, when he encouraged them to come to him, for his friendly and religious advice. By these exertions, as well as the labours of his study, he fell into a decline, attended with an almost incessant hectic cough, and much acute pain, which he supported with most exemplary patience.

In 1746, he published his "Meditations among the Tombs," and "Reflections on a Flower Garden;" and the following year appeared the "Contemplations on the Night and Starry Heavens;" and "A Winter Piece." The sublime sentiments in these pieces, are conveyed in a flowing and elegant style. They have been much read; and are eminently calculated to cherish pious and grateful emotions towards the God of nature, and the Source of every blessing. In 1775, he published his "Theron and Aspasio, or a Series of Letters and Dialogues on the most Important Subjects." He was the author of several other works, which bear the marks of genius, and of a truly benevolent and religious mind.

His moral character was highly exemplary, his temper placid, disinterested, unaffectedly humble; and in his transactions with others, he

was ever cheerful, punctual, just, and candid to persons of every denomination. He sometimes met with very cross occurrences; but he ever rose above them: he was never known to be in a passion. His humility rendered him invulnerable. When he was misrepresented and calumniated, he used to say: "Our enemies are sometimes our best friends, and tell us useful truths; and then we should amend our faults, and be thankful for such information. If what they say be not true, and spoken from malice only, then such persons are to be considered as diseased in their minds, and ought to be prayed for. They are to be pitied; and I might as justly be angry with men who are diseased in their bodies." All this he spoke with humility, seriousness, and great sweetness of spirit: for it was the language of his heart, and not of affectation.

In actions of benevolence and charity, though he had some equals, it is certain that he had no superiors, as far as his means extended. He preferred clothing the poor, and supplying them with necessary articles, on the best terms, to giving them money. "I am," said he "God's steward for the poor; and I must husband the little pittance I have to bestow upon them, and make it go as far as possible." But, on special occasions, when money would be particularly useful, he would give to a prudent housekeeper distressed by sickness or misfortunes, five or more guineas at a time; and he was, on all proper occasions, careful that it should not be known from whom the money came.

By his last will he bequeathed the future profits of all his works, to benevolent uses; except his "Meditations," the copy of which he sold during his lifetime, and applied the sums arising from its sale and former impressions, amounting to about seven hundred pounds, to the relief of the poor and distressed. He said that this money was devoted to God; and that he would, on no account, apply it to worldly uses; that he wrote, not for profit or fame, but to serve the cause of religion; and as Providence had blessed his attempts, he thought himself bound to relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures, with the product of his labors.

The cultivation of real religion and holiness, in heart and life, which this good man strenuously recommended, induced some persons to charge him with holding tenets injurious to society, and calculated to make men melancholy, and regardless of the lawful concerns of this world. But every charge of this nature, is abundantly refuted by his writings, and the whole tenor of his life; and particularly by an excellent and striking passage, in his "Contemplations of the Starry Heavens;" from which the following lines are extracted:

"Some, I believe, are apt to imagine, that they must abandon all the satisfactions of *this* world, if they become zealous candidates for the felicity of *another*. But this is a very mistaken notion. Religion was never intended to strike off the wheels of business, or to cut asunder the sinews of industry; but rather, to make men industrious from a principle of conscience, not from the instigations of avarice; that so they may promote their immortal happiness, even while they provide for their temporal maintenance. It has no design to extirpate our passions, but only to restrain their irregularities: neither would it extinguish the delights of sense, but prevent them from evaporating into vanity, and subsiding into gall. A person may be cheerful among his friends, and yet joyful

in God. He may taste the sweets of this earthly estate; and, at the same time, cherish his hopes of a nobler inheritance in heaven."

Though this sincere Christian was ardent and laborious, in serving his Great Master, and in promoting the religious welfare of his fellow-creatures; yet he had a very humble sense of his own services; and expressed to his friends, during his indisposition, great regret that he had not embraced every opportunity afforded him, to advance the cause of his Redeemer. These expressions were made with much tenderness of spirit, and were accompanied with tears. But lest his sentiments and views should be ministerpreted, he added: "Do not think, that I am afraid to die. I assure you, I am not. I know what my Saviour hath done for me, and I long to be dismissed. But I wonder at the love of Christ, in doing so much for me; and lament to think how little I have done for him."

On a particular occasion, when his physician was taking his leave, he observed to him, with great affection and sensibility, that as he had, not long before, a dangerous fall from his horse, by which he was much bruised; and as he had been lately ill, and then looked very pale; he hoped he would reflect on those narrow escapes, so often fatal to others. as a kind of warning from God to him, and remember them as such; adding "How careful ought we to be, to improve those years which remain FOR US!"

The last illness of this truly excellent man commenced in the autumn of the year 1758; and, in a few months, made a great and effecting progress. His strength became exhausted, his body extremely emaciated, and his whole frame so sore, that he could scarely bear to be touched, when it was necessary to move him. Yet, under all this calamity, he was ever praising God for his mercies, and for endowing him with patience. About three hours before his death, he strongly and affectionately urged a friend of his who was present, to pay all due attention to the care of his everlasting concenrs, as here there is no abiding place, no continuing city. He entreated him not to be overcharged with the cares of this life; but to attend, amidst the multiplicity of his business, to the "one thing needful." The physician observing the great difficulty and pain with which he spoke, (for he was almost suffocated with phlegm and frequent vomitings,) and perceiving by his pulse, that the pangs of death were coming on, desired that he would spare himself. "No," said he, "doctor no. You tell me I have but a few moments to live: O! let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer." He then repeated the 26th verse of the 73d psalm: "Though my flesh and my heart fail me, yet God is the strengh of my heart, and my portion forever:" and he expaciated in a most striking manner, on these words of the Apostle: "All things are yours, life and death; for ye are Christ's." "Here," said he, "is the treasure of a Christian. Death is reckoned in this inventory; and a noble treasure it is. How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I go to the Lord and Giver of eternal life; and as it frees me from all the misery you now see me endure, and which I am willing to endure, as long as God thinks fit: for I know he will, by-and-by, in his own good time, dismiss me from the body. These light afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. O! welcome, welcome death! Thou mayest well be reckon-

ed among the treasures of the Christian. To live is Christ, but to die is gain."

After these expressions, as the doctor was taking his final leave of him, the dying saint expressed great gratitude for his visits and attentions, though it had been long out of the power of medicines to cure him. He then paused a little; and being raised in his chair, he, with great serenity and sweetness of countenance, though the pangs of death were upon him, repeated these words: "Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy and comfortable word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

In about an hour after he had uttered these expressions, he yielded up his pious soul to God, without a sigh or struggle, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

WINTER EVENINGS AND YOUNG MEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

We confess that we have for years had many earnest thoughts in regard to young men. Our concern for this class of society was lately freshened in the following way: We were riding in a crowded car, and thus got to be seated beside a respectable and rather intelligent married lady. Before us were some four young men, none of whom seemed entirely sober, and two of them so much under the influence of liquor as actually to demean themselves quite foolishly. This circumstance turned our conversation on the young men of the present day. The lady resided in a village of about 2,500 inhabitants, some miles before us on the railroad. She remarked that she could not call to mind a single young man of her acquaintance in that place who did not occasionally besot himself with strong drink, or who could be regarded as strictly and conscientiously sober and regular in his moral habits.

This may be an extreme case, and no doubt it is; for, to our own knowledge, the place referred to is somewhat noted for wickedness, and the absence of high-toned moral and religious influence. Yet is it not only too true, that as a general thing, there is of late years a great sinking in the moral tone of our young men? There is much less taste among them for the quiet, pure and elevating enjoyments of social life than formerly; and much more of what, for want of a word, we will call rowdyishness—a bold, irresponsible, daring spirit, which cares little to preserve that good name which is the greatest treasure a young man can possess. We know there are exceptions, and wish by no means to speak sweepingly; but that the tendency to evil which we have indicated is strong and increasing must be clear to all reflecting minds.

Young men who are already drawn into this current of evil may not listen to any words of concern which we may utter; but our hope is, that such as have preserved their innocence, and are still in the ways of virtue and peace, may be benefited by advice and warning.

It is a fact too often overlooked, that side by side with our advantages always lie also our temptations and dangers. How easily may our blessings be turned into curses. Thus with the leisure and opportunities for mutual improvement afforded by the long winter evenings, come also various allurements to vanity and dissipation. Hence it is necessary for all such as would not be drawn from the right path to stand firmly and on their guard.

What a charm there is in winter evenings to such as are disposed to improve the opportunities they afford! Everything invites to in-door life, the calm, pure joys of the social circle, and the elevating influences of reading and study. What a difference between the reading-room and the billiard-room; between the library and the saloon; between the parlor and the ball-room! Not only does the proper use of these long winter evenings afford superior present pleasure, but is also mighty in its prospective bearings on after life. As "the child is father of the man," so youth determines the character of middle life; middle life furnishes its good or evil to old age; and, in general, this life nurses the joys or sorrows of the next. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. If he sow to the flesh, he shall of the flesh reap corruption; and if he sow to the Spirit, he shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." How true, and truly solemn is this declaration of divine truth. A proverb says, "A man is known by the company he keeps;" and another, which has received divine sanction, declares that "Evil communications corrupt good manners." These sayings ought, especially in the present state of society, to be well pondered by the young. We have found, in our pastoral experience, that in nine cases out of ten, when a young member of the church grows careless, and is found in the wrong way, it is the result of falling into the wrong company. Just as soon as a young person begins to "walk in the counsels of the ungodly," or to "stand in the way of sinners," or to "sit in the seat of the scornful," he is in a current of evil, broader, deeper, stronger than himself, and is in great danger of final ruin.

Young man, and young woman, choose your company—we repeat it, choose your company! "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?" He that walketh with the wise shall be wise; and he that walketh with the pure and good, shall be pure and good. If society around you does not furnish you with good company, choose rather to have none; and resort to the communion of good books. They will speak to you; they will instruct you; they will afford you something far better than mere pastime. Let the wisdom of other ages guide you. Let those noble spirits, who triumphed over the corruptions of the age in which they lived, and whose names, while those of the wicked in their day have rotted into forgetfulness, stand out to the world as the stars in the firmament; let them be your companions and your bosom friends. If you but will, they will come at your call "into your silent company" during these quiet winter evenings, and tell you how they escaped the pollutions that are in the world by sin, and have attained to glory, and honor, and immortality. If you will be wise, follow diligently in the way of their example, that you may come at last into their joy.

GOLDEN PARABLES.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY THE EDITOR.

LV.—THE HORSE-SHOE NAIL.

A countryman saddled his horse for a ride into town. He saw, it is true, before he mounted the horse, that at one of the hoofs a nail was wanting; but he said: "one nail is of no account," and rode on.

After a while his horse lost one shoe. "If there were a blacksmith-shop near," he said, "I would have a shoe put on again; but it matters not, three shoes will answer all present purposes."

But on the stony road the horse injured his hoof, and began to limp. Two robbers sprang forth from the wood to rob the rider. With his lame horse he could not escape, and they took from him his horse, saddle, bridle, and saddle-bags.

As he now returned home on foot, he said: "Little did I think that on account of one horse-shoe nail I would lose my horse. It is true as the proverb says—and it applies as truly to the things of the future life as it does to the present—

"A small neglect in little things,
Ofttimes the greatest evil brings."

LVI.—THE BROKEN HORSE-SHOE.

A farmer went into the country with his little son Thomas. "See," said the father, on the way, "here lies a piece of a horse-shoe in the road! Pick it up, and put it into your pocket. "O," said Thomas, this is not worth the trouble of picking up!" The father silently picked up the broken shoe and put it in his pocket. In the next village he sold it to the blacksmith for three pennies, and with the money bought cherries.

Both traveled on. The sun was very hot—far and near there was no house, no tree, no spring to be seen. Thomas was nearly perishing with thirst, and scarcely able to keep up with his father.

At length, as if by accident, the father dropped a cherry. Thomas picked it up with eagerness as if it were gold, and quietly put it into his mouth. Several steps farther on the father dropped another cherry, Thomas picked it up with the same eagerness. In this way the father dropped all the cherries for Thomas to pick up.

When now the stock of cherries was run out, and Thomas had eaten the last, the father turned back to his son, smilingly, and said: "See, my son, if you had stooped once for the broken horse-shoe, you would not have had to stoop a hundred times for the cherries."

"Who will not care for smallest things,
Upon him greatest trouble brings."

LVII.—THE SINGULAR FEAST.

A merchant had invited his friends in the town to visit him at his residence by the sea-side, in order to prepare for them a feast of very rare sea fish called lampreys. Various dishes were brought in, and at last came a large dish in which the guests supposed the lampreys were contained. But when the cover was removed, instead of the expected fish, there was nothing in it but several gold pieces.

Then the merchant said: "My friends, the fish which I had promised to set before you, are this year three times as costly as I had thought. A single one costs a piece of gold. Then I recollected that in the village there is a day laborer who is lying sick, and his children are suffering hunger. Of the money which this one feast of lampreys would have cost this poor family could live half a year. Will you now have the rare sea-fish, then I will immediately send for them, and they shall be prepared forthwith. But if it is your wish that this gold instead shall be given to the starving family, then I will still furnish you with palatable dishes, though far less expensive ones."

All the guests approved of his course. Each one added another piece of gold to that already in the dish, and the poor sick man had enough to live on for a whole year.

> "On luxuries waste not your plenteous gold,
> When others pine from hunger, shiver with the cold."

MENTAL LABOR.

THE injurious effects of mental labor are, in a great measure, owing to the extensive forcing in early youth; to sudden or misdirected study; to the co-operation of depressing emotions or passions; to the neglect of the ordinary rules of hygiene; to the neglect of the hints of the body; or to the presence of the seeds of disease, degeneration and decay in the system. The man of healthy phlegmatic or choleric temperament is less likely to be injured by application than one of sanguine or melancholic type; yet these latter, with allowance for the original constitution, may be capable of vast efforts. The extended and deep culture of the mind exerts a directly conservative influence upon the body. Fellow-laborer! one word to you. Fear not to do manfully the work for which your gifts qualify you, but do it as one who must give an account of both soul and body. Work, and work hard while it is day; the night cometh soon enough—do not hasten it. Use your faculties—use them to the utmost, but do not abuse them; make not the mortal to do the work of the immortal. The body has its claims—it is a good servant; treat it well, and it will do your work; it knows its own business; do not attempt to teach or force it; attend to its wants and requirements, listen kindly and patiently to all its hints, occasionally forestal its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be paid with interest. But task it, and pine it, and suffocate it—make it a slave instead of a servant; it may not complain much, but, like the weary camel in the desert, it will lie down and die.

THE FATHER OF WATERS AND YOUNG AMERICA.

[From "Following the Drum," by Mrs. Viele.]

I spent most of the week we were on board "The Magnolia" on deck, enjoying the sublimity of this mighty and glorious river, musing on

"The beautiful, the grand,
The glorious of my native land."

Visions of Father Marquette and Ferdinand de Soto often crossed my mind, as we passed over the dark waters that centuries ago were first traversed by them, and my eyes were fed on the same gorgeous scenery, that at every turn in the river met their view. Sublimity, vastness, and grandeur, are the chief impressions produced by this peerless and mighty flow of waters. At times, when nearing one shore, the opposite banks would seem miles away in the distance. Occasional bluffs and broad-spread vallies, with towns, villages, and settlements in incredible numbers distributed along, gave food for many reflections on political economy and philosophy generally.

The rush of commerce on these western waters seem almost a miracle, so short a time ago the skiff of the aborigines or the breath of Heaven alone disturbed their repose, while now they are hourly plied by steamers freighted with humanity, urged on by an unthought of power, to emigrate to the unexplored and beautiful regions to which they are hurrying—some in quest of wealth—some, of excitement, others, of a new home.

Enterprise, avarice, adventure; so are our human passions ordained to fulfil the destiny of the Universe! It is rather commonplace to wonder at and expatiate on the strength, energy and vigor of that young giant "Sam," with his many foibles and his many noble traits, the impetuosity of his Creole blood contending with the caution he has inherited from his pilgrim fathers, the stolidity of his burgomaster ancestors, and the poetical sublimity of his Indian progenitors; the chivalry derived from some scion of a noble house, mixed with the democracy of the plodding sons of toil, and dashes of religious enthusiasim, with occasional touches of patriotism. What wonder that he should be such an anomalous character, with such an anomalous combination of antecedents! To be sure, his shoes are hob-nailed, and he may be seen at noonday in a dress-coat with brass buttons; while bathing he does not regard it as the end and aim of man's fleeting existence! But he is a hard working man, and as yet has had but little time for trifling outward adornments. His ambition is insatiable, and, like a young Hercules, he is manfully fighting in the vanguard of progress and humanity; calling upon Europe to disgorge her slaving peasantry, and to ship them over where they may be illumined by the divine light of knowledge in his happy land; at the same time nobly standing by the principle that "Cuffy" was especially provided by Heaven, as an exception, to prove the rule of all men being born free and equal—and to hoe his rice and cotton fields!

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

POEMS BY HENRY HARBAUGH.

We were apprehensive that it would turn out in this way. A certain rich vein of feeling and easy flow of imagination had we long ago observed in the prose writings of our author, which we feared, in the end, would burst forth into poetry. A disposition in him for some time had we remarked, with some concern, to introduce into his essays and other writings, as if merely to illustrate or embellish some of his thoughts, choice passages taken from the best old English and German poets, which, however, showed too plainly what was the natural bent of his mind, and with what sort of writings he was pleased. Nay, in the Guardian, from its first appearance, little poetical pieces of his own have we been in the habit of observing every month, as it came out, few at first and far between, indeed, and, as we thought, inserted merely for filling up some odd spaces; but, at length, we saw them swelling out into whole poems, extending sometimes over several pages. We were not taken aback, then, by this final enunciation. We had seen the determined tendency long before. We knew that this would be the end of it. All he had to do was to gather up and re-touch some of his pieces already thrown before the public, and add on a few more from his escritoire or port-folio, when he has a volume all ready for the publishers. These have done their work, and now the book has gone abroad. The Rubicon has been past. Our author is standing on poetic ground. He must now patiently await the onslaught of the critics. We trust, however, that he will come off in the end unscathed.

We were apprehensive, we must own, lest these fugitive pieces, when all placed together, should not read so well as many of them had done when they came out singly at first. Of other poets we had often been pleased with the effusions when we perused them one at a time as they appeared in the daily or weekly papers, but when they met us all collected into a volume, we had sometimes felt disappointed. All running through them was a similarity of style and sentiment, which, though unobserved in any one of them by itself, when they were read consecutively, approached in them almost to a sameness, which destroyed their interest. We find, however, that, in the present case, our fears were groundless. These poems, though showing, throughout, their author's peculiar turn of thought and phraseology, are yet sufficiently contrasted with one another, and diversified in their subjects, style and rhythm, so as not to satiate but still to please. In his disposition, tho' a great deal more cheerful and sanguine than was Cowper, yet he sometimes reminds us a little of that poet. Of course, he comes not up to the English bard as yet. He has written, as yet, no such great and popular poem as the Task. He is comparatively young, however. He has not at all been mellowed over by the same number of years that Cowper had been when he commenced being an author. There is no knowing, then, what he may accomplish hereafter. In his fugitive

pieces, however, he sometimes reminds us a little, in his style and manner, of that older bard. He has the same vivacity and religious spirit, the same love for domestic scenes and incidents, the same method of moralizing at the end or by the way, and occasionally the same quaintness of humor. The Twin Fishers, for instance, in some of its verses, makes us think very much of the Rose just washed in a shower, which "Mary to Anna conveyed." As a specimen, we give a stanza:

> "When Hennie and Annie had purchased the pair,
> And bore them with fondness away in their arms,
> The act to the thoughtful was evidence rare
> That their hearts were well used to the purest of charms.
> And there 'neath the mantle the twin Fishers stood,
> The joy of the pure and the praise of the good."

In reading such verses, too, as those of "The Summer Visit," we are struck with the resemblance they bear to some of the sportive epistolary effusions of the same poet. Take a verse:

> "Wife and the little folks
> Going away—
> Starting to-day.
> Going off to grand-pa's,
> Going off to grand-ma's,
> Laughing all and glad,—
> Why should they be sad?
> 'Tis a year and more,
> Since they went before;—
> 'Tis very right,
> And a delight—
> Yea, 'tis quite exquisite—
> To go home on a visit."

We can easily see, however, that such occasional similarities spring not at all from imitation, but only from a sort of a congeniality of feeling existing between the two.

May we find any fault with our poet it is, perhaps, that, in our opinion, he is sometimes a little too unconstrained in his diction. When once fairly mounted on his pegasus, we think he often rides too carefully. He does not hold him sufficiently tight under the curb and rein. He soars along with too much ease. We would like to see his imagination a little more trammelled. Goldsmith somewhere says that, as waters throw forth the strongest jets when pent up, so the thoughts of the poet will spring up the more sparklingly and high the more they are confined by rhymes. By blank verse and the Hiawathaean measure, our bard is not confined at all. He can throw off his thoughts in them just as easily as in prose. We must say that we like him best when he is the most closely fettered by rhymes Then we think his thoughts are the most refined, and his language the most beautiful.

Some of the best modern poets, even Wordsworth not excepted, abound in fine descriptions of what is beautiful in morals and natural religion, but they seem purposely to avoid making any allusion to the cross. They are alive to the beauties of nature as seen abroad, and to the charming sentiments and feelings often shewn in humanity, in which they acknowledge a present divinity, but they make no mention whatever of the glorious plan of redemption, as exhibited in a risen Saviour. Our author, however, stops not short in this way. While all alive to

the beautiful in nature, and warmly imbued with the home feelings, his thoughts still carry him upwards. Not into an ideal world wholly of its own making does his imagination love to soar, but on the wings of faith it tries to penetrate into the realities of the heavenly, so far, at any rate, as they have been revealed. The unseen world he looks upon as closely connected with the seen, and attempts, in some measure, to remove the veil. Her sky, it is true, may be overcast with clouds of sorrow, for a while, but, between them, from above, he always sees soon the sunshine breaking through, and then it is that he sings. We have several such strains as this:

THE GATE TO THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

"I often have asked, when my heart was oppressed,
For the gateway that leads to the Land of the Blest,
And I longed, should I find it, in peace to depart
To the rest of the weary, the home of the heart.

"I have dreamed that the bright, golden vista of even
Might be to sad spirits the inlet to Heaven;
And in faith and in fancy I sighed after rest,
Beyond those bright gates, in the Land of the Blest.

"While musing in sorrow, an angel of love
Let in on my faith a sweet light from above;
And said as it lured me: 'I'll lead thee to rest,
And show thee the Gate to the Land of the Blest.'

"Led on by the angel and sweetly beguiled,
We came to the newly-made grave of my child!
'Here, here,' said the angel, 'the weary find rest,
And this is the Gate to the Land of the Blest.'

"Oh, can it be so, that this mound of my fears—
This spot of my sorrows, bedewed with my tears—
Is the brightest on earth, which I long sought distressed,
The inlet and Gate to the Land of the Blest!

"I blessed, through my tears, the kind angel that smiled
At the head of the grave of my now sainted child;
And was glad that so early my babe found the rest
Of the grave, and the Gate to the Land of the Blest.

"Wave gently, ye willows, that shadow this mound!
Fall softly, ye dews of the night, on this ground!
Sleep sweetly, my babe!—for my heart is at rest—
I have found the bright Gate to the Land of the Blest."

These poems, in short, are just such effusions as might be expected to emanate from the author of "The Sainted Dead," "Heavenly Recognition," and "The Heavenly Home." They belong, in fact, to the same series; and as to a basket of the choicest fruits, a wreath of fall flowers will add a new grace, so we think that to this set of deservedly popular books, this latter little volume of kindred poems with which they have been crowned, forms the most appropriate and becoming ornament.

W. M. N.

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DIES IRAE.

In the introductory note to the "Dies Irae," in the last No. of the Guardian we inadvertantly fell into a mistake in stating that verse 13 and 14 contained a prayer to Mary. The translation is ambigious, and may refer to Mary—and does so most directly—as well as to Christ. In the original the prayer is to Christ. Our notice was made on the translation, without at the time examining the original, which would at once have cleared up the ambiguity of the translation. "To Mary, thou didst grant remittance," is the sense which the translator no doubt intended the passage to bear.

CLOSING WORDS BY THE EDITOR.

THE guardian is ten years old. This number completes its tenth year. Ten years, though it does not seem long when we look back, it seems a long time when we look forward over ten years to come. Ten years, it is true, are a comparatively small part of a long human life, yet it is a pretty long time for a periodical to live, especially in these days of change and hasty notions.

The Guardian is ten years old. We have, in this time seen a number of Magazines of much greater pretensions in their starting out, go to their graves. Quite a number also, since the birth of this, have begun to live. Our prayer is that these may prosper, and that the good Lord will "do good to those that be good." When we look at the years of many of our friendly Exchanges, we are made to feel quite venerable among the magazines. We say to ourselves, with a little of the excusable pride of age: Ten years old!"

But after all, the question of age is not the greatest. It is greater to be wise than to be old. Gray hairs are a crown of glory only when they are found in the way of righteousness. Is the Guardian wise? Has it profited by a ten years experience? This is a greater question. We felt a litpleasant a few days ago when a venerable paper—the Lutheran Observer—which has exchanges not a few, was pleased to say of our Guardian, that *it is the best Magazine among his exchanges*. We feared, however, the editor may have been misled by a kind and generous heart, to say better things than we deserve. Yet—if it should be even so! This we said to ourselves, and took fresh heart to make this praise true.

What do our readers say? Is it the best Magazine they receive? or at least are they satisfied with it? This many hundreds have silently declared, by remaining subscribers year after year. Thanks for their kind encouragement! We cordially invite them to go with us another year.

We shall greet you shortly with the first number of the new year. The Prospectus of the new volume will be found on the cover of the present Number. Will our friends use it, and rejoice our heart with lists of new subscribers? Certainly, they will do in this respect as they have done before. We await the result.

Meanwhile, a happy Christmas, and a happy New Year, and many thanks to all, known and unknown, who have been kind to the Guardian. May all safely pass the perils of life; and after its toils and tears, its joys and smiles, happily reach that immortal land, where the crown and the palm shall be attained by all the victors, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord.

HEAVEN.

"The land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow—falls no stain;
Where those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again."